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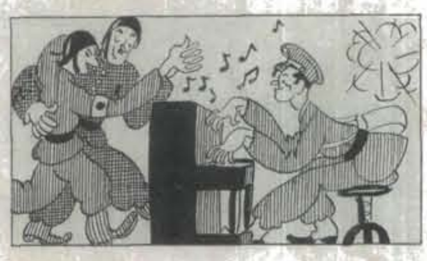
OVER PAUL HESSE

JAN. 2, 1943

ANY WEEK

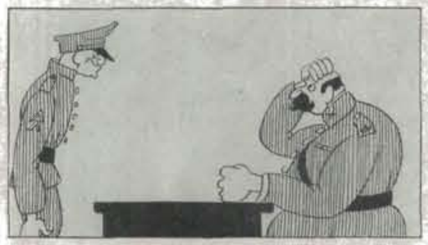
APPARENTLY some mention appeared in this column about Benito Mussolini's future. As we remember it, a promoter was inquiring about the proper authorities to see in furtherance of his desire to make a wrestler of poor Musso and putting him on the Kansas City circuit. We are now reprimanded for publishing that. Mr. Gino Fontana of Philadelphia, Pennsylvania, writes, "Can't you even wait till we catch the tramp before you make a bum out of him?"



AND Mr. Bill Repass of Houston, Texas, has just informed us that the fabulous Peck Kelley is now in the Army. Mr. Kelley is a pianist. A couple of years ago his story was told in this magazine. He has been credited by most of the best dance-band leaders as the greatest swing piano in the world. But what made him more remarkable was his philosophy. He had turned down offers of thousands of dollars to play with famous name bands. He preferred to work in his home town, Houston, for fifty dollars a week. "What good is money if you have to earn it some place you don't want to be?" demanded Peck. So now, at the age of forty-four, the Army has taken Peck. We've listened to him play. Maybe he's a little old to be a Ranger. Maybe he hasn't the stamina of a kid. But we suggest that they move Peck and his piano to a spot where the enemy can hear but not shoot him. Let Peck do his stuff—swing Johann Sebastian Bach. He'll stop the enemy in his tracks, stiffen him, Jap or Nazi. Trouble is that he'll probably stop our guys too.

WE'VE received nearly a thousand requests for the solution of the mathematical equation that Square-root Sam killed a Jap submarine with, in Jacland Marmur's short short story, Problem At Sea. And the demands are still piling up. We're thinking of sending in one ourself. We're pretty sure that we won't understand it because we began to flunk in math right after we were graduated from long division at, we seem to recall, the age of eighteen. But we're more and more impressed by the scientific talents of a large number of readers who, scorning to ask for Square-root Sam's solution, have worked it out to suit themselves. We're not only impressed, we're more confused, because no two of those who have solved it without the skipper's assistance agree on how it was done. But then we gave up when we read the Problem Editor's note at the bottom of Mr. Marmur's story: "All you need is a knowledge of simple calculus and plane geometry and patience." We have knowledge of none of these, as we've already explained. For years we were defeated by the simple problem of where to find our pencil when eager to make a note of something. We licked that by carrying ten or twelve of them. You just can't lose ten or twelve pencils all at once, particularly if you keep them in separate pockets. Anyway, the demands for the solution of Square-root Sam's problem are still rolling in.

IF WE had had the courage to try an independent solution, we'd have tended toward the answer given by an officer candidate at one of our best Army schools. No sooner had General Ike Eisenhower's troops descended upon North Africa and begun to sweep east, than officer instructors began to badger the aspirants with such questions as: "Hitler's on a spot. What would be your tactical solution of his problem?" We are informed by a friend of ours who hopes soon to be a lieutenant that one of his classmates, after some heavy pondering, replied to the instructor, "Sir, if I were Hitler I'd be sort of looking around."



BUT that young man will probably wind up as we did. Way, way back in 1917, our captain, Dick Coleman, sent us to an officers' training school. Captain Coleman just had to send somebody, it being a matter of company pride to graduate some member out of the ranks into a commission. We didn't want to go—honest. But we reported to a gruff old warrior, Colonel Taylor. The Colonel took a look. "Well, Corporal, what is it?" he demanded, looking up from his desk. We told him that we'd been ordered to report for officer training. He looked again, hard and long. Finally he sighed, went back to his reading, saying, "Good God! Very well, Corporal. Report to Sergeant Lowell!" . . . W. D.

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HE MIGHT AS WELL BE—ON THAT SHAKY PLATFORM. HE'S TRYING TO KEEP A PIN-POINT IN A TINY HOLE WITHOUT TOUCHING THE SIDES. IT'S A TEST FOR SELF-CONTROL WHILE FLYING
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LONG BURNING PIPE AND CIGARETTE TOBACCO
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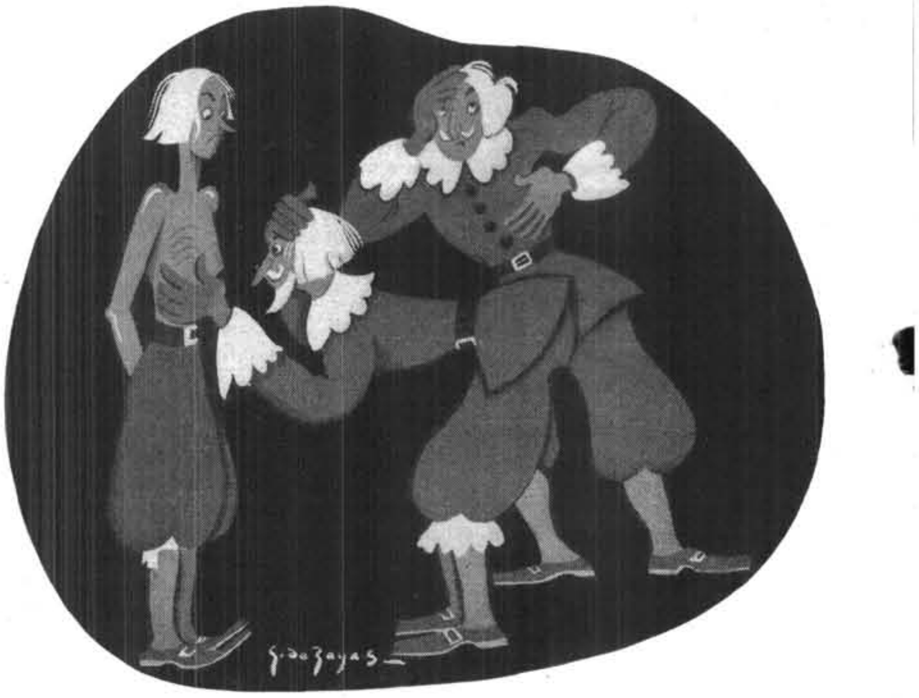

KEEP UP WITH THE WORLD

By Freling Foster

The greatest shock ever experienced by the people of the Christian world was the discovery and announcement, during the Middle Ages, that men did not lack a rib, as everyone had been led to believe for centuries by the biblical story that Eve was created from a rib of Adam.—*By Marguerite Gray, Plainfield, New Jersey.*

While the Christmas card business has grown tremendously since such greetings were introduced in this country in 1875, it will be phenomenal this year because so many men and women are away from home in the services. Conservative estimates place the 1942 sale at 1,200,000,000 cards which will cost, with postage, about $60,000,000.—*By Ruth Smith, Brooklyn, New York.*

After 122 years of international fame as "the tree that owns itself," the Jackson oak in Athens, Georgia, collapsed from old age on the night of October 9, 1942, and is now "lying in state" in the city stockade. In 1820, its owner wrote a deed conveying to the tree full possession of itself and the land on which it stood.—*By Mrs. Forrest Additon, Flowery Branch, Georgia.*

During the 1,300-odd performances that have been given by the Broadway cast of the play Life With Father, the roles of the four sons, whose ages are supposed to be seven, ten, fourteen and seventeen, have been played by a total of fifteen boys, so far, because they keep outgrowing their parts.—*By Wanda Lee, Waterloo, Iowa.*

The 85,000 diathermy machines in the United States are now registered with the Federal Communications Commission, because they not only seriously interfere with radio communication but because they may be used as high-power radio transmitters to send short-wave messages in code.

A new deodorant is said to be so powerful that it will kill any bad odor within thirty seconds. The compound is intended for use in zoos, fish markets, dog pounds, chemical works, public rest rooms and other places having distinctive aromas. It is also useful in the home for the elimination of stale tobacco smoke and food odors.

In a federal court, it is better to be sentenced for "one year and a day" than for "one year." With the longer sentence, the prisoner may have six days a month deducted for good behavior and be paroled after he has served one third of his time. With the shorter sentence, he may have only five days a month deducted and is not eligible for parole at all.—*By John Fraser, El Reno, Oklahoma.*

On July 31, 1942, the Soviet government created three new and exalted orders to be awarded to army officers for extraordinary achievements, one of these decorations being named in honor of Alexander Nevsky, a canonized saint of the Russian Orthodox Church.

Kansas is the only state in which males and females, when married, attain their majority at the age of eighteen years and then revert to minority, until they are twenty-one, if one partner dies or the couple is divorced.—*By Judge Ellis Fink, Winfield, Kansas.*

During the sessions of the first 75 Congresses of the United States, held between 1789 and 1938, 726,933 bills and joint resolutions were introduced in both Houses, yet only 60,142, or one in twelve, were ever enacted.

Five dollars will be paid for each interesting or unusual fact accepted for this column. Contributions must be accompanied by satisfactory proof. Address Keep Up with the World, Collier's, 250 Park Avenue, New York City. **This column is copyrighted by Collier's, The National Weekly. None of the items may be reproduced without express permission of the publisher**

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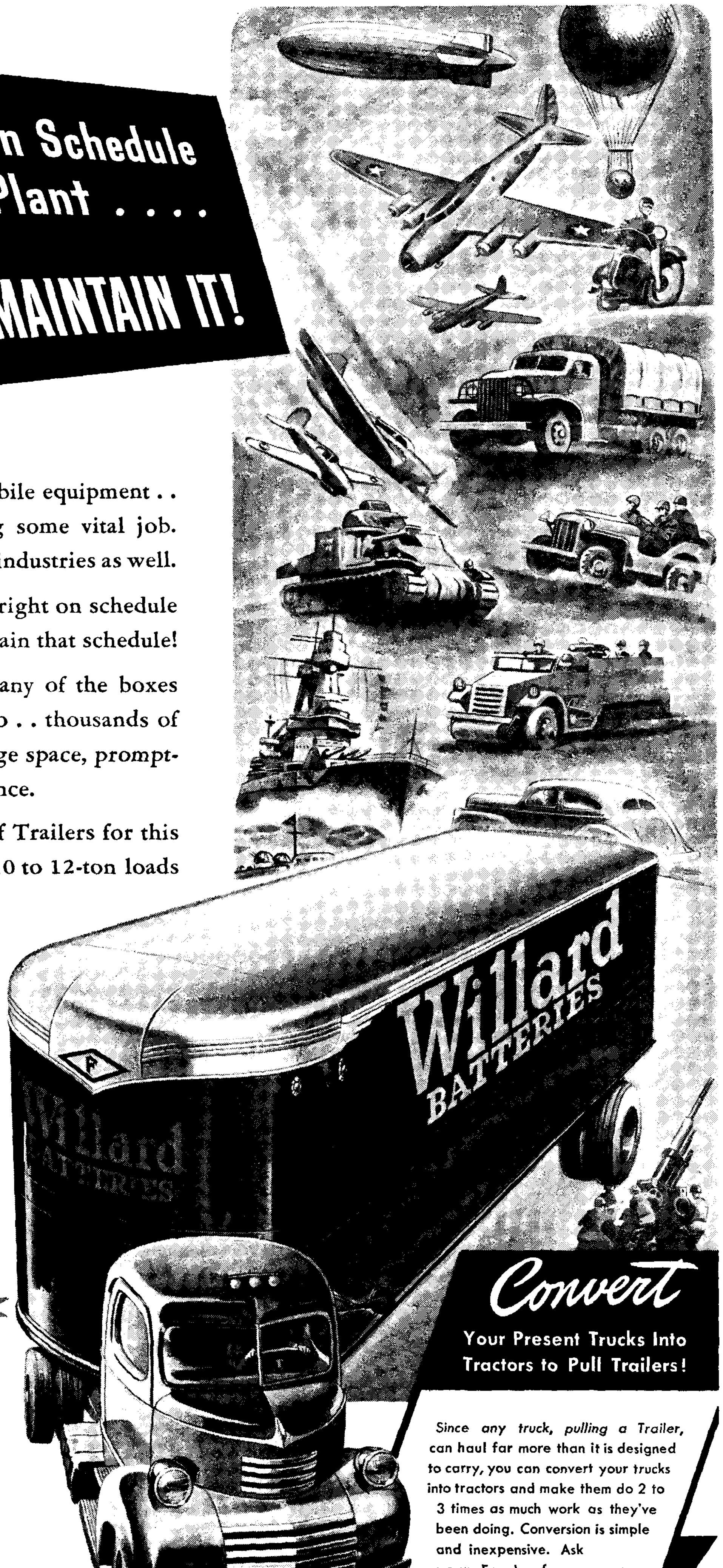

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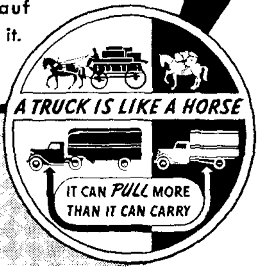
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IT CAN PULL MORE THAN IT CAN CARRY

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Christmas Investment

COLLIER'S
THE NATIONAL WEEKLY
FOR JANUARY 2, 1943

BY KATHLEEN NORRIS

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She thought old times and old ways were best. But she was too wise a woman not to buy a piece of the future

"YOU'VE enlisted in the Navy? How do you mean you've enlisted in the Navy?" Adele Cazavant asked quietly.

Her son Sidney, tall, lean, twenty-two, answered her as quietly. "I wanted to," he said, simply.

"You wanted to?" She made each word a separate question. "Didn't you know that Dad and Mr. Converse and Mr. Wilkins in Washington are all getting you a job there?"

"I knew they were trying to," said young Sid. He had hung one leg over the arm of the chair and was now cupping his hands before his face as he lighted a cigarette.

"Then please tell me why, when your father and two influential men were trying to get you a job in Washington, you enlisted in the Navy?"

"Well, I wanted to," Sidney repeated. And he added thoughtfully, "It seemed a good investment."

Adele looked at her son suspiciously. Was he making fun of her? She loved all three of her children, but this tall boy in tennis shorts, with an old flannel shirt open at his round, brown, hard young throat and his fair hair tumbled, was the very heart of her heart. He would not joke about a thing like this.

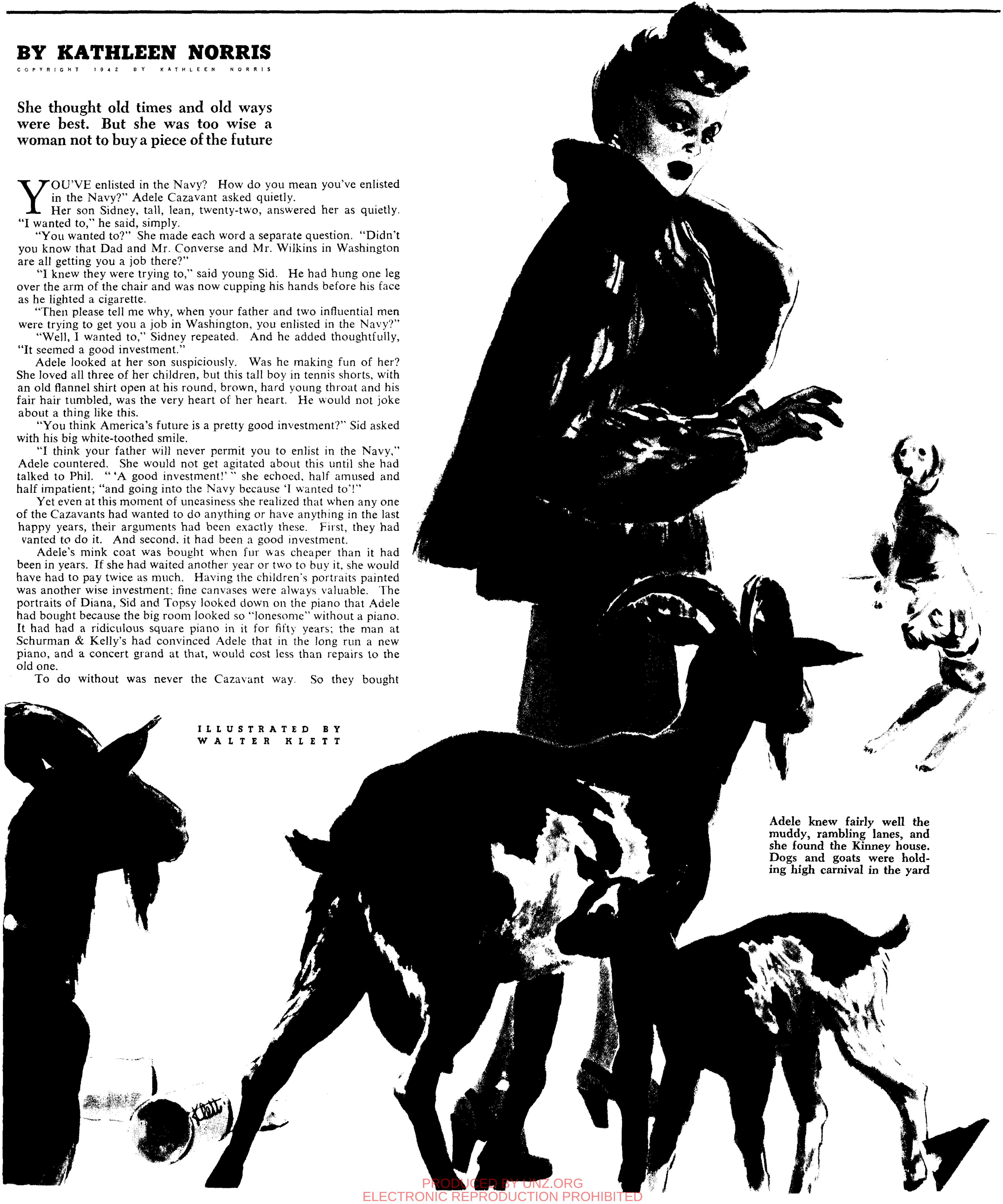
"You think America's future is a pretty good investment?" Sid asked with his big white-toothed smile.

"I think your father will never permit you to enlist in the Navy," Adele countered. She would not get agitated about this until she had talked to Phil. "'A good investment!'" she echoed, half amused and half impatient; "and going into the Navy because 'I wanted to'!"

Yet even at this moment of uneasiness she realized that when any one of the Cazavants had wanted to do anything or have anything in the last happy years, their arguments had been exactly these. First, they had wanted to do it. And second, it had been a good investment.

Adele's mink coat was bought when fur was cheaper than it had been in years. If she had waited another year or two to buy it, she would have had to pay twice as much. Having the children's portraits painted was another wise investment; fine canvases were always valuable. The portraits of Diana, Sid and Topsy looked down on the piano that Adele had bought because the big room looked so "lonesome" without a piano. It had had a ridiculous square piano in it for fifty years; the man at Schurman & Kelly's had convinced Adele that in the long run a new piano, and a concert grand at that, would cost less than repairs to the old one.

To do without was never the Cazavant way. So they bought



ILLUSTRATED BY WALTER KLETT

Adele knew fairly well the muddy, rambling lanes, and she found the Kinney house. Dogs and goats were holding high carnival in the yard

Diana joined the Civilian Defense Corps, marking things on a large chart and taking telephone messages

everything they wanted and did everything they wanted to do and were simple and unaffected about it; nobody ever felt any resentment or had any opportunity to accuse them of ostentation.

This sort of thing went on for years and years, and there seemed no end to the Cazavant luck. Phil's Aunt Diana died and left them the handsome old place on Garden Hill; Adele spent a part of Aunt Diana's legacy in making over the old place—new furnace, tennis court, brick terrace on the northeast level of the garden.

"Anything that makes a home attractive to children," Adele said simply, "is not an extravagance. Phil says that it is the very best sort of investment."

Some of Adele's friends grew a little restive under this explanation as the years went by.

"Doesn't Adele's luck make you tired?" they sometimes asked one another patiently; or even, "Doesn't Adele give you a pain?"

ONE sorrow, however, common to all motherhood, Adele could not escape. Time would not stand still. The Cazavant children were children no longer. In the dark year of nineteen-forty-one Diana was twenty-four, Sidney two years younger, and Topsy an eager, gypsyish, independent, stubborn seventeen. They had been growing steadily more expensive in their tastes as they grew older, of course. "But kids aren't kids forever," Philip Cazavant and his wife told each other; "it's all a good investment."

Even after Pearl Harbor, Adele said firmly that she did not intend to let the mere fact that the country was at war change her way of living. She would do all she could in the way of relief, of course, but she had no respect for women who became hysterical over blackouts, who talked of taxes and money and upset their whole domestic routine for no reason at all. All the unpleasantness and change of which such women were so fearful was not going to happen.

When Diana joined the Civilian Defense Corps, ridiculous as that phrase sounded, and had to be in the city, thirty miles away, every third day, marking things on a large chart and taking telephone messages, Adele was somewhat startled, but not distressed. Checking the passage of airplanes over the city must be important or they would not make such a fuss about it.

The problem about Topsy had nothing to do with war; it was merely a part, Adele would concede, sighing, of children growing up. The family had gone to the lake as usual for the summer, except for Phil and Diana, who had their jobs to keep them in town, and Topsy, who had been crazy over horses and riding and stables and hunts and races since actual babyhood, had fallen in love with Art Atkins, the little English groom.

Unfortunately, Art's father was owner and proprietor of the Palo Sola stables in Atherton, so that the affair had not ended with the ending of the summer, as it should have. Art, with his faintly Cockney accent, his checked tweed coat, his friendly bright eyes, was now working with his father, only a few miles away, and Topsy managed to slip off nearly every day for a meeting with Art at the stables. All the peninsula's nicest girls went there and kept their horses there; still, Adele was uneasy about her.

So there were two worries, not very serious yet, but disturbing. Diana should be at home in her twenty-fifth year, helping her mother with committee meetings and dinner parties, falling in love with some nice man, announcing an engagement. And Topsy should not be thinking of love affairs at all.

Other worries were smoldering too. Adele smothered them with plain common sense. Let Phil mutter as he liked about changed business conditions and hint at necessary economies; Adele would maintain the ship of home on an even keel. Her husband and children should have a serene and comfortable place to which to return from contact with the harassed world, and the best of service and food to sustain them. That was her business and she intended to attend to it strictly and continue to make a success of it.

Sidney might be drafted? Yes, but he was not drafted, and he would have his Washington appointment long before there was any talk of his being drafted. Diana would fall in love with someone entirely eligible. Topsy would forget her infatuation; she was only a baby. And as for Phil's business, well, it had weathered bad times before and it would again.

When Phil hinted that they might let one of the maids go, when and if Sidney got his Washington appointment, Adele was adamant.

"Darling," she said patiently, "we have lots in the bank. Your business is going along nicely. And we *need* three maids. Do be reasonable, Phil."

Adele felt that *she* was reasonable. That is, she had always felt so until this sober, heavy, darkening October afternoon, when young Sidney came into her room with the news that he had enlisted in the Navy.

"Will you be in Washington?" she asked.

"Might be," Sid answered lightly.

"Your father," Adele said, half to herself, "will see that you *are* in Washington. You know that Congressman Wilkins is getting you a comfortable berth there."

"But that's all off now," Sidney said.

She looked at him, a faint flush rising to her soft cheek. She had controlled all this little boy's activities once; was she going to be able to save him still?

AH, HERE was Pnil. She stretched out a hand to him and raised her face for his kiss, before he sank wearily into a big chair near her couch.

"Sid," he said, nodding at his son. "Tired out, eh, Mommy?"

"I did a little too much today. Red Cross Committee and lunch at Georgie's. Then Cousin Sally in the hospital, and home about an hour ago, *dead*."

She smiled at him a moment, and then, her face growing serious, looked at Sid. "Sidney's enlisted in the Navy," she said. "Will that complicate matters?"

Philip Cazavant gave his son a startled glance. "When did you do that?" he demanded.

"This afternoon."

"Couldn't wait for Wilkins, eh?"

"No; it wasn't that, Dad. I simply had to get in."

His father repeated this phrase thoughtfully. "Simply had to get in. I suppose so. I suppose so."

"Are you sorry?" the boy asked.

"No, no." But there was a note of sorrow, of longing, in his father's voice that gave Adele her first twinge of alarm.

"But Mr. Wilkins will go right on, Phil? He'll still work for Sid's getting a berth in Washington?" she asked.

"Not now, dear," Philip Cazavant said.

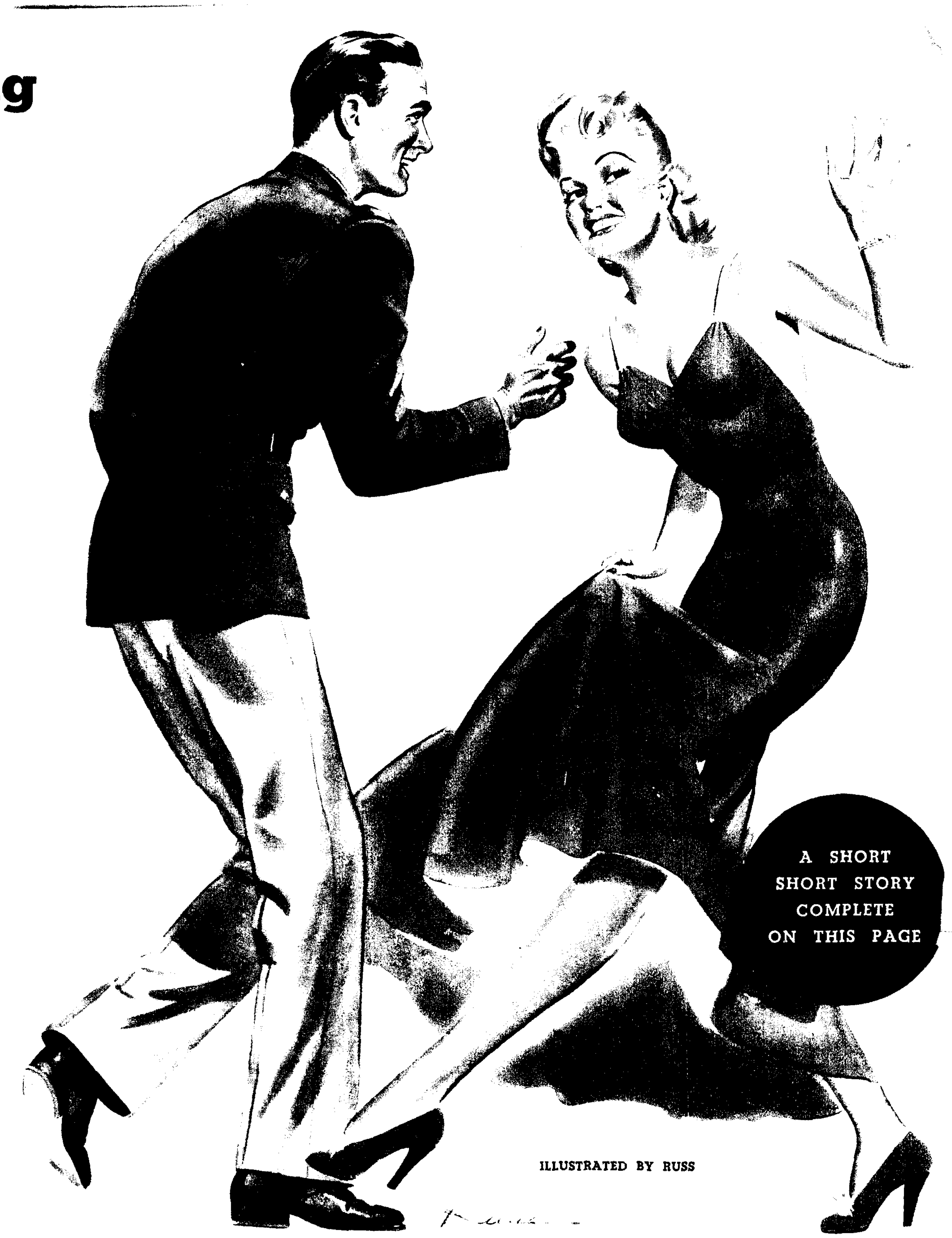
"We're at war; I've enlisted," Sid repeated, an accent on the last word.

"You mean you simply can be ordered

(Continued on page 43)

The Real Thing

By Elizabeth Decker



A SHORT SHORT STORY COMPLETE ON THIS PAGE

ILLUSTRATED BY RUSS

Dorie danced an eternity with endless uniforms of the Air Corps

DORIE CRANDALL pressed the tissue to her lips lightening the shade of her mouth to the proper degree, and pushed the drawers of her dressing table shut. She stood up and gave her gown and hair a last look.

Outside the windows the cicadas shrilled in the summer night, and in her mind's ear Dorie heard the sound of dance music across the lawn. The same sense of excited anticipation that she had felt all week swept over her as she laid her wrap on the bed. She sat down, reached for the phone, dialed a number.

When the phone clicked she said, "Helen? Hello. If you're ready I'll be by for you in five minutes. Did you get the gardenias?"

Helen's voice sounded more purposeless than usual. "Oh, yes, I got them. And the pins and ribbons. We've got a lovely night and I'm ready, too."

As she hung up, Dorie smiled at the impression of inefficiency that Helen's voice gave her. Nevertheless she knew that it was Helen who always remembered the many details so necessary to the success of Camp Night at the club. It was Helen who saw to it that the War Bonds went on sale promptly at midnight, whose vigilance prevented many a shy soldier from getting stuck in a group of dull people; and when the orchestra played Good Night, Ladies, it was Helen who made sure that the camp busses left with the right number of men in them.

As Dorie slipped on her wrap she realized suddenly that Helen was the only female she could spend more than an hour with and not feel the inevitable animus that the beauty of one woman can create between two. Not only that, Helen was the only friend she had had since Willa Fenwick had become so strange. Dorie found herself remembering the Christmas ball when Willa, home from college with her fiancé, had ended their friendship so abruptly. Dorie knew that some of the cattier members of Burkesport society had blamed her—Dorie—for what had happened, but good heavens, she'd naturally pay some attention to the man who was engaged to her best friend! Dorie shrugged her shoulders. It was perfectly obvious why Willa's romance had gone to smash. Willa was most unattractive anyway, and had made such a fool of herself that night crying and carrying on.

WITHIN five minutes Dorie's car stopped in front of Helen's house. Helen was coming down the walk, the box of flowers under her arm and, Dorie noticed, wearing a new black gown. Her rather undistinguished face and hair looked quite pretty but as usual some vital element, needed to complete the enchantment, was missing. Dorie didn't try to figure out what it was. It was hard for Dorie, so rich in beauty, to understand the lack of it in someone else.

"You look pretty gorgeous, my friend," said Dorie as Helen got in.

Helen laughed. "I know," she said, "but it took so long to achieve it. Hours on my hair alone. It's awful business trying to look pretty and besides, the dress doesn't look right unless I hold my breath." She lit cigarettes for them both. "You're doing all right yourself," she grinned. "The wicker-chair ladies will have something to say about that dress you're wearing." Dorie made a face at the mention of the wicker-chair ladies, those women whose age and lack of charm had placed them in the chaperon's row and who never failed to shoot little stilettos of malice at Dorie's person. Too many of their sons had nearly flunked out of school mooning over the incomparable Dorie. Too many of their husbands turned to butter under the gaze of Dorie's dark brilliant eyes. But for all the male attention Dorie had received, love had never really touched her. Until now.

Leaving town and turning out onto the highway, Dorie felt grateful for the changes that Pearl Harbor had made in her life. The Burkesport Country Club had initiated a Camp Night for the officers and men of the Air Corps stationed there. Camp Night was always an occasion. But tonight was special because on the Thursday before, it had happened that Dorie met a man. Not just a man, that's true. The man. Lennie.

That was why Dorie found she liked the sound of the cicadas that had droned every summer she could remember. That was why she found pleasure in Helen's gown. That was why Dorie was born. She knew it. One week before, she had seen a man and had felt stirred for the first time. He was young, but that was nothing. So was Dorie. He was beautiful, too. Beautiful in the way he walked, in the way his head was held. His voice had the sound of a man still remembering his boyhood but his manner was that of a soldier—crisp, efficient, like the expert pilot he was. His eyes disarmed Dorie most of all. They looked out with candor, friendliness and a curious knowing.

As Dorie and Helen walked up the clubhouse steps, a batch of soldiers leaning against the porch railing made appreciative sounds. "There's your usual claque," laughed Helen, and Dorie felt her cheeks grow hot in the hope that Lennie was around and would see the demonstration. In the dressing room Helen busied herself getting the gardenias ready for the hostesses while Dorie stood before the long mirror and thought of Lennie. Oh, Lennie, she breathed to herself, I knew it the minute I saw you. You can go anywhere, I don't care, I'll wait. I'll wait. Forever.

Dorie and Helen made their way across the club lounge giving out the official flowers. When they reached the dance floor Dorie looked quickly among the uniforms for Lennie. Helen went to the kitchen to confer with Papa Gee, the Chinese cook who had served the club for thirty years.

Dorie danced an eternity with endless uniforms of the Air Corps. She smiled, laughed, responded, reacted, and behaved so bewitchingly the entire contingent stood about waiting for a decent interval to elapse so they might cut in and hold Dorie again in their arms. Still there was no Lennie, and Dorie began to feel ill. She suddenly remembered a horrible possibility. Perhaps Lennie had been shipped out. Perhaps he was even now on a transport. He might be going to his death without ever knowing that the beautiful Dorie loved him!

She found herself facing four officers each outdoing the other with outrageous compliments. Somehow she managed to keep a wooden smile on her face in spite of the anxiety she felt. As she stood there numb with fear she heard Lennie's voice piercing through the chatter about her, intimate and intense. And sweet.

"Of all the times in my career to get special duty it had to be last week. I thought of you often, though. I want to see you," he laughed, "again and again."

At last he had come, and more than that, seemed to know that she had been waiting all her life for him. Weak with relief and happiness Dorie turned. Behind her stood Lennie looking both serious and pleased. And before him looking up into his lean face was Helen, transfigured, almost beautiful. . . .

Eddie Cantor and gang entertain the boys several nights a week. Here he takes time out for autographs

Jean Gabin works nightly at the sink. "I washed dishes in Paris," he says. Dietrich's his helper

Left to right: Mary Smith, character actress Mary Gordon, and Mrs. John Ford take over a KP shift

HOLLYWOOD CANTEEN

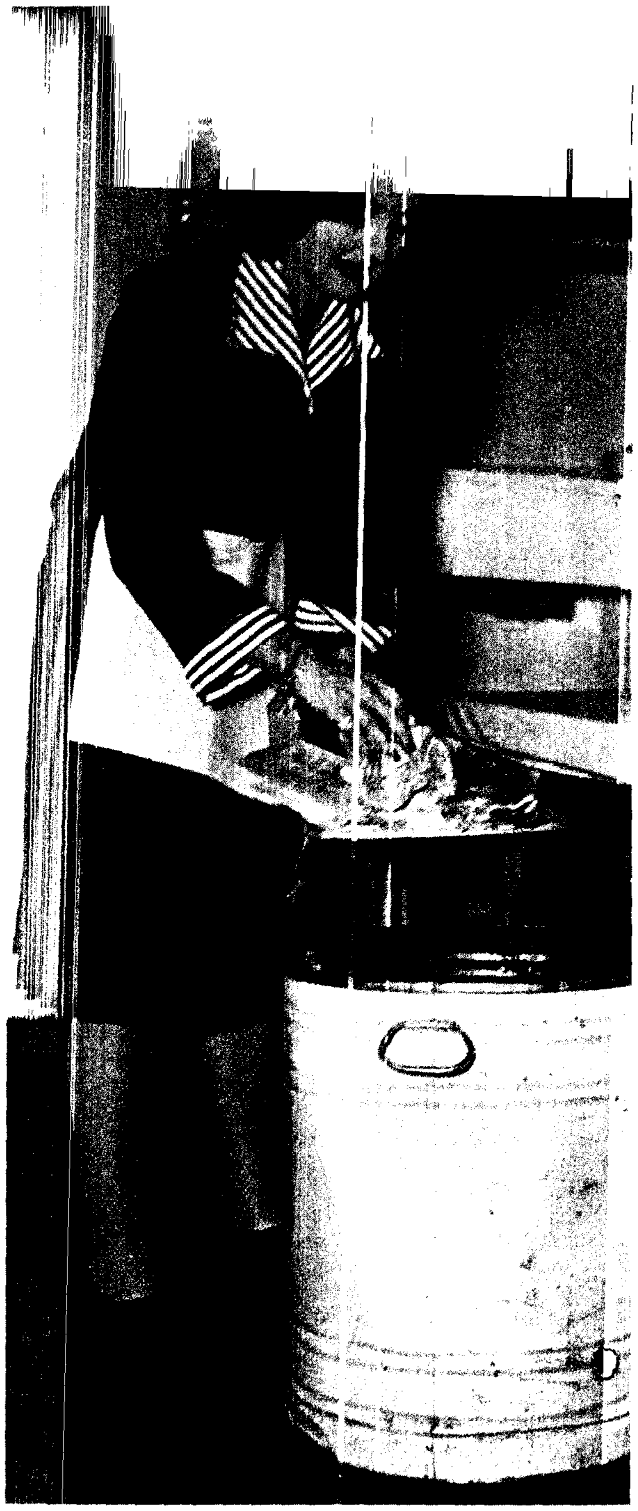
By Bette Davis

THE Hollywood Canteen was created with one idea in mind—to give the men in the Armed Forces fun and a chance to meet personally the people of the entertainment world in Hollywood.

Much has been publicized about the lack of co-operation, due to jealousies and countless other reasons, of the people of Hollywood. We have proved that this is not true—that the people of Hollywood can work together in harmony for a common cause with no thought of self—only with the objective in mind.

For those of us—painters, carpenters, laborers, electricians, actors and actresses—forty-two unions and guilds in all—this co-operation has been thrilling. We feel that the loyalty and unselfishness that has gone into our Canteen is a great tribute to the people in the entertainment industry of Hollywood, and also a tribute to their faith in the American way of life. ★★★

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY GEORGE DE ZAYAS



Organizer Bette Davis got 42 unions and guilds t
donate manpower and material to open the Cantee

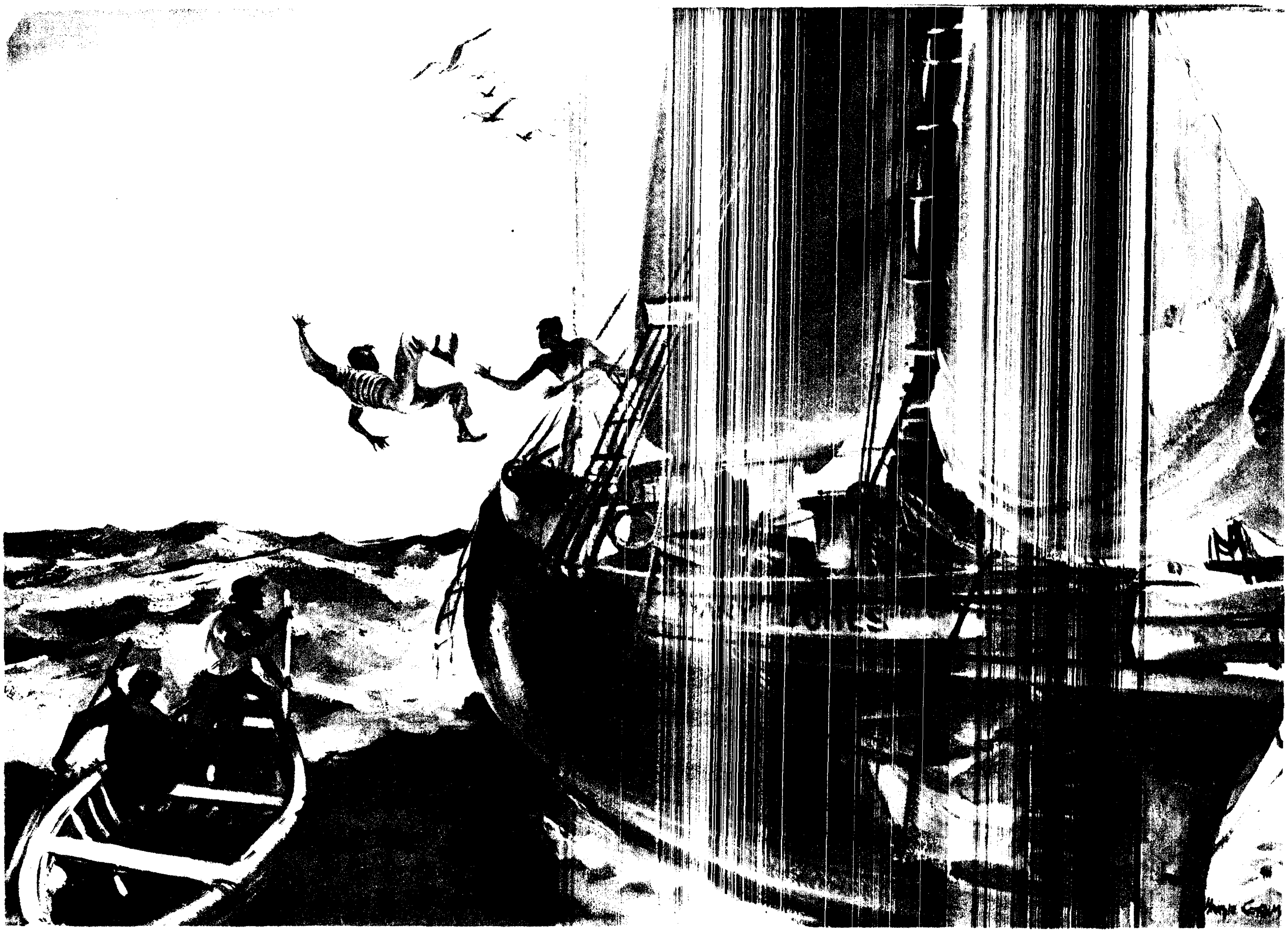
Veteran Alan Hale doing his stint as bus boy, serves coffee to a group of soldiers. Despite stiff competition from Hollywood's glamor girls, Hale is cornered by the boys to tell his newest gags

Harry Davenport is a bus boy. Marlene Dietric
pours coffee, sings and has sliced some 2,000 cake

re all
ext To
losing!

Glenn Anders, well-known legitimate actor now in Hollywood, daily supervises refuse cleanup at the Canteen, waits on table at night. Hedy Lamarr provides glamor for a group of boys who are "sailing tonight"

Begging off a dance, Marsha Hunt chats with soldiers who gleefully carried her off to a corner. Tremendous success of the Canteen is marked by the letters and comments from the appreciative men in the Armed Forces



John Pindar wasted no words. He grasped him around the waist and heaved him up and overboard

The Turn of the Tide

By Don Waters

ILLUSTRATED BY HARDIE GRAMATKY

SITTING hunched over in his boat, John Pindar sculled slowly along the inside edge of the Abaco reef a mile offshore. All afternoon he had been searching through his glass-bottomed bucket for a sight of green turtles feeding on the growth below. He raised his head. An involuntary grunt of surprise escaped him. So engrossed had he been in his work that he did not notice the sudden storm clouds banking up heavy and black just behind the land. A curtain of rain like a wall of falling water was advancing rapidly toward him.

He barely had time to head his boat up into the white ripple of foam when it struck. The boat lifted, swung broadside to the wind, drove toward the reef not ten yards off, heeled down, shipped half full of water. The muscles on his arms stood out in quivering lumps as John Pindar struggled with the sculling oar. A heavier gust of wind, a deluge of pelting rain enveloped boat and man. A surge swung out of the turmoil and drove the dinghy smashing onto the coral.

At the shock of impact, John Pindar was thrown out. Another surge mounted, towered over him. He dove through the roller that was just beginning to break, emerged beyond it. A few minutes later, hand over hand, he was swimming away from where the seas tumbled with thundering roars over the ragged fringe of rock and coral.

It was not long before the sound of the surf began to dwindle. He was being swept out to sea in the strong rush of the current ebbing off the coast of Abaco. The tide would not flood for hours. It was late in the afternoon when he capsized. Night would soon be on him. But he was a powerful swimmer and in this briny, dense water, he knew he could easily keep afloat till the tide turned. This was no short, vicious squall but had developed into a steady blow. The rain had slackened. The pall of evening was descending over the sea.

Darkness fell, a blue-black darkness that was only lightened by the phosphorescence of the breaking wave tops. With small motions, John Pindar kept himself afloat, conserving his energy. His wet dungarees clinging against his legs became an annoyance; he slipped out of them. He needed no shirt; that was discarded too. Naked, he swam through the night, easily slipping like a porpoise under the high waves as they neared him. A few stars came out in breaks among the overhanging clouds. By them he kept a sense of direction, faced westward and slowly and methodically stayed afloat.

THE wind had set up a surface current and he was being steadily carried out to sea. The slow hours passed. The water was warm and he was not uncomfortable. Before midnight, he knew he was far from land in the depths of the ocean. The chances of his being picked up were small. No coasting schooner would be apt to come out this distance. Even the course of the steamers from Europe making for the Hole in the Wall and the Northeast Providence Channel around the end of Abaco was inshore from him.

This was not the first time he'd had to make a long swim. A few years back he had been caught on the west coast of Andros by a hurricane. He'd swum all one night then, but he'd had a chance to rest in the tops of pine trees. He had no rest now. Grimly, doggedly he went through the motions that kept him afloat. He thought of other things. He should not have been out on the reef as late as he was today after the tide had turned. Necessity had driven him there as it had driven him for the past months since he had lost his schooner, the Tiburon, lost her through no fault of his own. There was a world war raging and, though far from where millions of men carried on their grim work of destruction, he had felt its effects.

The Tiburon had been a sweet craft, clean-lined and fast under sail. Since the day he'd lost her, all his energies had been directed toward getting another vessel. But it was no easy thing, that. It would take a long time netting green turtles to earn enough to buy drift-bolt and spike, rope and block, rigging and canvas, winch and anchors, all the many things that go into the making of a sailing vessel.

Rising on the crest of a sea, John

(Continued on page 56)

Torment in Japan

By Robert Bellaire

FORMER U. P. MANAGER IN JAPAN

The inscrutable Japanese, using a peculiar brand of hospitality, try to befriend and influence a group of American internees. They employ threats and torture—and get practically nowhere

SQUAT, heavily bespectacled Inspector Kikuchi of the Metropolitan Police smiled broadly as he faced us in the Tokyo concentration camp. This was the first time we had seen him smile in more than six months of our prison life after Pearl Harbor.

"The Home Office," he told us, "has received reports that Japanese interned in the United States—especially Japanese newspapermen—are being well treated. The Home Office is now trying to think of some way to be nice to you. Please wait."

A few days later, Kikuchi appeared again with the Home Office decision. We were to be permitted to attend a luncheon "and entertainment" to be given in our honor by a group identified as the East Asia War Relief Committee.

In six months of concentration camp life, such as I described in an earlier issue of Collier's, we had never heard of any such relief organization. We inquired about this war relief committee, but to no avail. Kikuchi said he knew none of the details. When we said we did not wish to accept an invitation from a group completely unknown to us, Kikuchi frowned and said he must confer with the Home Office.

In a few minutes we had our answer. The Home Office ordered that we must attend the luncheon and "accept Japan's good treatment" whether we wanted to or not.

The next day, ten of us Americans together with a number of Japanese officials were driven from the concentration camp to the Sanno Hotel under close police guard. The hotel for years had been the headquarters for numerous secret political organizations.

We were greeted at the hotel by more Japanese, most of whom spoke fluent English. Several of these we recognized as men educated in the United States. One was John Okie, former New York University football player. Another was the son of a Japanese Presbyterian minister in Seattle.

One of the Japanese who acted as chairman of the relief society addressed us on the subject of Japanese-American friendship. We looked at one another uneasily. Whenever the Japanese had spoken of Japanese-American friendship in the past, we had learned to duck. Usually it meant that something not quite in the friendly tradition was brewing.

The spokesman assured us that Japan had only the most friendly feelings for us, this was a war between governments, not individuals.

Our Hosts Interpret the Newsreels for Us

I thought at the time of the frequent instances in which Americans imprisoned by the Japanese had been given the water cure, beaten with rubber hoses, forced to kneel for hours on iron bars, and generally tormented until some had been driven to suicide and others had suffered nervous breakdowns and permanent physical injuries.

The spokesman said the first item on the good-treatment program would be the showing of newsreels of the war. We were seated in alternate seats in an improvised theater in the hotel. English-speaking Japanese occupied the intervening seats to translate to us—in a most insulting and challenging manner—the titles on the screen.

The films mainly were about the Japanese occupation of Singapore and the Netherlands East Indies, and their primary purpose was to degrade the white race. We saw British and Dutch officers being slapped and having their hair pulled by young Japanese officers during the formal negotiations for surrender.

The final reel of the film, however, centered at Bataan and Corregidor. Here the impression given by the film was quite different from the Malaya and East Indies campaigns. No effort was made to make the Philippines campaign appear like a push-over. Japanese were shown being wounded and dying in great numbers on the battlefields. Pictures of the surrendering Americans showed that they had fought until they could fight no longer. They were "out on their feet" from exhaustion and the shock of weeks of almost continuous bombing and bombardment.

After the movies we were invited into the dining room. Before us was set the most luxurious meal we had seen in the past two years in Japan.

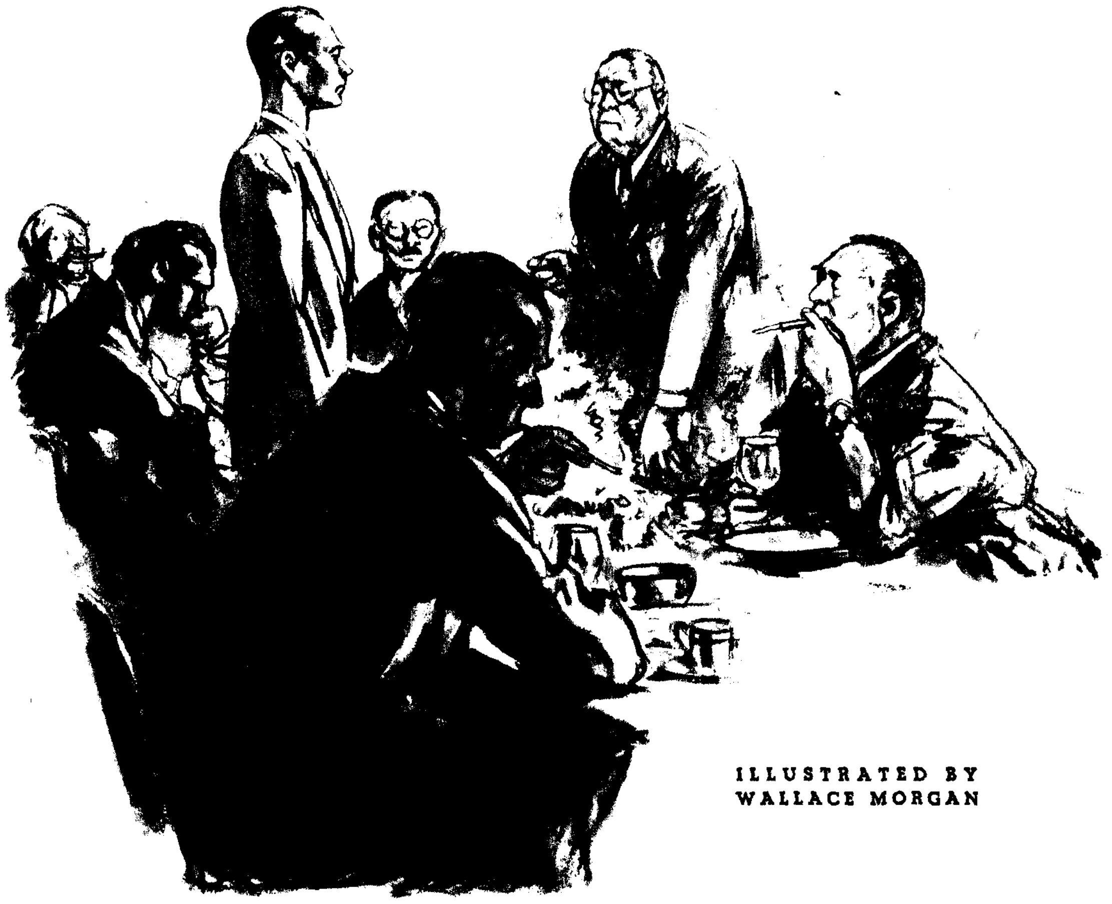
But we were uneasy, as we ate. In the center of the table were two microphones. When we talked, we lowered our voices in the hope that nothing we were saying would be broadcast.

Halfway through the luncheon, the Japanese spokesman rose to address us. He repeated word for word, the speech on Japanese-American friendship which we had heard earlier. Then he added that the East Asia War Relief Committee wanted to do everything possible to make us happy.

"The thing we know that all of you wish to do," he said, "is to communicate with your friends and relatives in the United States. Fortunately, we have here today men from the government radio station, JOAK. They will make records of any messages you care to send, and these records will be broadcast to the United States by shortwave radio."

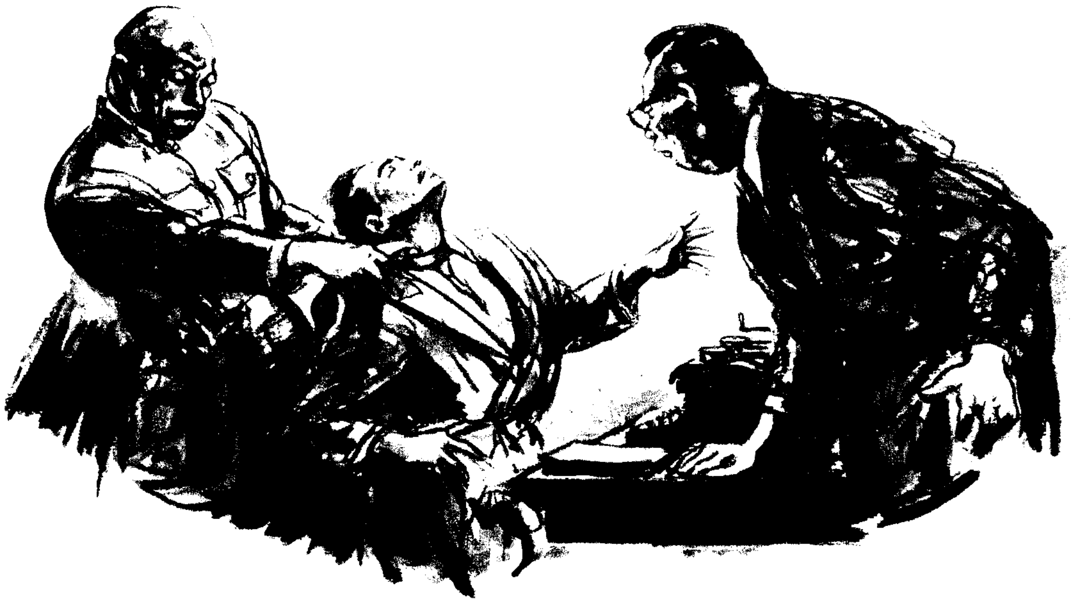
After a few moments of silence, the spokesman added, "The only requirement for permission to broadcast is that you say you are being well treated in Japan and are enjoying your stay here despite the war."

The Reverend Theodore Walser, *(Continued on page 46)*

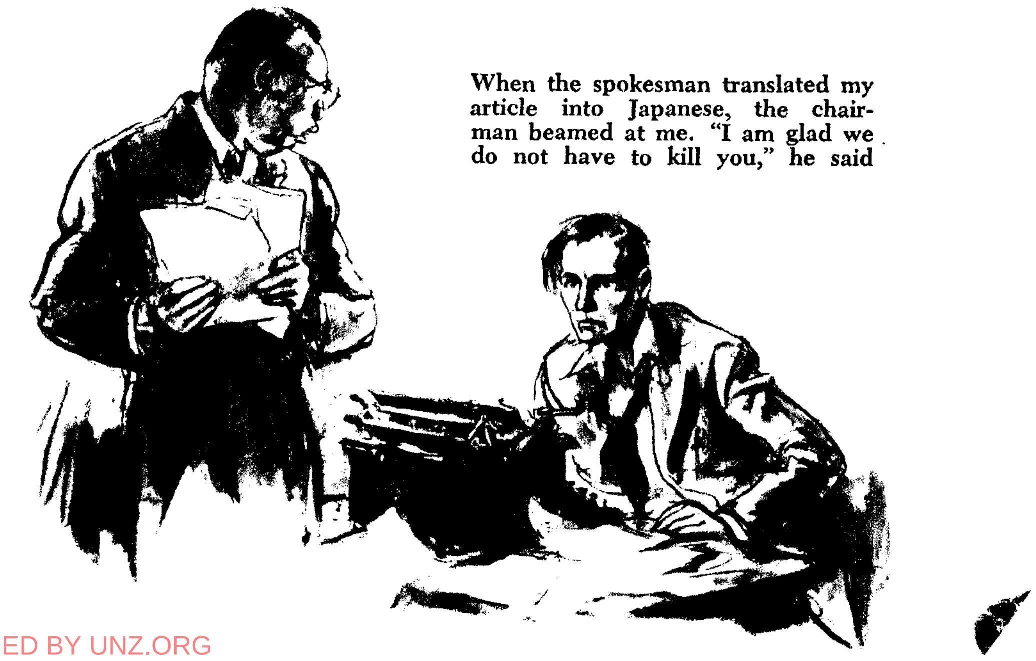


ILLUSTRATED BY WALLACE MORGAN

The Japanese chairman crushed out his cigarette and jumped to his feet. His eyes flashed angrily at me



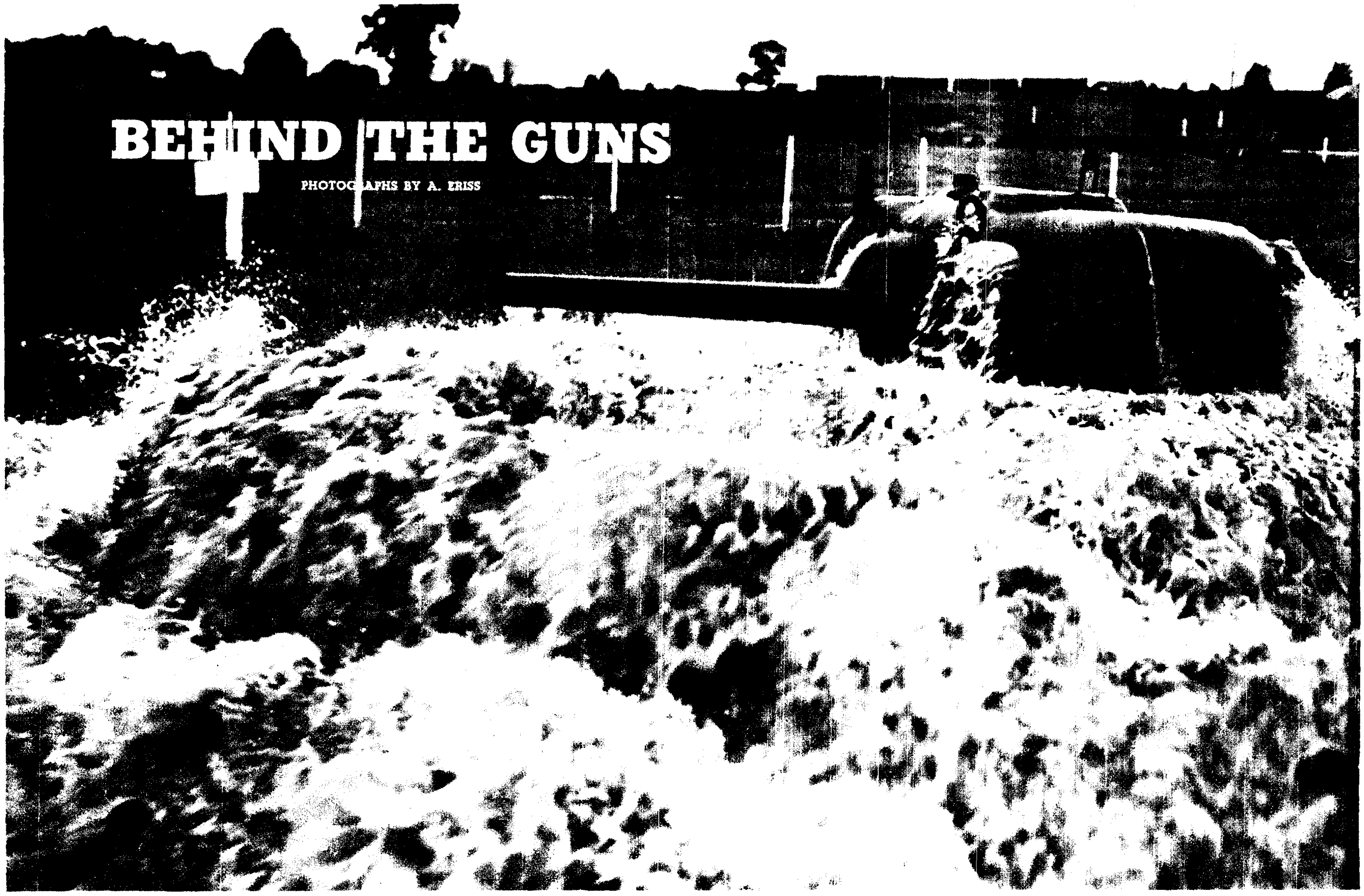
Suddenly he grabbed me by the necktie and jerked my head back so sharply I thought my neck would break



When the spokesman translated my article into Japanese, the chairman beamed at me. "I am glad we do not have to kill you," he said

BEHIND THE GUNS

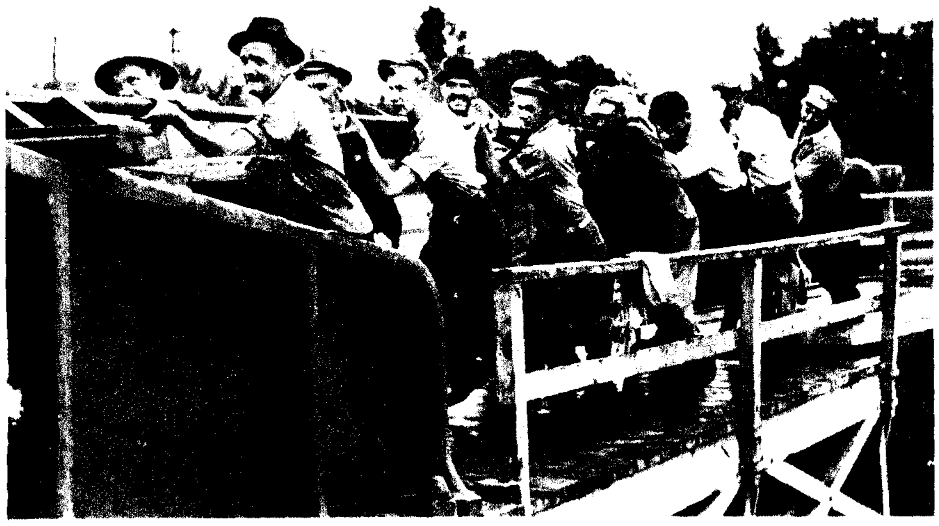
PHOTOGRAPHS BY A. ERISS



An M-4 tank plunges at top speed through the water hazard at the Aberdeen Proving Ground. This is only one of the grueling tests the land battleships must go through before they are finally accepted by the Army

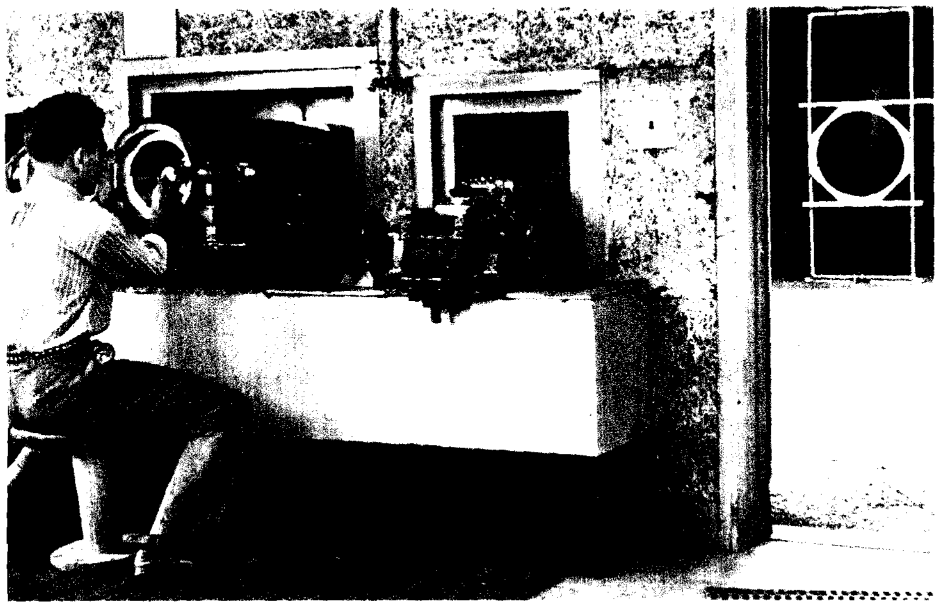
Below, left. Two-thousand-pound bombs being loaded into a B-23 bomber, which will take them aloft and drop them from a height of 10,000 feet. The Army wants to know what happens when they hit the ground

These husky ladies—Mrs. Viola Testerman, Pylesvi
Md., and Mrs. Florence Wockenfuss of Jersey C
N. J.—call themselves "the fat women of Aberdee
The shells, for a 90-mm. gun, weigh 75 pounds e:

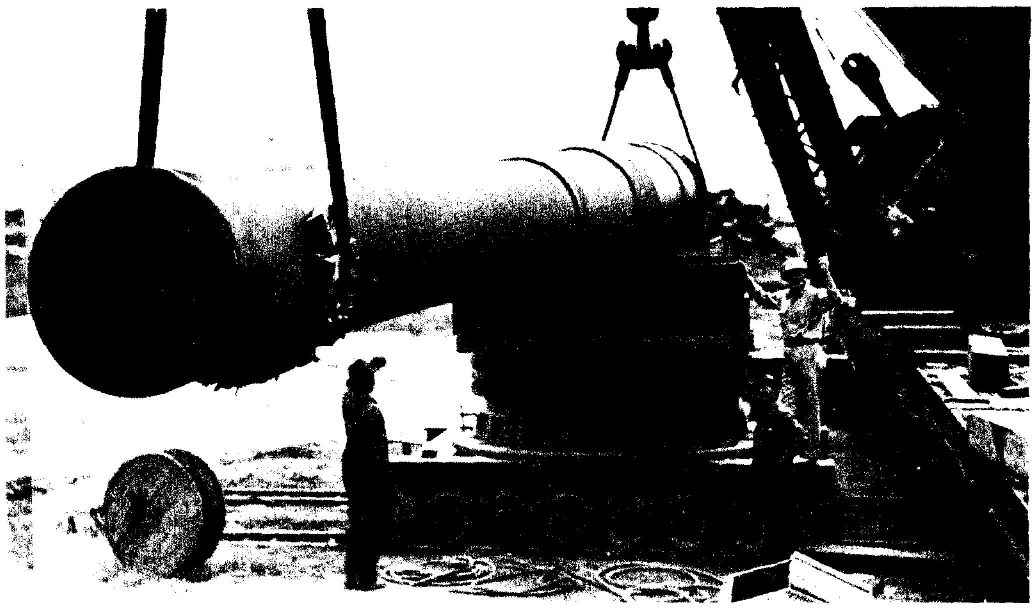


e combined strength of fifteen men is required to ram home a charge in a 16-inch gun or to proof-testing. This is one kind of hard work that the women haven't taken over

This 16-inch gun has just been test-fired at the solenoid screen shown in the background. The concussion from one of these monster cannon will knock a man down within 100 feet



any of the tests can be carried on in boratories indoors. This technician, ove, is firing a 37-mm. shell at the ece of armor seen through the doorway



Above, right. This odd-looking pipe is the tube, or barrel, of a 16-inch gun, in the grip of a big mobile crane. It will be fixed into a gun mount and fired

AT THE Aberdeen Proving Ground in Maryland, where the Army tests its guns and munitions to deter-ine if they meet specifications, more than thousand women have taken over jobs ıich have always been performed by men. rmy officers say that their efficiency at sks ranging from truck driving to mathe-atical calculation has contributed largely the success of Aberdeen's speed-up pro-am.

Several hundred women, from girls in eir teens to grandmothers, have been ained to take down, inspect, assemble and e the Army's light- and medium-caliber ıns.

Others place the powder in the shells d insert the projectiles, a dangerous as ell as an exacting task. Still others mag-tize the tips of the shells, so that an elec-cal reaction will take place when they are ed through the screens used to measure locities. This work involves accurate surements of time to within one hun-ed thousandth of a second.

Women also operate the central velocity-easuring station, which is connected with ectric wires to the hoops installed in the stricted areas where the firing is done. hen a projectile passes through one of ese hoops, the velocity is recorded on struments at the center.

Then there are the women who drive the eps, station wagons, fifteen-ton mobile anes and all types of trucks. They have come proficient at changing the heavy es and repairing the engines, although ıen they went to Aberdeen a few months o, none had any experience except that ined by driving the family car. Women ıo know something of mathematics work the Ballistics Research Laboratory, which calculates the course of bullets fired from all types of small arms.

A selected group of women, most of them grandmothers, have become experts in the use of a new apparatus for firing certain types of guns. Many of these women are testing secret weapons and seem to be less inclined than men to talk about what they're doing.

As an Army officer said: "They have certainly disproved that old adage about the wagging of a woman's tongue."

The first group of women to work at Aberdeen was brought into the restricted firing areas last March. Army officers at first feared they would be gun-shy, but, surprisingly, the women paid little attention to the ear-splitting detonation of big guns fired only a few hundred feet away. They soon became absorbed in their work. Many of this first group have become foremen and are bossing large gangs of workers. They show a surprising knowledge of the mechanism of the guns.

"The results of hiring women at Aberdeen are significant," said Major General Charles T. Harris, Jr., commandant of the Proving Ground. "They demonstrate woman's capabilities in work far removed from her accustomed sphere. The women here have shown themselves to be intelligent, industrious, quick to learn, and willing to labor at the most arduous tasks without complaint." ★★★

Right. This solenoid screen, used in testing the velocity of a big gun, has been destroyed by the 16-incher in the background. A new screen is being installed for another shot

IFOR THOMAS

Sweaters have now hit the Stork Club, which ought to prove you can wear them anywhere. Here owner Sherman Billingsley models his blue-gray alpaca which he considers the right touch with his blue worsted suit. Daughter Jacqueline shows you what the ladies will wear in place of décolletage to here. Pretty and cozier. Below, Petroleum Co-ordinator Harold Ickes, who says we'll all be healthier with less heat, stokes his own under a sleeveless pull-over

BOB LEAVITT

YOU'LL BE WARM!

BY HENRY L. JACKSON

What's in a sweater?

How warm is a sweater?

How much does it cost?

How do you make it last?

How do you put it on?

When do you wear it?

Here's latest dope on sweater situation

BEING warm this winter isn't a matter of turning up the thermostat—or piling on a few extra shovels of coal or harrying the landlord. Not the way the government has it planned. Doctors have advised fuel-conservation heads that 65 degrees of heat will keep us healthy. That just isn't warm enough for most of us, used to overheated homes, jumping into heated cars. We'll be waiting on cold street corners for busses, walking, standing in drafty halls during air-raid drills. What we must do is wear heavier clothing, warmer underwear, sweaters indoors and out.

The Wool-Labeling Act provides that any garment containing wool must be labeled as to content. That goes for sweaters. You're likely to read 50 per cent wool, 25 per cent rayon, 25 per cent cotton; or 40 per cent mohair, 20 per cent rayon, 40 per cent cotton, or some such recipe. Don't worry about it. A fine-grade all-wool sweater is best. But rayon possesses elasticity and warmth, has a good texture and fine sheen. Cotton is durable. A judicious blending of all three materials will give you a good-looking, fine-wearing sweater.

The government approves of sweater-wearing—so heartily that they have released six million pounds of wool to sweater manufacturers. This is mohair, a fine wool from our own Texas sheep. Not suitable for military uniforms, it makes warm, sturdy sweaters.

Alpaca, camel's hair, cashmere and Shetland are luxury yarns, imported from all over the globe—India, Australia, Tibet, Scotland. They give warmth without weight, feel silky, are expensive. Frequently they are blended with coarser wools to make them sturdier and bring down the price. When available stocks of imports are gone, that will be the end of them for the duration. In the meantime, we can get along very nicely with domestic products.

Most important from the standpoint of warmth is the way a sweater is knitted. A close, tight stitch, known as interlocking, will keep heat in, cold out, and is particularly desirable in a sweater with a large cotton content. Loosely woven, open stitching is all right for indoor wear but permits too much air-circulation for outdoors. Look, too, at inside shoulder seams when you buy a sweater. They should be reinforced to prevent sagging.

You can buy a sleeveless sweater from $1.95 up, depending mainly upon the wool content. Up to $5 you actually do better with a blend than with all-wool, which is bound to be a low grade. Good wool, mixed with cotton and rayon, wears better than sleazy all-wool. Over $5 your chances of a superior grade of wool are looking up. A long-sleeved V-neck sweater, pull-over style, is the most popular and practical type for all-round wear. Best bet for a factory or civilian-defense worker is the heavy worsted coat-sweater, tightly woven of 80 per cent worsted and 20 per cent cotton. You can get one for about $6. A shaker sweater, the kind college lads wear at football games with the school letter, is fine for outdoor wear. Made of heavy wool, it costs about $7.50.

Pull-overs, sleeveless, are good with your regular business suits. They're warmer than a vest. Don't go haywire on color. Blue is best with a blue suit; blue or maroon with a gray suit; tan with a brown suit. A coat-style sweater is okay for work.

Don't be afraid to have your sweater washed. It's better than dry-cleaning. It eliminates perspiration completely and improves the sweater. Fibers mat down, become sturdier. Sweaters should be washed in lukewarm water with mild soap, carefully rinsed. Lay the sweater flat on a Turkish towel, pat it into shape, and let it dry out of the sun. Don't wash a multicolored sweater. It might run.

The right way to put a sweater on is to put your arm into a sleeve, pull the sleeve all the way up to your shoulder. Then put your arm into the other sleeve and pull it all the way up. Now duck your head in. That way, you won't pull the sweater out of shape, stretch and weaken the fibers. When you take it off, pull it up from the bottom. Don't lift it over your head by pulling at the back of the neck. And don't hang your sweaters on hangers when you're not wearing them. Let them air out, fold them and lay flat.

A sweater is the most comfortable kind of clothing for an active man. Every sailor is issued a long-sleeved crew-neck sweater of blue worsted, to wear under his blue jumper in the winter. Soldiers assigned to northern territories are issued sweaters. British officers wear them on the desert, tacking on epaulettes and wearing Sam Browne belts over them. Our own fliers own sweaters and wear them. You'll like them, too. ★★★

Vespers in Moscow

By Irina Skariatina

BY RADIO FROM MOSCOW

ILLUSTRATED BY C. C. BEALL

Collier's correspondent takes you to church in the Russian capital, where the women of Russia pray for the safety of their living and the salvation of the dead

ON a Saturday evening I went to vespers to the Bogoyavlensky Cathedral, belonging not to the "living church" but to the Orthodox faith in which I was raised. As the cathedral is situated in Elokhovo district, which is quite far from the hotel, I took the subway and getting off at the fourth stop, walked a few blocks. Luckily there was a full moon, or I never would have found my way in the utter darkness of a Moscow blackout.

In the distance as I walked I could see the spire and the dome of the cathedral looming ghostlike in the light of the harvest moon. Many people were going in the same direction, and following them, I got there without losing my way in the intricate maze of Moscow streets.

The service had already begun and the cathedral was full to overflowing. The usual church beggars that always terrified me in my childhood stood in their customary places on both sides of the main entrance, and in their chanting voices repeated the familiar old words that I had heard hundreds of times: "Give alms to a poor blind one—to a cripple—to an old woman, and I'll pray for your health, for your dead, for your warriors at the front."

For a while, pushed back by the crowd, I stood near the entrance close to the counter where wax tapers are sold. Then little by little, in Russian fashion, I began to work my way up toward the altar. At last I succeeded in reaching the center of the church, where on a square elevation covered with a thick rug stood the Metropolitan of Kiev, Nicholas, in glittering vestments, whom I had seen many a time in the years following the revolution when he was Bishop of Peterhof. The passing years had not changed him much, and his voice as it rang out clear and high had the same "golden quality" that his followers always admired.

Two choirs sang alternately, but occasionally the entire congregation took up the hymn and then throughout the cathedral it rolled impressive and sonorous. Due to wartime economy of electricity, which is scrupulously observed everywhere, only one electric lamp shone near the metropolitan's elevation. Otherwise, the cathedral was plunged into darkness save for the flickering lights of the wax tapers and numerous lampadas that burned in front of the icons. The congregation consisted mostly of old and middle-aged women, with a fair sprinkling of young ones, and the same applied to the men.

As I slowly made my way from the entrance door to the altar I had to stand for a while next to a very old man with a flowing white beard who looked exactly like a Biblical patriarch. In a perfectly audible undertone, he kept saying the words of the service just one second ahead of the clergy, and when a young priest stammered and omitted a line, the venerable patriarch shook his head reprovingly, murmuring, "What is the matter with you, my little father? Are you Hitler?" He repeated the whole line twice over for his own and my benefit, too. After that he had to pray fast so as to catch up and once more be ahead of the service.

A little farther I stopped for a few minutes near an elderly woman in a long black coat and a shawl wrapped around her head, and again I could not help overhearing her, as in low voice, with frequent bows and signs of the cross, she prayed over and over again for the safety of her son Vassily at the front, and for the victory of the Russian army. And as I kept moving along, I heard on all sides deep signs and whispered prayers for the loved ones in danger, for the end of the war, for victory and peace, and the destruction of the Antichrist Hitler.

It was startling to hear that name in a Russian church and to realize that in some way or other it had brought pain and suffering to nearly everyone there.

Yes, there was the shadow of the "Antichrist Hitler" in that old Russian church and, as many times before in the thousand-year-old history of Russia, the people wept and prayed that the invader, whether a Tatar Khan, or Napoleon, or Hitler, be conquered and destroyed and the land once more free. And in their eyes, some overflowing with tears, some dry but red from crying, some shining with courage, I could see again that boundless love of Russia that is to be found everywhere.

At the end of the service, the metropolitan spoke. The theme of his sermon was the war, and that there is no greater love than to give one's life for others.

The Well-Guarded Metropolitan

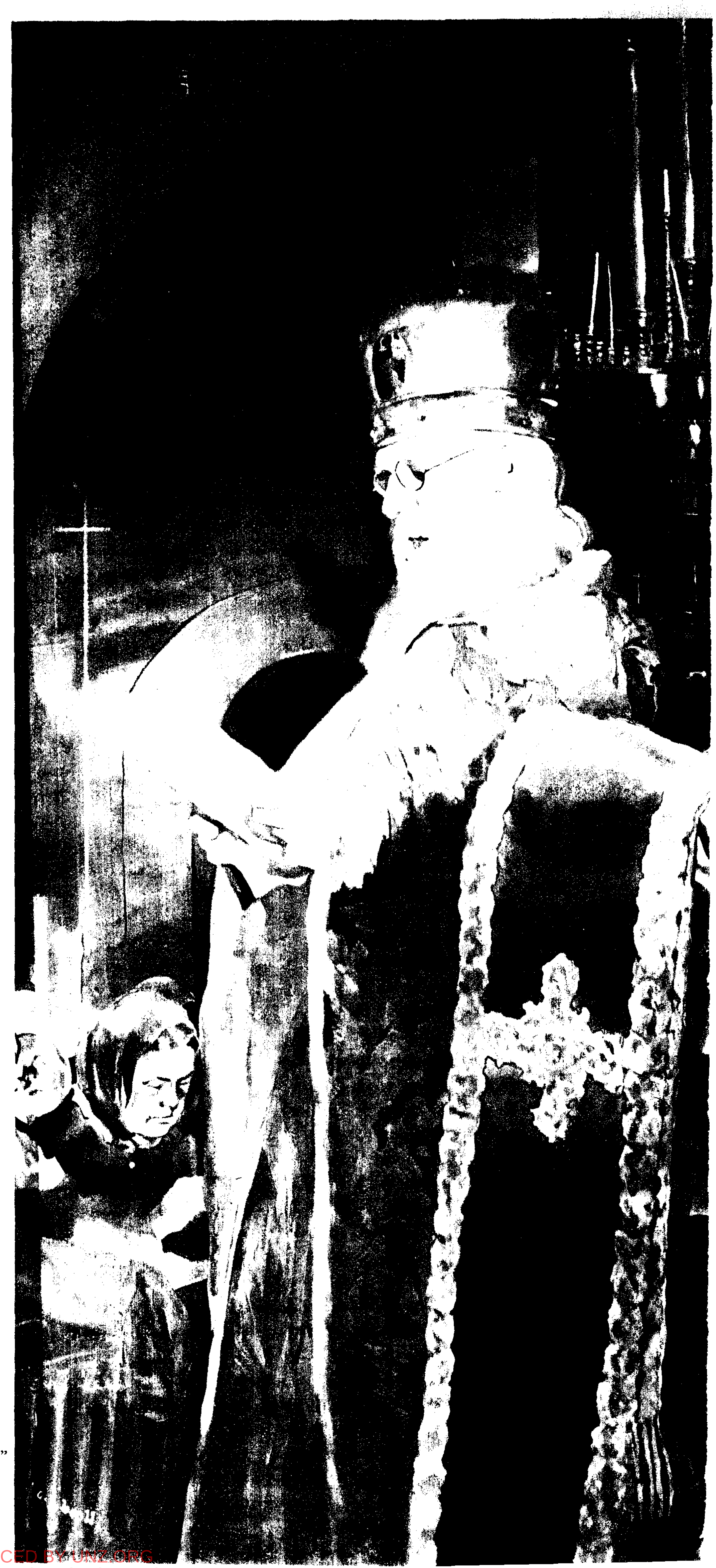
When it was all over I stood near the entrance door, where a small group of women were waiting for the metropolitan to pass on his way out. As I had known him slightly in the years gone by, I thought I would speak to him, too. Perhaps he would recognize me, perhaps he would be pleased to see me. With these thoughts I waited patiently as the congregation melted away. Finally the church was empty save for the small group that had joined a spruce old woman in a white apron and a fluffy green shawl who was busily putting out the lampadas and candles and rattling a bunch of big keys as she trotted around. Suddenly she caught sight of us, and stopping short in her work, shook her head and frowned. The next moment she advanced with a firm tread in our direction, a stern look in her bright old eyes and disapproval expressed in every movement of her short, sturdy figure.

"Now no loitering here, my dear ones," she said severely. "You've had a beautiful time, said your prayers, and our little father the metropolitan has prayed for you. What more do you want? It is all over now, and I am about to lock up, so go along in peace. Do you hear me? Go! Go!"

A little more and she looked as though she might wave her voluminous skirts at us and say "Shoo!" But I protested.

"I'd like to speak to the metropolitan," I began, only to be interrupted by her cry of indignation.

"Speak to the metropolitan tonight!" she exclaimed in shocked tones, throwing her hands up in dismay. "When he is so tired he can hardly stand after saying



The Metropolitan of Kiev, Nicholas, in glittering vestments, stood on a square elevation covered with a thick rug. The passing years had not changed him much and his voice as it rang out clear and high had the same "golden quality" all those beautiful prayers for us all evening long! How can you even think of such a thing? You must be up to no good, my dear one. Where do you live? Where do you come from?"

"America," I answered hopefully, thinking that it would have the desired effect and either impress her or soften her heart. But the effect was contrary and unexpected.

"America!" she cried with a derisive little sniff. "America, if you please! That's a new one; I've never heard that fib before. That shows that you are up to no good, inventing stories like that, my dove. Listen to her, she comes all the way from America, speaking Russian like a Russian and looking like one, too."

She turned indignantly to an imaginary audience behind her, while the little group I had joined examined me with sudden suspicion. "No, my little mother, you cannot fool me. I've got to protect the metropolitan and see that no one bothers him. America, indeed! Now take yourself away, all of you, my dear ones, before I get cross." And she hustled us toward the door with such determination that reluctantly we obeyed and retreated.

Going back to the subway I walked with a young woman who was carrying her child, a frail girl of about four, with a thin pale face and enormous black eyes that stared into the moonlight night intently and anxiously as though she were listening for something or expecting to see someone there.

The Terror-Stricken Child

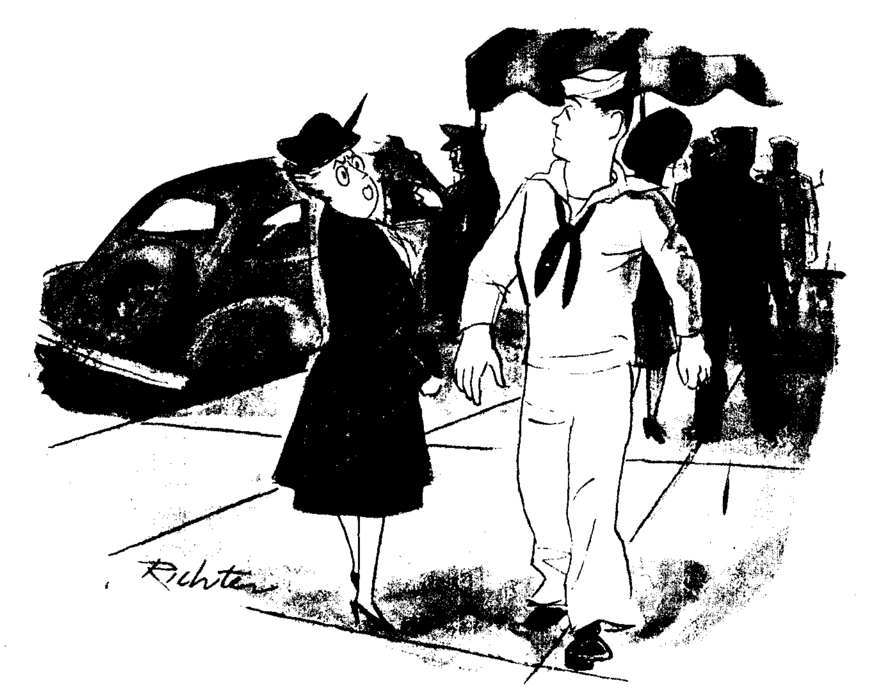
"She can't forget the bombings of last year," said the mother sadly. "You won't believe me, but every time there's thunder or a door loudly slammed or a car backfires she will run to me crying: 'Bombiozhka! Bombiozhka!' and insists that I take her out of the room. Otherwise she will cry herself sick. At first during the bombing, I used to take her up in the middle of the night and dress her and carry her to the shelter in the subway, where we would sit till the raid was over. She's never forgotten that, and cries: 'Bombiozhka metro!—metro bombiozhka!' till I have to take her out of the room for a while. Then she sits down."

At the word "bombiozhka" the child started, and with a stifled little whimper buried her face into her mother's shoulder.

"There, you see? That's the way she always acts when she hears that word," sighed the young woman, "and I just can't make her forget. Oh, what a hard time I have with her and my father. He's old and half paralyzed, but all day long he listens to the loud-speaker in our room. For the last month he has been living for the coming of the second front. You should have seen him when the news came through about the raid on Dieppe. 'It's come! It's come, Natasha!' he shouted to me. 'The second front is here! Hurrah!' and he got so excited he began to shake all over. For two days he could not eat, he could not sleep, from excitement. Then when nothing came of it and there was no second front after all he just cried and cried like she does. It was pitiful. Yes, we are living in hard times when old people cry and cry from disappointment and little children scream with fright."

The next morning, Sunday, I walked to another church, situated this time not so far from the Metropole. When I reached the church, I found I had come too early, and there were only the cleaners doing their chores of washing, sweeping and dusting. They were all members of the parish, some with hats on, some with shawls, and some with gaily colored kerchiefs. Presently the congregation began to arrive and soon the small church was filled. Here and there a ray of sunlight tried to break into the windows and filter through the chinks of the tightly closed shutters and through the little holes of the thick paper that covered the panes as an added protection in the blackout. For a fleeting moment, there would appear a little golden line of a pinpoint of light—then they'd vanish, and all would be black once more. Thus, in broad daylight, the church was dark but for the soft yellow glow of the wax tapers and the multicolored lampadas that shone like little globes of red and blue and green.

One large icon was decorated with autumn flowers, while several others had ribbons and streamers around them or finely woven towels embroidered by hand. This time the women were predominant, and only a few gray and white masculine heads rose above the feminine crowd. The Mass began, and the small choir of women sang softly and well. Presently, the service came to the part where the old priest prayed for the health of the warrior Ivan, the warrior Peter, the warrior Alexei—while the women, attentive and tense, waited to hear the names of their men, which they had written down on slips of paper and handed to the priest to mention aloud in his prayer. But when the familiar names had been duly pronounced, and in response the women had bowed low and crossed themselves fervently, they relaxed and rested for a few minutes, either on a step beneath a large icon or on one of the wooden benches that lined the frescoed walls.



COLLIER'S "Why aren't *you* in the Army?" MISCHA RICHTER

At the part of the service where the dead are mentioned, again the women fell to their knees, now weeping softly and touching the floor with their foreheads as the priest intoned the prayers for the eternal peace of the warrior Stepan, the warrior Sidor, the warrior Ivan . . . who had given their lives for their country.

"My husband was not a believer. He was an atheist," a thin, pale-faced woman told me sadly, as I sat beside her on the bench after Mass. "But he never forbade me to go to church, and I know he would not mind that I had his name mentioned in the prayers for our dead. If he knew about it, he would probably laugh and hug me and say, 'Do just as you please, Manulia. If it gives you satisfaction to have my name read in your church, it's all right with me. A woman's business is her own, funny as it may be, and no one should interfere with it or tell her what to do.' Yes, he was good to me all through those years that we were together, and I don't know how I'll live without him. Life will never be the same—it's finished. Oh, to be sure, I will go on with my work and live from day to day, but what kind of existence is that, compared to life with one's own man and the thousands of little things that bound us together? It's empty now. It's finished. It's gone. I haven't any children to turn to and I'm too tired and not young enough or strong enough to begin all over again. If I could, I'd gladly be a *partizanka* and hurt them the way they've hurt me, but I can't do it. My spirit is willing but my flesh is too weak. The doctor tells me not to cry so much or I'll go blind. But how can one stop crying when everything has been taken away and one's heart is broken forever?"

Her eyes were sunken and dim and, as she spoke, the tears rolled slowly down her thin, weary face.

"Yes, that's what that Hitler has done for us. May he roast in hell!" sighed another woman on my left. "Look at me! Both my sons are at the front, and I have not heard a word from my youngest since January, when he must have fallen into the enemy's hands. I keep hoping against hope that he's alive and will come home some day. But then when I hear of the horrors of the German camps and the way they torture and torment the prisoners and throw them rotten meat and worms to eat and make them sleep in the mud and beat them and hurt them and humiliate them in every conceivable way, why, then I pray that my Vaniusha may be dead.

A Russian Mother's Lament

"You won't believe me. But do you know that actually my body feels his suffering when I think he's being hurt. If I think they are beating him, my back hurts. If I think he's cold, I'm cold. If I think he is burning with fever, I burn, too. And with it all, my womb aches steadily all the time, day and night, doubtless for the babe Vaniusha it once carried. Then he was safe and warm, and I wish he was back there again."

She sighed and passed her hand over her eyes and was silent for one moment.

"Now that little girl over there," she continued, pointing to a sad-looking child of about eight, "she saw her mother killed right in front of her eyes. When the Germans came into their village, the mother did not want to let them into her house, so they killed her. And do you know that child has gray hairs from the horror she saw? She hardly ever talks—just yes and no, and even that reluctantly. The brutes could not even spare a child soul.

"Then take my sister-in-law—she has not heard from her parents for months and months, not since the Germans occupied the town they were living in. Of course, they are dead. They were old and weak. How can they be alive? How can anyone be alive where Hitler the Antichrist passed with his satanic hordes?"

At the head of the Russian church now stands the Metropolitan Sergius, whose official status is also guardian of the patriarchal throne. Since the death of the Patriarch Tikhon in 1925, there has been no patriarch in Russia, and Sergius governs in his stead. Glancing back into the history of the church, we see that when in the year 1700, the last patriarch died, Peter the Great appointed the Metropolitan of Raizan, Stefan Yavorsky, guardian of the patriarchal throne, and then in 1721 declared the patriarchate of Russia nonexistent, creating in its place a ruling body called the synod.

Church Under Government Rule

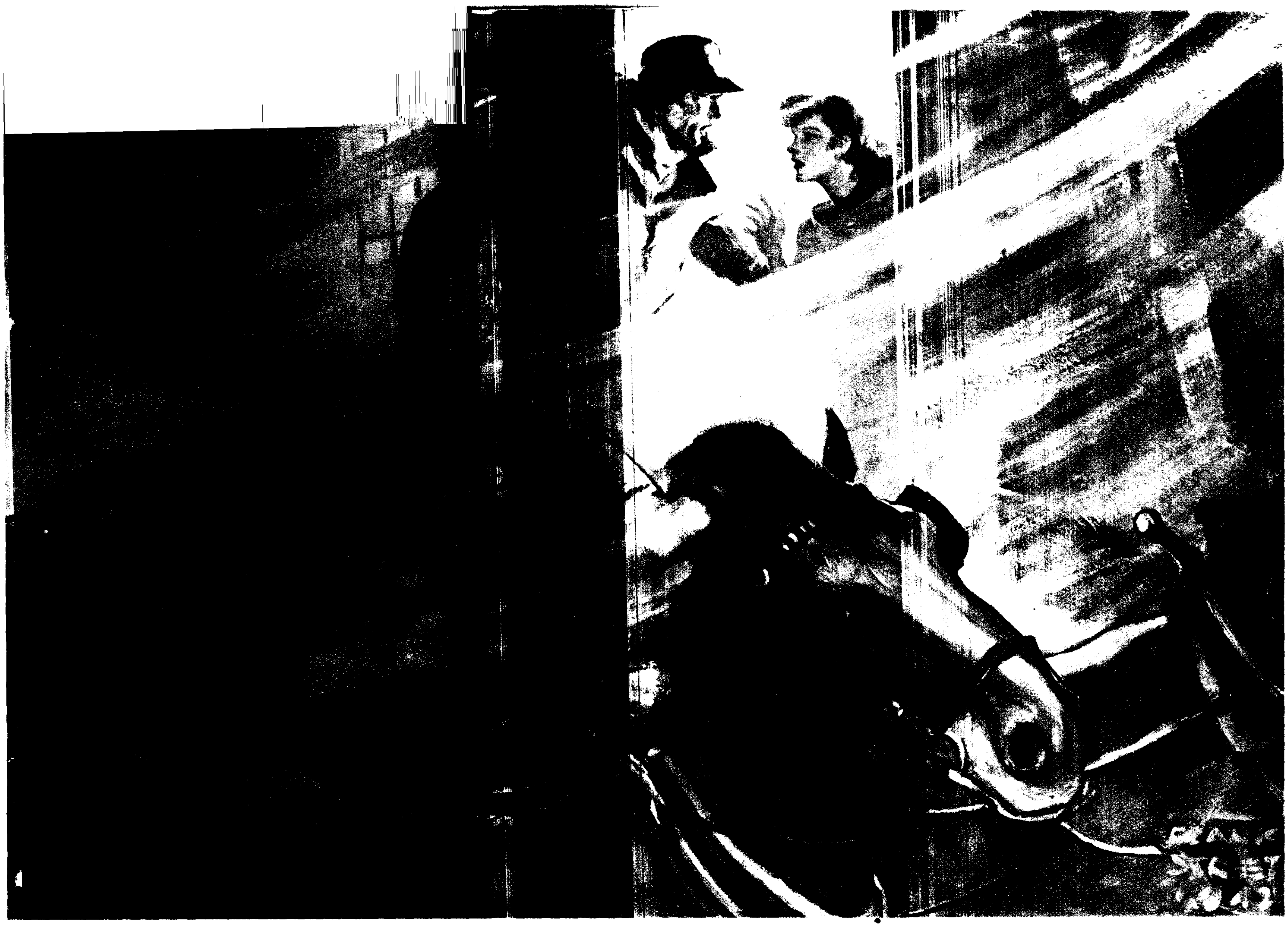
The synod was subordinated to the czar, and, according to the code of laws of the Russian empire, the reigning emperor became the head of the Russian church. "Thus it was not the synod that ruled the church through the medium of the temporal power, but the government that ruled the church through the medium of the synod."

In that year of 1721, the independence of the Russian church ended, and so it was until the revolution, when once more the church was separated from the state. In 1918, Tikhon was elected patriarch. When he died, Metropolitan Sergius took his place.

As soon as the war broke out, the entire church came forward in a body to offer what aid it could for the defense of the country. Special prayers were written for the victory of the army, and special services were offered at the end of each Mass, while members of the church communities all over the country began to work in their spare hours for the men at the front, and money was donated in a constant flow. For instance, on the day of the Red Army, the churches of Moscow alone contributed a million and a half rubles to be used for presents at the front, while the Trotzky community in Gorki collected a million rubles and several hundred thousand rubles' worth of warm clothing, and thus the donations came in from all over the land. There were even cases of priests whose parishes had fallen into the hands of the Germans, and who joined guerrilla units taking active part in the war. When in October, 1941, Hitler threatened Moscow, the Metropolitan Sergius addressed the orthodox communities with the following words:

"This is not the first time that the Russian people have lived through a foreign invasion, not the first time that they have received the baptism of fire for the purpose of saving their land. The enemy is strong, but patriotism has arisen like a mighty wave, and the hour will come when that wave will sweep away the foe from the face of the earth."

THE END



"Get in!" Tom yelled at Mrs. Lowe. She was a shapeless, frightened woman. "Lowe's gone! I got to stay and keep a light burnin'!"

DEEP WINTER

A SHORT STORY BY ERNEST HAYCOX

ILLUSTRATED BY FRANK STREET

The strong man of the settlement was Kertcher. The weak one was Lowe. But there was need for both of them

ONE night the snow came, drifting soundless out of a sky that lay gray and close upon Ingrid settlement and the four hundred homesteaders scattered across the flats. By the fourth morning all fence lines were dark wrinkles dimly showing on the snow's crust, and drifts lay against homestead shanties four feet high. Breaking road between his quarter section and Ingrid, Tom Kertcher noticed how straight the smoke rose from shanty chimneys, through the very thin air.

He had mounted a wagon bed on homemade sled runners and had fashioned a sort of leathern snowshoe for his horses; even so the going was labored, the horses now and then plunging into the snow's soft spots.

He came into Ingrid, passed Mrs. Rand's hotel and Solomon's store, and drew up before Brewerton's blacksmith shop and house. Letty Brewerton had seen him approaching and was at the shanty door, smiling for him. Kertcher said, "Sort of an American Siberia," and got off the seat. He was plain and solid, an easy and practical man with coal-black hair above a strong nose and mouth, and not much of a hand to give his feelings away. But when he looked at her she saw how pleased he was to be with her—there was that unreserved approval in his eyes. "I'm breaking road," he said. "Maybe you'd like to go for a ride."

She said, "Wait until I get my coat," and disappeared. Brewerton, Letty's father, worked in the adjoining shed, the sound of his blacksmith hammer very harsh in the thin air. Letty's mother appeared at the doorway to say a few words.

Kertcher said, "Likely to have a norther. You have plenty of wood?"

"It is piled beyond the shop," said Mrs. Brewerton.

"Not close enough. In a real blizzard you couldn't walk that far."

Letty came out and stepped into the sled and he tucked a blanket around her. Mrs. Brewerton called, "Keep warm, Letty," and cast a curious glance at them as they drove away, never quite certain how things were between these two.

Letty said, "Miss me?"

"Four days is a long time."

"That's nice," she murmured. She bent her shoulder so that it touched Kertcher and thus they drove along the road, two calm and reticent people who had reached some kind of an understanding without ever speaking of it. They passed Swenson's house at the junction of the schoolhouse road; they continued south, coming by Ben Lowe's place—a small shack and attached tent, housing Lowe and his wife and four children. A mound of snow in the yard indicated where Lowe, the most shiftless of men, had left his plow and cultivator to rust away. Letty said, "I don't think they've much wood or food."

"He sat around all fall, cryin' about hard luck when everybody else worked."

"I can't think of his family being hungry."

"Put him in the middle of a store and he'd be too lazy to reach up to a shelf."

They moved on, following the first ruts cut by Kertcher and, five miles from Ingrid, they turned into Kertcher's quarter section and stopped before the shanty.

He sat still for a moment, staring straight before him. He said slowly, "If I take you into the house, Letty, I'll kiss you—and maybe we shouldn't be hiding a thing like that behind four walls." He turned to her, drew her against him and looked down at her so that she saw the sharp angles of his heavy mouth. She lifted her head and knew she provoked him into the kiss and was glad of it; she was smiling when she pulled away from him and got out of the sled and waited for him to open the door.

He had built larger than most homesteaders, and he had built with more care. The house had three rooms, all of them sealed in with finish lumber. A rear door connected to a shed which was filled with wood. Beyond the shed was a small lean-to barn.

She knew the house had been built for her; it was one of those unsaid things between them. But she also knew he would not ask her to marry him until fall had come and he had put away his

(Continued on page 63)

Shorty and Freda Lewis (Kay Walsh) pose for their wedding picture with relatives and friends. In Which We Serve has its gay, bitterly tender scenes but they remain subservient to the ship and the Torrin emerges the star of the film

Noel Coward, wet and covered with oil slick, takes off a few minutes from h acting to give orders to his cameramen. Coward, in addition to writing the fil and playing in it, also produced and directed it, and wrote the music for

IN WHICH HE SERVES

The sensitive Mr. Noel Coward, who found inspiration in the terrible London blitz makes his first film on the life and death of a ship as seen through the eyes of her men. Critics are calling it the most brilliant picture to come out of this war

BY QUENTIN REYNOLDS

The destroyer, H.M.S. Torrin, has been sunk off Crete and some of her survivors cling to a raft. One of them, "Shorty" Blake (John Mills), lies wounded, strafed by a German plane. Three of the men, feeling that death is near, keep flashing back to episodes in their lives and recreate the story of the ship and their own memories of home

SOME DAY a book or a play will be written about Titch's Bar. It was a small room on the Embankment side of the Savoy Hotel. During the bombing of London it was quite impossible to sleep, and the Savoy opened this all-night bar and restaurant for residents of the hotel. Titch was the bartender and we all became very fond of the little redhead who kept smiling no matter how close the bombs dropped. He was only annoyed once. A land mine dropped just outside, shook the whole hotel badly and knocked a dozen glasses off his bar. Titch was so mad at the Germans that he enlisted the next day as a mechanic in the R.A.F.

There were always a dozen correspondents in Titch's Bar during a raid. We had phones installed and had typewriters there and cards and chips. The herd instinct is strong when bombing comes, and none of us felt comfortable alone in our rooms. We were usually a rather gay and noisy group at Titch's Bar. One night we had a very silent visitor who didn't join in our gaiety. His name was Noel Coward.

Coward had just arrived in London and, to put it mildly, he was no dream prince to the local citizenry. A combination of circumstances over which he had no control had put Coward directly behind the eight ball and, being a sensitive man, he suffered. We were all on his side. We knew that since the war began he had done his best. First, he had done an anonymous job with Naval Intelligence in France, and when France fell he had gone to explain Britain's cause to the United States and Australia. Whether he had done well or badly was not the question—he had tried.

A picture appeared in London newspapers showing Coward in evening dress being entertained by Hollywood stars, and people didn't like that. Sure, the affair was a British benefit—but they all missed that point. They only saw Coward in his white tie and with champagne bottles on the table. People going through a nightly blitz are apt to lose their sense of perspective and they lost it about Coward.

Questions were asked in the House and never satisfactorily answered. "Who was paying Coward's expenses? Who had sent him on this mission? Why wasn't he back in Britain where all Britons belonged?" So Noel Coward came back. He came back just in time to be the defendant in an income-tax case. Oh, he was given an absolutely clean bill of health by the court, but what of it? The stigma remained.

Noel sat there, a very unhappy man. It was a nasty night, May 10, 1941, the worst bombing we'd ever had in London. It was Coward's first experience with the blitz. He got up and reached for his hat.

"If you're going out, that hat won't help you," I suggested, never believing that he'd be idiot enough to leave the building.

Stuff was dropping all around, and even if a bomb fragment didn't get you, bits from our own antiaircraft shells might.

"Take a look with me," he said, and I did. We walked out of the Savoy and stood on the banks of the Thames. What we saw was an unbelievable sight. Warehouses across the river had been fired by bombs, and a solid sheet of flame stretched for nearly a mile. Futile streams of water thrown by the river fire boats hissed above the roar of the flames, and from above, cutting through it all, whined the uneven drone of the German bombers. They were too close for comfort.

"Let's get out of here, Noel." I grabbed his arm. "Only suckers stay out when they drop this close."

"I'd like to see it all," Coward said, and then added apologetically: "It's my first blitz, you know."

I ran back sweating into the Savoy and into Titch's Bar. I ordered a drink and told the boys about Coward. He was still out there, I said, and I'd bet anyone even money that he'd be dead in ten minutes.

"He's either a fool or a very brave guy," someone said.

"No one ever called Coward a fool," someone else reminded us.

I phoned Coward the next day and very much to my surprise he was still alive. We had lunch and he wasn't the discouraged, hurt man he'd been the night before. That experience had done something to him. He was part of it all now, part of the London he grew up in and loved. Now, having been through the worst blitz of all, he could feel that he was one with the citizens of London, and in those days that was no mean distinction.

"I've got an idea," he bubbled over, "it's foolish for us to attempt to do things for which we aren't trained. My job is the theater and I've been away from it too long. I'm going to write a play that will entertain people—not a war play. I'll go away and do it right now."

He came back a week later with the manuscript of Blithe Spirit which is still running in London and in New York. Bombings became part of his daily life. He played benefits wherever he was asked. Long Island, Newport, New York night life, wouldn't have recognized this Noel Coward. He was brisk, direct, he was, in short, part of Britain's war effort. In his own way he was serving.

Death of H.M.S. Kelly

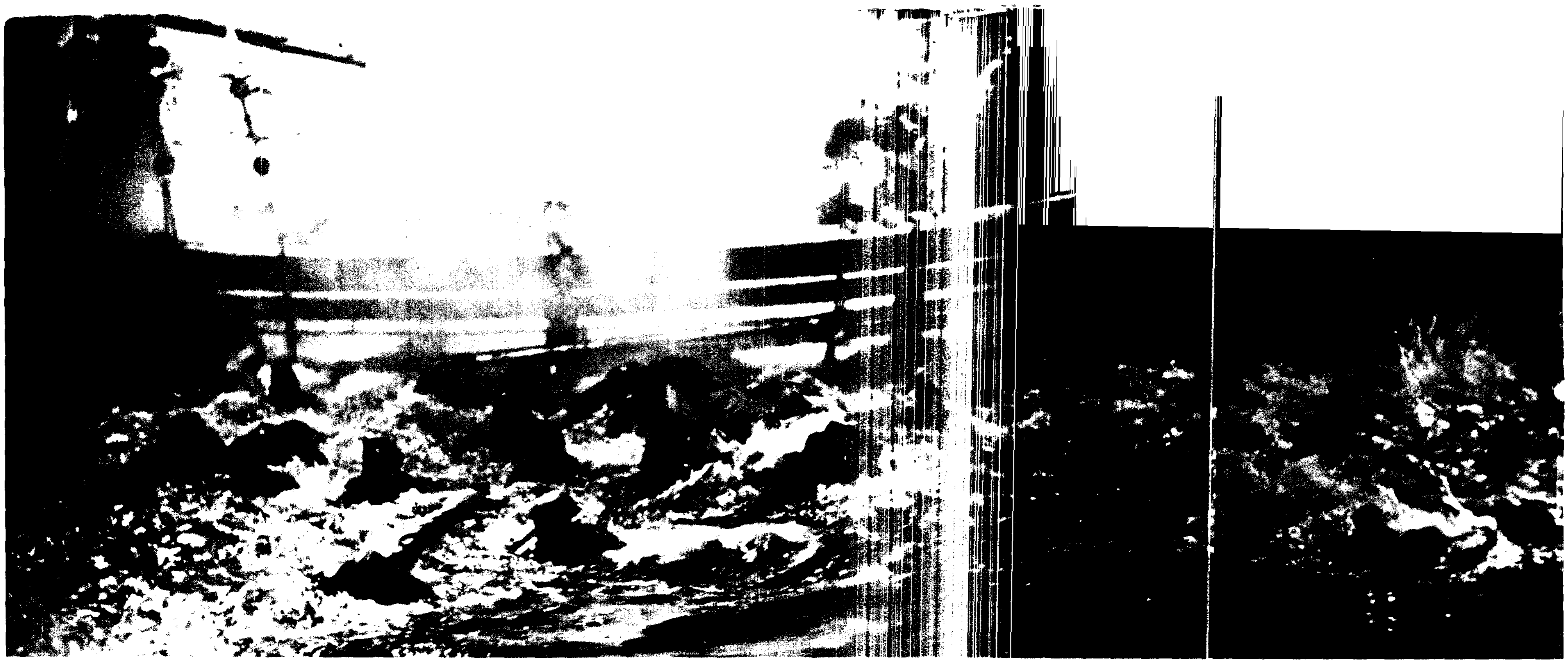
In London we all knew the story of H.M.S. Kelly, the ship that died three times. The Kelly was a destroyer commanded by Lord Louis Mountbatten, who now heads Combined Operations. Twice she had been hit badly, and each time Mountbatten's genius and courage had brought her back to a British port. Then he took her to the Mediterranean, and the Kelly received her death blow off Crete in May, 1941. Mountbatten survived, but the Kelly died.

In London we had begun to think of the destroyer as a human being. Each of us felt a sense of personal loss when the ship was finally sunk. We knew that Mountbatten was heartbroken too, for he loved this ship that died so hard.

The story especially intrigued Coward. He often talked about it and of how Mountbatten and the Kelly should be immortalized. And then one day Noel went to the country, locked himself away from the world as he does when he's working, and then emerged with a rough

he aftermath of Dunkirk was never more realistically and grimly filmed. The Tor- n is loaded with men of the B.E.F., their faces empty with exhaustion. Seaman lake tries to cheer the weary survivors as he passes out hot cocoa and biscuits

"Captain D" makes the last moments of a gunner peaceful by telling him that he has been a hero. Previously the boy, gripped by fear, had deserted his battle station and had been pardoned by his understanding commander



Before the Torrin is hit she surprises an enemy convoy in the Mediterranean. German soldiers abandon ship when the Torrin's guns blast the heavily laden transport

manuscript which he called In Which We Serve.

The news broke that Noel was about to begin production of a film based on the career of the Kelly and Mountbatten. He had written it, would produce it, direct it, write the music—and play the part of Mountbatten. Noel's choice of Coward to play Mountbatten invoked a storm of criticism. What right had he to play the part of Britain's greatest sea hero of this war? The London Daily Express was most vitriolic in its denunciation. Coward made a mental note of that and later put into the film a sly dig at the Express.

Coward didn't listen to the criticism. He went to the Admiralty and begged the use of three hundred sailors. He could have them—if he could use them when they were on leave and if they wished to appear in the film. To get three hundred willing sailors whose leaves coincided was a production problem never faced by a Hollywood producer—but Coward persisted.

He had actually to build a destroyer on his set at Denham some twenty miles from London. Of course it was only a wooden shell of a destroyer and it was hard to get the wood. All wood had long since been allocated to war use. He borrowed the wood and promised to give it back after the film was made. Every prop and bit of furniture used had to be obtained the same way.

This was the first film Coward had ever made. He had once appeared in the Ben Hecht – Charles MacArthur film, The Scoundrel, but that had been his only picture experience. Warder Street (London's film headquarters) chuckled and waited for this crass amateur in pictureland to stub his toe. Coward plugged away, and when Noel is plugging away, it means he is working twenty hours a day. He said that the picture would take three months to film. It did, despite delays.

The delays were caused by German and British aircraft. The sound of an airplane motor can penetrate any studio, and half a dozen times a day, Coward had to halt until the planes flying above had gone away. He finished the picture in three months.

Then he cut it—usually a long laborious task. He cut it in a week and only cut 750 feet of film out of the 10,000 feet he'd shot—a miracle according to Hollywood standards, but in Britain you can't waste film.

When it opened in London, the picture was given rave notices. Even the Daily Express went completely overboard on it, despite the dig Coward took at the Express in the picture. When war comes, the screen shows a three-day-old copy of the Daily Express floating in the water and then sinking. The headline reads: "There Will Be No War."

I did not see the picture in London. I saw it the other day in New York at a private showing and I think it's the greatest picture ever put on celluloid. It is the story of the Kelly and of the man who commanded her. The picture could loosely be called a tribute to the Royal Navy. This would be misleading because this is no artificial tribute—it is actually the story of the men of the Royal Navy and of their wives and girls. The titles comes from the prayer read by the captain at ship services: "Be pleased to receive into Thy Almighty and most Gracious Protection the persons of us Thy servants and the Fleet in which we serve."

History in the Filming

This established, the picture gives you a sense of awe and humility in the presence of great events: it presents, in fact, the religion of the sailor. This is a strange theme for a story which must pass the ungodly portals of the box office—and yet the story does just that.

Coward shows the British Navy as it is, not glorified or coated with sickening cinematic mock heroism. This film makes history, not simply because it is so sensitive, so expertly made and so imaginative—but because it is history. Considered as a work of fiction (which it is not), it would be superb. Considered as a factual document, it achieves greatness. And it presents us with a Noel Coward no one knew existed.

Coward was not very good at presenting Britain's cause to America two years ago. He was working in a medium foreign to him—the lecture platform, the public rostrum. In an element no one thought to be his at all, he now does what he tried to do then. He does it so magnificently that even the most carping critic of the British war effort must reconsider and acknowledge that the armed forces of Britain must be exempt from such criticism.

The behavior and lives of the seamen in the picture reflect the behavior of their families at home, and this is shown strikingly.

The film critics will rhapsodize (they have after viewing private showings) about the acting of Coward, who falls so completely into the part of Captain Edward Kinross or Captain D (so named because he is in command of a destroyer flotilla designated by the letter D) that you absolutely forget that this is Noel Coward on the screen. They will praise the direction and the underplaying of great emotional scenes which so easily might have become mawkish and sloppy. They will tell of the deft comedy touches—comedy lifted straight from the decks of a thousand destroyers.

They will not perhaps tell (unless they know him well) of the Noel Coward who emerges from the stress of creating In Which We Serve, as a patriot who, in presenting Britain as Britain really is, has done something which no Britisher or American has been able to do convincingly to date.

The new Noel Coward was, I believe, born that dreadful night of May 10, 1941—the Noel Coward who had no fear of bombs or of fire; the Noel Coward who by going through what his countrymen had been going through for so long, became one of them. This Noel Coward deserves the title "Citizen of London."

THE END

Shorty Blake meets Freda (center) for the first time on a train. John Mills, who plays Blake, almost steals the picture from Coward

Time off for a well-earned cup of tea. Seated in the raft is C.P.O. Walter Hardy (Bernard Miles), whose acting won critics' cheers

All or Nothing

By Nancy Titus

ILLUSTRATED BY GILBERT DARLING

The story of a man and a girl who found out that there are no exclusive rights to love

THE big black convertible sedan stopped for the light. The top was down and the hot, blazing sun in the intense September sky beat down on the man and the girl in the front seat. The few people waiting for the bus turned to look at them.

Wherever they went, people looked at Rory Carr and his daughter; in a shoddy world they were so gratifyingly perfect, so handsome and assured. They were laughing together now, easily and intimately, not noticing that they were being observed, for they had long ago learned to take such attention for granted.

The light changed and the car rolled smoothly forward.

Brigid was saying, "Well, I never *am* going to be married."

"Oh, aren't you?" Rory grinned. "An old maid, eh? Lumpy cotton stockings and a cat?"

"I won't be the cat sort," she said. Her thick dark lashes lifted mischievously. "I'll be a *femme fatale*—I'll lure men into my net—and then laugh at them."

"I see," Rory said. "So that's what you're doing to young Baldwin, is it?"

Brigid said, "Oh, *Phil,*" in a tone of dismissal.

"He's been hanging around enough since last spring. I've an idea you're not my girl any longer."

He was teasing, but there was hurt beneath his voice.

Brigid said, "I'm not anybody else's."

He rumpled her hair. "Go on with you, Brigid Carr . . ." he said, but she knew he was secretly pleased.

They pulled into the drive by the stables, and Morse, the old stable hand and chauffeur, with a face like a knot of wood rubbed to a glossy mahogany sheen, came to put the car away.

"We'll ride when it's cooler," Rory said. "Do you want to ask Phil to go with us?"

Brigid shook her head. "No. It's not the same when anyone else is with us." It was true. She could not explain it, even to herself—but Phil was Phil. Rory was Rory. Somehow she wanted each exclusively to herself.

Rory said, "All right, man-hater," as they climbed out. He was laughing, but as they went up the drive and saw Brigid's mother on the terrace, his smile disappeared.

Helen saw Rory and rose, very tall and slim in a dark green dress. She put a hand to her hair that was black and soft as the under feathers of a raven's wing, and turned her back and went into the house. Rory's lips tightened against his teeth. Brigid saw the shadow of pain that crossed his face.

She thought suddenly, and with the sickening sensation that always accompanied the thought, "I hate her. I can't help it; I hate her."

Then she heard a whistle and turned. Phil was coming across the wide lawn. She forgot everything—Rory—her mother—everything but Phil's light hair shining in the sun and the strong set of his shoulders.

"I'll be in later, Rory," she said casually. She did not let him see her eyes.

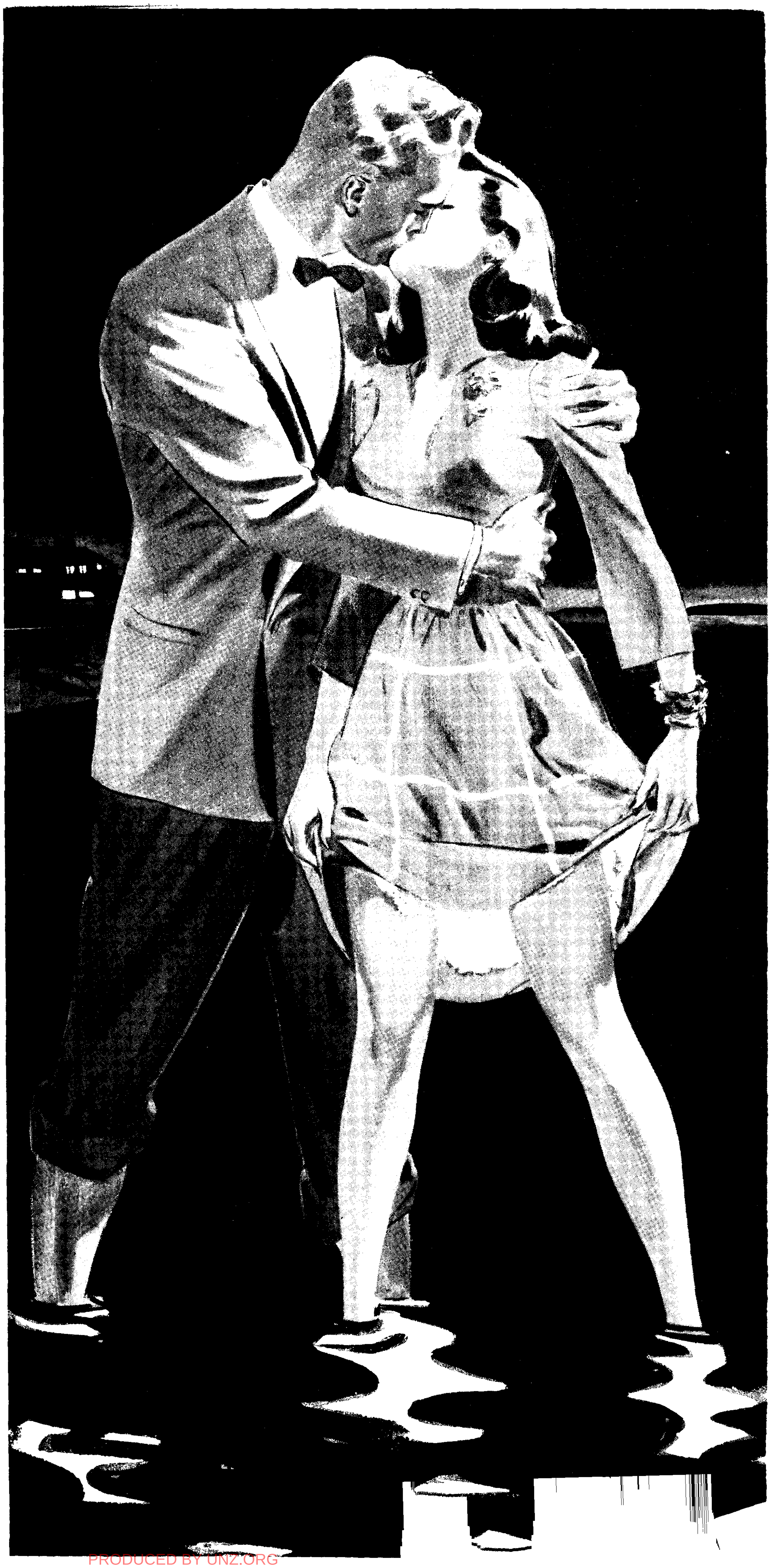
"Hello, Stupid." Phil leaned against an elm.

"Hello, yourself."

"Where you been?"

She brushed a moccasined toe over the grass, lightly bowing the blades. "Wouldn't you like to know?" She smiled a small, secret smile. Within, she was trembling.

She did not know what was so different about Phil. He was nineteen, a sophomore in Princeton. She knew any number of boys like him. Yet a special quality was there. She had discovered it that night last April when he took her in to the city for dinner. For



Phil and Leila had their shoes off and were standing in the water just where it lapped the white sand. They had been wading but they weren't wading now

the first time in her life a date became more than a date. Miraculously, over raspberry sherbet in a silver dish, she looked at Phil—and *this* date turned into love.

They had been together constantly all summer and none of the wonder had worn off. Yet when he looked at her like this, with his heart in his eyes, even though she was so crazy about him, she had a curious desire to taunt him.

"I've just been around," she said. "What'd you want me for?"

"I just wanted to see you," he said.

"Not *for* anything?" Her eyes widened.

"You know what for—don't you ever want to be with me for no particular reason?"

She dropped down in the grass, locking her hands under her head, and staring up at the jigsaw pieces of sky through the leaves of the elm. "Oh, I don't know."

He sat down beside her, cross-legged, frowning. "Last night you said you did. You said you'd rather be alone with me than anything."

Brigid's lashes veiled her amber gaze. "That was last night."

"Oh, Brigid." He leaned on his elbows. "Sometimes I don't know—if you love me." It was still hard for him to say the words in broad daylight. "Do you?" He leaned closer and she kept her eyes on his face.

"I'll tell you tonight," she said. "I'll tell you tonight at the dance."

"Why can't you ever tell me when I want to know?" he persisted.

"Because you ask me at the wrong times."

Phil turned a deeper shade of red under his sunburn. He leaped up. "You make me sick! I'm not going to hang around forever, letting you do anything you want to with me."

SHE saw he was angry and at once she was frightened. She put a hand out to him in a gesture of complete appeal. "Oh, Phil, please don't be mad. I'm just teasing." She smiled, and the sun slanted down on her hair and her face and on her bare brown arms.

Phil said, "You get me all mixed up." But he sat down next to her again. . . .

As Brigid climbed the wide stairs to change into her riding clothes she heard the voices coming from her mother's room. They were quarreling again, her mother and Rory.

She stopped, her face raised and frozen, and all the excitement of being with Phil was swept from her.

"For Pete's sake, don't sit there like that—don't look at me like that!" Rory was shouting. "You're not a woman—you're made out of ice."

"You'd like me to tear my hair, wouldn't you, Rory? Scream."

"Anything!" he cried. "To know you were human. I'm wrong; you aren't even ice. Ice melts. Or are you waiting for Brunner to come back, to melt you?"

"You're very funny, Rory," Helen said coolly.

Brigid wanted to turn and run but she couldn't. Her feet had turned to lumps of lead so she had to stand there, listening. . . .

It was worse than a quarrel because it was so terribly one-sided. Brigid knew. To fight when no one would fight back was to be a fire consuming itself because fuel was denied it. When she fought, she wanted to yell, to strike out. But Helen would not. Always she kept her serenity.

She heard her mother say now, softly, "There is no point in these scenes of yours, Rory."

There was no answer, but a moment later there was the slam of the door into Rory's room—and as though chains had fallen from her, Brigid was free to go on upstairs. . . .

They thought she did not know—or perhaps hoped she did not. But she had been behind Rory that day when they had come from the stables last February and she had seen what he saw, though he was not aware of it. She was tall and she had looked over his shoulder into the library—at her mother in the arms of Major Brunner.

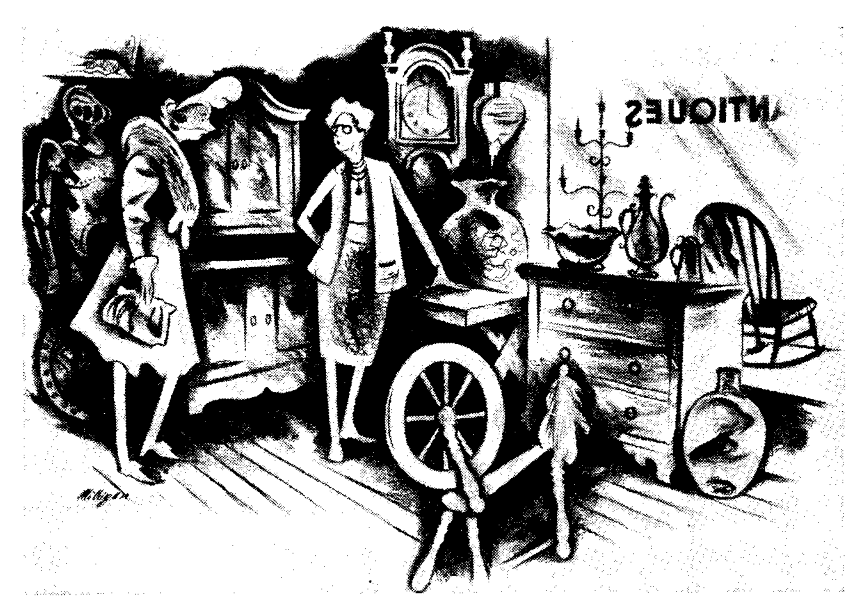
He was kissing her and her hands were white and tight against the tan of his uniform. In that moment, Brigid felt like a lost and terrified child. Major Brunner was Rory's friend—Helen was her mother.

Rory strode into the room, and Helen stepped away from the major.

She smiled her slow smile. "David and I were saying our goodbys."

Rory said, "So I see." He stood squarely before them and Brigid crept down the hall.

The quarrels began after that. Brigid could not help overhearing scraps of them. And she sided so passionately with Rory that she knew, even were it all right between him and Helen again, *she* could not forget. . . .



COLLIER'S "I meant, they're becoming very hard to get on account of the Revolutionary war" MULLIGAN

When she met Rory half an hour later he was dark of face and silent. She longed to say something to comfort him, but there was nothing she could say. They rode in silence the two miles across the back pasture, down the macadam road to the beginning of the bridle path.

Once on the dappled path, Rory turned to look at her. "Feel like some good riding, my girl?"

"Sure."

HE BROUGHT his crop down smartly against the flank of Mona, his young chestnut mare, and she reared once, then plunged forward down the dirt way. Brigid spurred on her roan and was after him. They rode like that for an hour. Hard. Fast. Through the woods, across an open field, and onto the path once more.

Rory did not slacken the pace until they came to a rough wooden bridge crossing a noisy brook. He reined in then and waited for Brigid. His shirt was sticking to his back, his face was wet and his hair, but he was laughing, and the line of his shoulders that had been rigid was relaxed.

"Brigid," he said, "there's only one way I know to drive the devils from you—and that's to ride 'em out."

Now he was her Rory again. "I know. They were jumping out of me all the way. Lashing their tails and gnashing their teeth."

He grinned. "Let's lose some more, then. I'll race you when we get to the golf course."

And, as they rode boot to boot toward the open space, in easy companionship, the thought came unbidden to Brigid, "I'm not really sorry it's the way it is with Helen and Rory. It's terrible of me, when it makes him so unhappy. But it's much more fun having him alone."

BRIGID danced with Phil in the club pavilion. Lovely, lovely dancing like this, her cheek close to his, the motions of their bodies fluid. Lovely, lovely place to dance. The pavilion was octangular, open at the sides. The fresh salt air drifted in off the Sound, tinkling the prisms in the lanterns hung under the ceiling, and now when Phil turned her she could see a black stretch of water with its silver smear of moonlight and the beaded lights of Long Island.

"Wouldn't it have been awful if there'd been a blackout tonight?" she said against Phil's ear.

"I'd like to be in a blackout with you."

"It sounds like a song," she said as she leaned her head far back, so her hair brushed her shoulders, and laughed up into his face.

He pulled her tighter. "You do love me, don't you, Brigid?"

"Yes." Now she wanted to tell him.

They went back to their table and the others in their crowd when the music stopped. Another couple had joined the group. A dark young man, older than the rest, in a business suit, and a small dark girl in scarlet linen, a sports dress which, instead of appearing out of place, had a distinction of its own among the pastel evening gowns.

Someone introduced them: "They're new—Leila Baird—her brother, Gordon. They didn't know about the Saturday dances."

"It's disgusting," the girl said, making a grimace with her bright lipsticked mouth. "I had to meet Gordy at the train when he came back from work and we drove right out here for dinner—if I'd only known. I could have worn the right thing. I stick out like a bandaged toe on the beach."

"Lee, I can take you home any time and let you change," her brother said. His smile was amused.

She shook her head. "And miss everything?" She glanced around the table and her eyes fell on Phil. Instinctively Brigid's hand tightened over Phil's under the table. "But I don't know—it's so degrading dancing with your brother, isn't it?"

She was still looking at Phil. And as though his hand were not around Brigid's, he leaned forward toward her vivid face. "How about me?"

"If you're sure it's not just pity," she said brightly.

Phil loosened his fingers from Brigid's. "You don't mind, Brigid?"

"No." But she did. She was furious. Furious at the girl and even more furious at Phil.

Gordon Baird, turning a drink in his hands, looked at her. "Be a little more subtle," he said wryly. "Lee's a mantrap. But aren't you all?"

"It's not that—" She stopped.

"You could dance with me," he suggested. "Degrading as it is, isn't it better than sitting on the side lines filing your teeth?"

She cast him a dark glance. "Thank you just the same."

"Just as you say," he laughed.

She looked away, angrily, back at the floor. Leila's hand was against the back of Phil's neck and she was dancing close to him.

THE others were all on the floor but Brigid and the girl's brother. He touched her arm. "Look here, Brigid—isn't that your name?—if you won't dance with me, come for a walk. You can push me off the pier for bringing her here."

"All right." Brigid's lips were trembling with hurt and anger.

They walked out along the pier that ran from the club lawn, above the beach, out into the water, and stood in the summerhouse at the end, looking down at the drowned and wavering stars. Gordon lit a cigarette and leaned beside her.

"They gave you the wrong name, Brigid," he said. "They should have called you Circe."

For the first time she looked at him with interest. "Why?"

"What was Circe's forte?"

She could not help smiling. "Turning men into pigs. Is that what you mean?"

"Not exactly. But she turned men into pigs so they couldn't leave her island. Remember?"

"Yes."

"But men into pigs aren't much good," he said. And then before she could understand what he meant, he added, "Now that I know you can talk, I want you to go on."

They both laughed and then he began to talk more seriously about himself. He was in a law office, but waiting for his commission as a lieutenant junior grade in the Navy; he had moved out to Crestwood with his sister because she hated the city. He talked amusingly about his law-school days, gave her caricatures of people in his office, anecdotes about his difficulties over the commission.

She was beginning to like him, but she couldn't tell whether he liked her. She was not sure whether he was being kind to her—or making fun of her. That uncertainty piqued her.

Finally, as they moved to return, he said, "Brigid, I wonder what you would do if I put my arm around you?" His voice was teasing and yet there was something else in it.

"I wouldn't let you," she said so vehemently he laughed as he had before.

"Don't worry. I wasn't going to. I was only wondering—"

She said, "If you're in love—you *couldn't* be—be tempted. You couldn't want to be."

"God help the man who marries you!"

But she was not listening to him. It swept back over her what Phil had done to her tonight. How *could* he?

They retraced their steps, and then, as they came to the section of the runway that went above the beach, Brigid's hands clenched hard. Phil and Leila were down there. They had their shoes off and they were standing in the shallow water, just where it lapped the white sand. They had been wading, but they weren't wading now. Phil was kissing her.

Gordon reached down and took one of Brigid's tight hands, trying to force the fingers open. "It's all right," he said.

She snatched her hand away. "I'll never forgive him," she said through her teeth. She broke away, running.

"I DON'T know why I did it. I just couldn't seem to help it," Phil said miserably.

They stood on the walk to her house.

"Don't talk to me. Don't tell me." Brigid said fiercely. "I don't want to hear. I never want to see you again."

"Oh, Brigid, please. It's you I'm crazy about. She's—she's just that kind of a girl. And she isn't like you. She acts as though she likes a person. Half the time I never know, with you. She wanted to go wading—I knew you'd be mad—but, honest, Leila's the sort of girl you—"

"I don't believe you," she cried. "If you loved me you'd never have done it."

"Brigid, if you'd only be—"

"Get out," she cried. "Go away!"

She went sobbing up the walk and though he called her name she would not turn around. He was the only boy she would ever love and he had broken her heart.

When she came into the hall she heard her parents again. They were in the library. But their voices stopped when they heard the door close. Rory came out into the hall.

"Hello, honey. You're home early. Have a good—" He saw her face. "Brigid, what's the matter? What happened?"

She ran to his arms, burying her face against his shoulder.

"What's wrong, Brigid?"

She was telling him. She hadn't meant to let him know the way she felt about Phil, but she couldn't keep it back. "He danced with her all night—they went wading—I was walking with her brother and I saw them, and Phil was—kissing her. Rory, I told him I never wanted to see him again."

"There, sweetie, of course you don't. He's just a kid. He doesn't matter. You show them they can't do that to you, Brigid. I'd like to tan the young—"

"Brigid, stop that crying."

She had never heard her mother's voice so sharp. Helen stood in the doorway in a white housecoat.

Rory said warningly, "Helen, can't you see the kid's—"

Helen ignored him. "Brigid, are you crying because of what the boy did? Or because of what you have done to him?"

Rory flushed. "What do *you* think she should have done?"

Helen said, "Brigid, I don't want you to be hurt. But I don't want you to do any hurting." Her eyes were on Brigid's face. "I don't want you to take things lying down. But I don't want you to be cruel. I know your heart is broken, but you've got to learn to understand, or you'll break too many hearts yourself."

Rory said quietly, still holding Brigid: "That's for me, isn't it?"

"No," She put her hands together. "It's for Brigid. She's my child, too, but you want her yours alone. You're making her in your image—I wish for her sake she could learn another pattern."

Brigid pulled from her father's arms. "Mother, how could I just let him say he was sorry—and act as though he hadn't done anything? I'm right. You know I am."

Helen stood looking at the two. "You're both right. So terribly right."

She went past them, up the stairs.

She left the next morning. She came into Brigid's room before she went. She wore a sheer black dress and a hat of flowers, and there was a faint scent of perfume about her. She sat on Brigid's bed, pulling on lacy black gloves. Brigid stood stiffly by her desk.

Helen said, "Brigid—" For a moment her voice lost its calm. "Brigid, I'm leaving."

There were no words for Brigid to say.

Helen worked at the fingers of her gloves. "Parents keep their differences from their children as long as possible. I don't know why. I suppose we think of our children as our last line of pretense." She smiled briefly. "But you aren't a child. You know that your father and I no longer understand each other. I'm sorry, because I've loved him—and I love you. But I know how you feel about Rory. I wish I could justify myself to you. Any mother would. You're old enough now so that I could talk to you if—"

She got up and went to the window looking out over the lawn and the bright beds of zinnias and marigolds. "If you were my daughter; but you're Rory's. Maybe I should have tried harder. But some people can't. Some of us don't show emotions easily." She faced her daughter again. "Brigid, I hope when you're older you'll remember this—there are some people whose feelings are complicated, who don't see everything in black and white, but see the gray as well—people who know they have to be wrong at times."

Brigid said, "Mother," in a strained voice, "I don't know what you mean."

"I know you don't." Helen's eyes were glittering as she left the room.

The phone rang while her heels were still clicking on the stairs and Brigid was still standing by the desk in the clutch of an emotion she could not understand.

It was Phil. "Brigid, won't you let me come over? Won't you let me talk to you about last night?"

"I don't want to talk to you." She pressed her finger down on the bar, and his voice was abruptly gone from her ear.

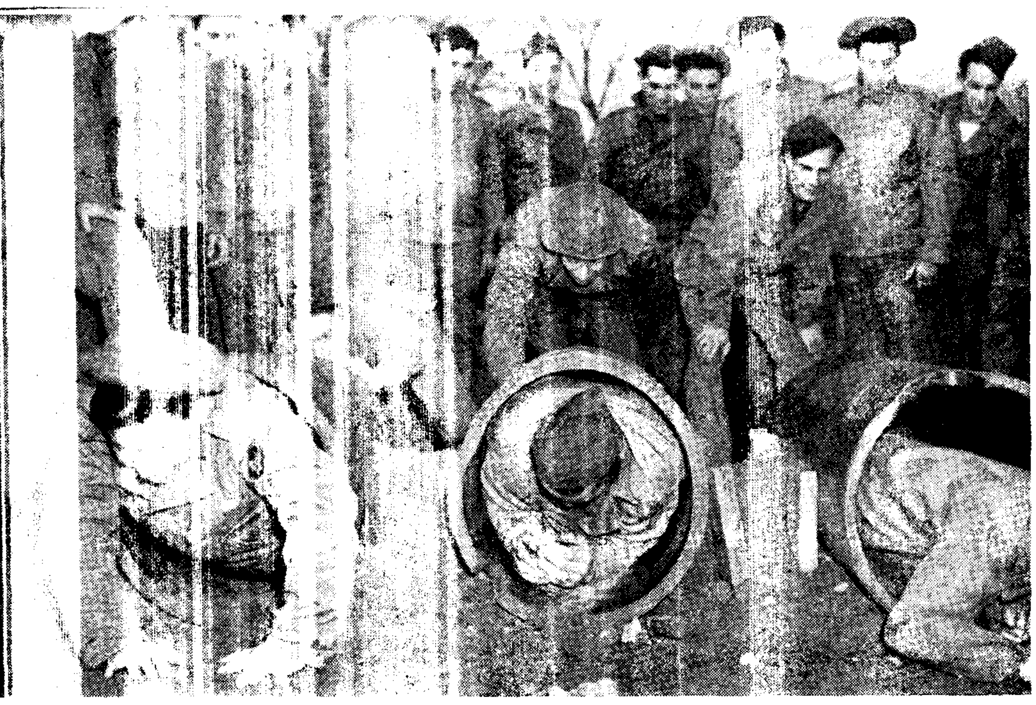
Then she put her head down on the phone table. She did not know why the tears came spilling from her eyes and dropped over the backs of her slim brown hands.

THE confusion that had shaken her that afternoon by the phone table was with her all the week after Helen went. There should have been relief but there was none, any more than there was satisfaction in viciously slamming down the receiver whenever Phil called.

Over and over Brigid told herself, "It's right—it's right. Both things are right. He hurt me and I'll never forgive him, and I'll never forgive Mother, either, for what she's done to Rory."

She and Rory would ride together and laugh over meals and talk. But he was strange and sullen even with her. He stayed late in the city and when he came home she knew he had been drinking—and Rory never drank. He rode with her evenings, but he was silent throughout the rides and he rode too hard, too fast. He was bad-tempered and when he talked to her, he talked to her as though

(Continued on page 61)



Students of TWA's school for aircraft mechanics also train in Commando tactics, crawling through sewer pipes being only one of their many activities

WING TALK

EVERY day now finds one group or another completing a training course in some specialized branch of the armed services, as the stepped-up program reaches greater momentum for a perfectly balanced fighting force on land, sea and in the air. But few, if any, of these graduating classes will equal the record of a class of sixteen which recently completed a specialized aircraft course in Kansas City.

No member of that group could even imagine, upon receiving his diploma that seventy-two hours later he would be on the other side of the world, in the midst of real action, doing the things he had been taught to do. But it happened.

The graduates were no more surprised than certain high-ranking officers were pleased. The progress of the plane on its long flight was followed closely by the higher-ups. It was a precious cargo of aircraft mechanic specialists, vitally needed at the front to keep warplanes flying.

There is nothing so worthless in a war zone as a fighting plane that cannot fly. Sometimes it is a simple operation to get it back into the air, but in most cases a specialist is required.

The young men selected for these postgraduate courses in the maintenance of aircraft are from every walk of life. Many had started in careers as professional or business men when they suddenly found themselves as selectees or enlisted men in the Army. They are the above-the-average type—keen-minded, alert, ready to adapt themselves to this new job of taking care of Uncle Sam's most important weapon, the airplane. But the specialist phase is just one of many branches of the Army Air Forces Technical Training Command, under the able guidance of Major General Walter R. Weaver. The boys who graduate from Army Air Corps technical schools play a much more important part than most persons realize. They know how to get a damaged plane back quickly into service, be it transport, fighter or bomber. They make up that important "ten" of the famous 10-to-1 air force ratio—ten men on the ground for every one in the air.

Every sixty days a new group enters the specialist school operated by Transcontinental & Western Air., Inc., in Kansas City for the Army Air Forces. Early next year, this one school will send forth highly trained men to all parts of the world at the rate of several hundred a month.

During their eight-hour day of classroom work, they learn to tear down minor assemblies, study the function of every working part. Some specialize in just the air frame; learn how to repair a damaged wing. In order to teach students to be resourceful, the instructors sometimes take away half the tools and deny the use of benches or other equipment.

"That's what you will run up against on the African desert or on some island in the Pacific after the enemy has made a raid," the instructor warns.

WHERE dads and mothers used to admire nice new cars in swanky agency showrooms on "motor row," their sons are now learning to be aircraft mechanics or specialists. In Kansas City, as in many other cities in the nation today, buildings formerly used by motorcar agencies are serving as schoolhouses for these students. The TWA specialist school is housed in the four-story Cadillac building—the veteran of the agencies at the head of Kansas City's famous motor row.

In keeping with the changed nature of buildings on the nation's motor rows, many used-car lots (which, of course, are now conspicuous by the absence of used cars) are playing a part in keeping aircraft students fit. They have become the school playgrounds for a Commando-type recess.

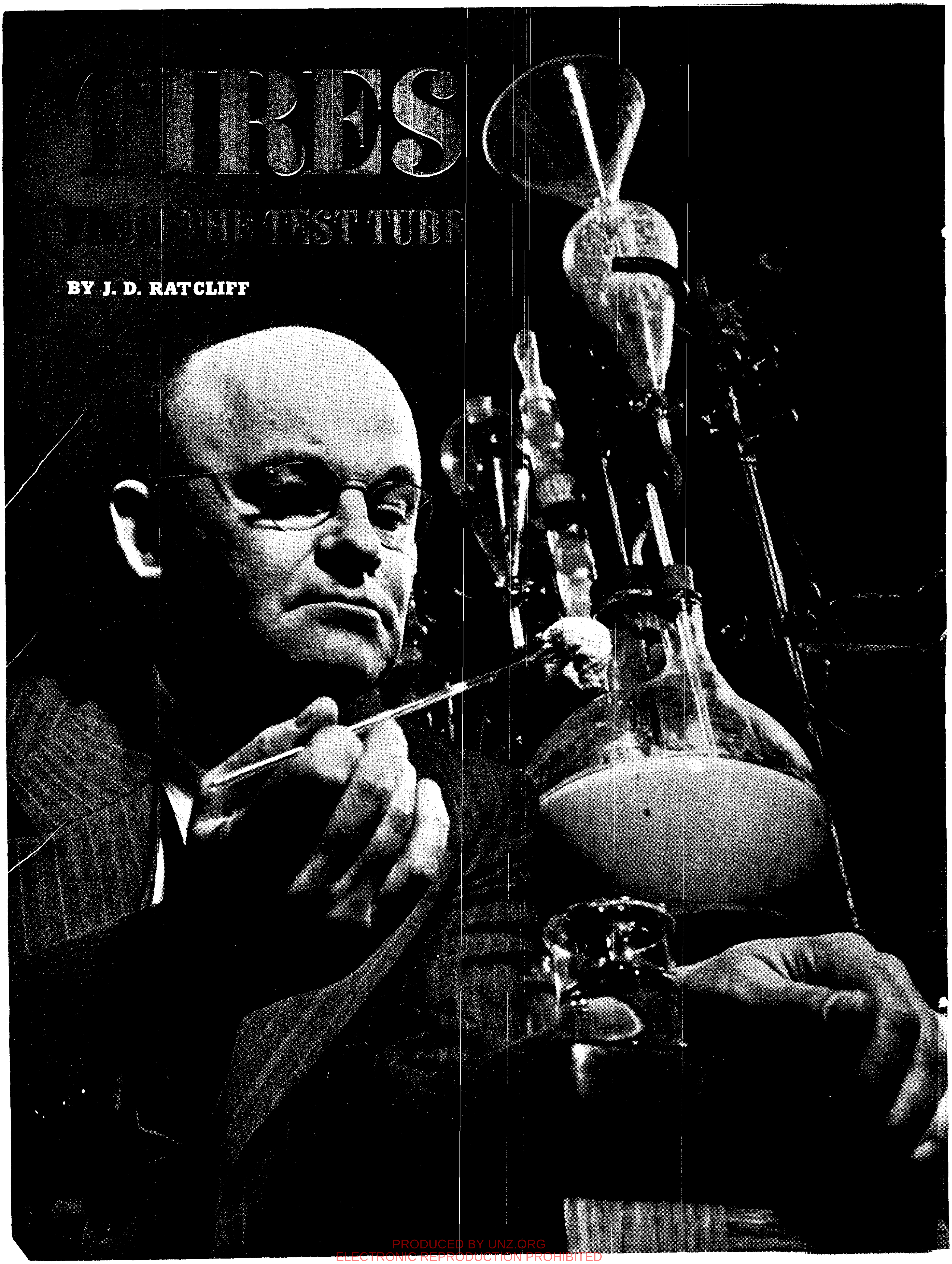
Training-school contractors or, in some cases, municipalities, have built obstacle courses on these lots. Between classes, students may be seen racing around a course with the same ambition and spirit that mark those who specialize in Commando warfare. Over low hurdles they go, across a wide trench, over a seven-foot wall, through narrow zigzag aisles, up one side and down the other of a high perpendicular ladder, up a ramp to leap eight feet to the ground, and then end up by crawling through a section of sewer pipe.

It is a far cry from adjusting a faulty carburetor, finding a "short" in a complicated wiring system or repairing the hydraulic landing gear of a plane. But even the aircraft specialist, still a soldier, must be prepared to take care of himself as well as of a fighting plane.... J. D. B.

TIRES

FROM THE TEST TUBE

BY J. D. RATCLIFF



The fascinating story of Thiokol, the easy-to-make synthetic that will keep your tires in retreads for the duration. All because of a lucky accident in a laboratory thirteen years ago

THE chances of obtaining tires for the average automobile seemed utterly remote six months ago. We were going to have to find other ways of getting the kids to school, doing the marketing, riding to work. This has changed. It now looks as if we are going to have tires—not for vacation trips or for casual gadding about, but for *necessary* travel. Thanks are due a piece of brilliant chemical achievement—magic performed while the smoke of Pearl Harbor was still clearing.

This work created a completely new synthetic rubber. It is called Thiokol N and it has some overwhelming advantages. It is made from relatively plentiful materials. Unlike the other synthetics we have heard of—the bunas, neoprene, Ameripol—it requires no elaborate plant equipment. In a pinch, it would be possible to make Thiokol in a bathtub—if the tub were specially equipped.

Speed of manufacture is another point. It takes five years for a rubber tree to produce latex. Thiokol can be made in five hours. While this new material isn't good enough for the rigorous demands of the military, it is a godsend to the civilian motorist. Recaps made from it give 5,000 to 10,000 miles. More important at the moment, this new rubber is already in large production: and this production will be stepped up tremendously in the next few months.

The story of Thiokol N begins in Kansas City—with an accident. Doctor Joseph C. Patrick, fifty, is a medical man. He is small, bald, intense; has the flat voice of the plains. He was born in Jefferson City, Missouri. He went off to medical college, off to France to war, off to Argentina to work for Armour & Company. Somewhere along the way he lost all interest in medicine—and replaced it with an interest in chemistry.

After spending two years working as a packing-company chemist in a small town outside Buenos Aires, he came home to Kansas City to start a laboratory of his own. It was the kind of laboratory usually found in any city. Patrick analyzed fuels, studied meat preservatives, acted as an expert witness in court—all for hire.

On the side, he carried on a line of research with problems that interested him. He was particularly interested in ethylene gas—a waste material from oil-cracking plants. Not knowing what else to do with this gas, refiners burned it under their stills. A pity, thought Patrick. Here was a potentially valuable hydrocarbon—if anyone could find a use for it. Maybe it could be made into an antifreeze solution for automobiles. If so, people would buy it—and thus a chemical ideal would be satisfied. He would have converted a waste product into something people would pay for. Such ideas always interest chemists.

He was thinking along these lines one afternoon when he poured two chemicals into a beaker: ethylene dichloride and sodium polysulphide. He put the beaker under a mechanical stirrer and went on about his business. From time to time he'd look at the mixture—and he saw that it was beginning to thicken. This wasn't a very hopeful sign to a man looking for an antifreeze. But he left the mixture under the machine. We can all thank our stars that he did.

That night he set the mixture aside. When he came in next morning, a thick coating of something was on the botton of the beaker. Patrick fished it out and washed it off. He felt it with his fingers. It was spongy. He didn't know that chemical history was being written or that he had got one of the luckiest breaks any chemist ever got.

This was strange stuff, this spongy mass. Sirupy things are ordinary in chemical research. So are crystalline things. But rubberlike substances are rare. Still, Patrick held any enthusiasm in check. Chemistry is a tricky science. Something may start off as a rubbery substance—then end up a few hours or a few days later as a sirup. So Patrick put the amber-colored blob aside and waited, while he went back to the dull but money-making business of analyzing a sample of coal.

Days passed, and that ball of spongy amber stuff didn't change. He put it on the window sill to see what effect sunlight would have on it. It did no harm. Then he sliced off pieces and soaked them with solvents—oil and gasoline among them. Still nothing happened. This, too, was odd. Gasoline and oil tear natural rubber to pieces. Things were beginning to get exciting. Patrick scratched his bald head and waited. He knew something of the history of synthetic-rubber research, particularly about the costly flops on which Germany had lost millions of marks.

Thinks were at this stage when Patrick got another lucky break. He was puttering around the lab one day when a husky, athletic-looking man walked in. This was Bevis Longstreth. Longstreth had gone to Princeton, where he was on the football, track and wrestling teams. After the war, he came home from France to take over the family business—salt mines in Kansas.

The mines were a major headache. For years they had produced a good income—as long as Kansas City packers bought their salt. Then the packers opened mines of their own, and Longstreth's business evaporated. But he didn't come in to see Patrick about this headache. He had a more personal problem.

He explained. He was having a party next night, he said, and had bought some whisky. This was during prohibition. Well, he explained, he didn't want to take any chances on poisoning his guests—a thoughtful person, in other words. He wondered if Patrick would run an analysis.

Beginning of a Friendship

Patrick said he was sorry; he didn't do that kind of work. Then, for some reason, he changed his mind. Longstreth seemed to be a nice person. Patrick, being softhearted, didn't want to see him and his friends poisoned. As a favor, he said, he would do the job. Everything turned out all right, and a few days later Longstreth dropped in again. This time he wanted to talk about salt.

Was there anything, he asked, that a chemist could do with a salt mine? Any chemicals he could get out of it or anything like that?

Not much, said Patrick. If you had cheap power, you could break salt down into chlorine and caustic soda. But there was no cheap power around, so that was out. But you might be able to combine salt with hickory smoke and make a compound which you could rub on hams—and thus cure them without having to bother about a smokehouse. Longstreth was interested, so Patrick started work.

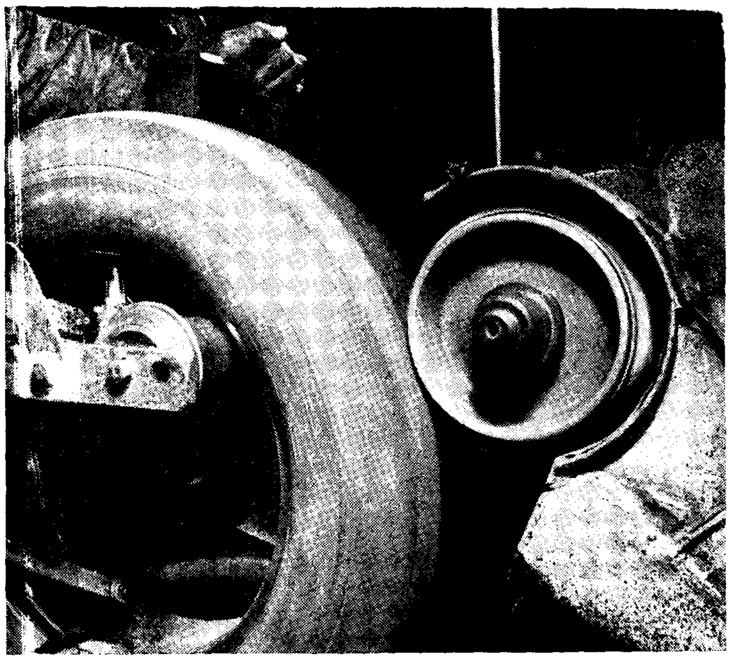
As the work progressed, the friendship grew. Patrick showed Longstreth the dozens of samples of the spongy stuff he had been making, that looked like rubber. It wasn't much good, he explained. At zero, it cracked. At the boiling point of water, it was a gooey mass. It had no tensile strength and little resistance to abrasion, and, as Longstreth could detect, it smelled to high heaven. Held close to the eyes, it gave off some gas that brought tears.

Could anything be said for it? Yes, said Patrick. Quite a lot. Oil, gasoline, and many acids didn't touch it. These were good properties. Such a material should be able to find uses. Hoses for gasoline pumps, for example. And gaskets for engines, linings for pickling vats at steel mills, and in making boots and gloves for chemical workers. Oh, there were lots of places where its peculiar properties should find uses.

As time passed, Longstreth got more and more interested. He took a sample of Patrick's rubber to Akron—and found that city notably gun-shy. Akron had been burned too many times by starry-eyed people who had found ways to make rubber at home on the kitchen stove. One of these fellows had been on a selling spree only a short time before. He had a process that was completely baffling—for a while. He threw all kinds of assorted chemical junk into a big tank, passed a few words over it, and pure latex flowed out of a spigot. The rubber people were ready to throw the bankbook at him until they discovered his secret: a pipe line running to a tank car of pure Sumatra latex.

But Longstreth managed to get some good advice from one of the Seiberling brothers, with whom he had gone to college. Seiberling felt the rubber,

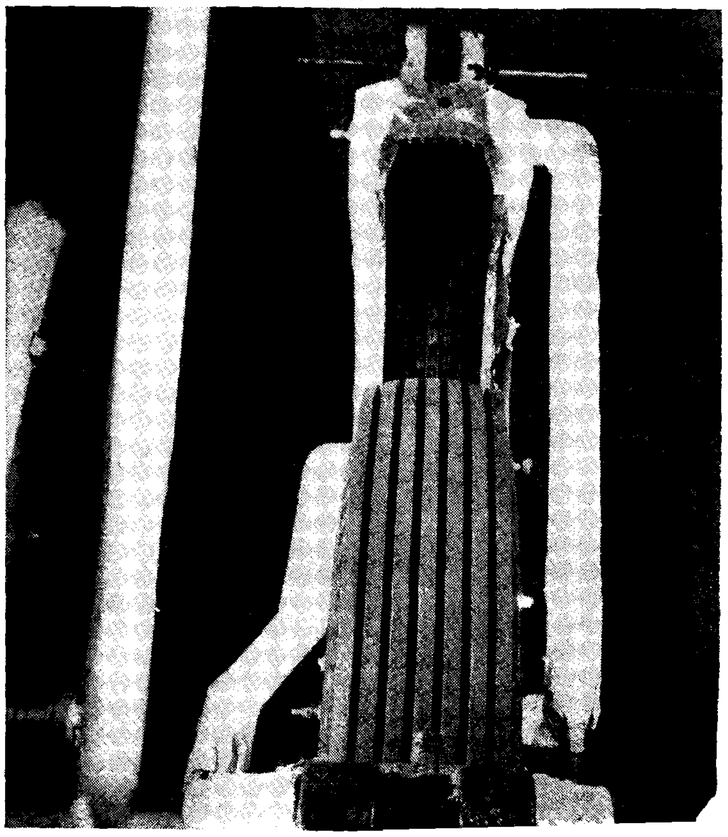
Dr. Joseph C. Patrick fishes the rubberlike mass of Thiokol from the bottom of a beaker. Hunting a use for ethylene gas some thirteen years ago, his discovery of the synthetic made chemical history and may keep civilians on rubber for the duration

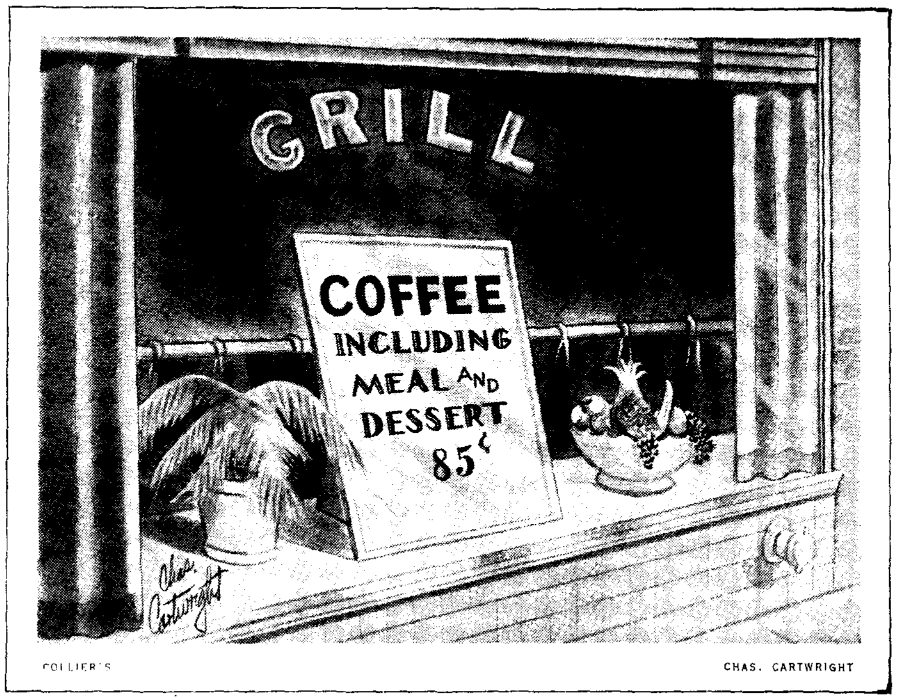


Worn tire, above, is "buffed," or ground down to a uniform rough surface, as first step in recapping process. Edward Williams, below, then applies the "camel-back"—any unvulcanized rubber stock. That used here is Thiokol

Tire recapped with Thiokol comes out of mold vulcanized and good for another five to ten thousand miles

PHOTOGRAPH FOR COLLIER'S BY ALBERT FENN-PIX





COLLIER'S CHAS. CARTWRIGHT

chewed at it and gave his verdict. This stuff was interesting, no doubt about that. Longstreth should hire a rubber chemist to get busy on it.

In the end, Longstreth sold his mines, and Patrick sold his laboratory. Together, they set up in business to make synthetic rubber.

They rented a small, abandoned building in East Bottoms—Kansas City's grimy industrial district along the banks of the Missouri River. They bought vats from an old brewery and started out to make rubber.

That was in 1929. They had no hope of competing with natural rubber, which was selling at the time for 20 cents a pound (and was diving toward the all-time low of 3 cents reached in 1932). Thiokol cost 50 cents to make. Therefore, it had to do jobs that natural rubber couldn't do. And it did.

The business wasn't a howling success but, as Patrick puts it, "We didn't miss a meal." Jobs for the new rubber turned up everywhere—with the help of Longstreth's probing. He arranged dinners. After possible customers were fed, he would give them a couple of vials of chemicals, an old-fashioned glass, and a stirring rod—and let them make synthetic rubber at the dinner table. The sales talk about the properties of this rubber followed.

The petroleum industry found dozens of uses for Thiokol: in hoses for loading and unloading tankers, in hoses for gasoline pumps. It went into boots, shoes, and gloves, and it found jobs in steel plants. Painted on the inside of tennis balls, it made an airtight cell that gave longer life to the balls. The auto industry found scores of specialty jobs—in hoses, gaskets and so on. Today, almost every recent-model car on the road carries a certain amount of the stuff. The printing industry used Thiokol for ink rollers and press blankets, and it was used in tubing for paint sprays.

While business wasn't exactly booming, everything was going nicely. Production outgrew the little Kansas City plant—which neighbors suspected of being a synthetic halitosis factory—and it moved nearer to its raw materials. The new plant was at Yardville, New Jersey—a suburb of Trenton. Demand still increased and the Dow Chemical Co. of Midland, Michigan, took over the manufacture of Thiokol. This left Longstreth to handle sales and promotion, and Patrick to boss a growing research staff. Things stood this way when Pearl Harbor went off.

Thiokol Goes to War

Up until then, Patrick had wasted little time thinking of his synthetic as a possible competitor of natural rubber in making tires. Pearl Harbor put him on a new course. We were cut off from our supply of natural rubber in Java, Sumatra and the Malay States. Anything that would bend became potential tire material. It was evident from the outset that every ounce of Thiokol then in production would be needed by the Army and Navy.

What was needed was an entirely new material—a synthetic with the basic properties of Thiokol, but one that could stand the heat and abrasion of road wear. It had to be made from plentiful raw materials—in plants which could be constructed simply and quickly. Patrick went back to juggling his chemicals—and came up with Thiokol Type N.

He tested it in the lab and it looked good. Then he ran up a batch, took it to a Trenton tire shop, where it was applied to an old tire carcass. Patrick bought a test car and ran the retread day and night. It stood up for a little better than 5,000 miles.

About that time—this was last spring—the rubber and motor industry set up a committee to study any materials with tire possibilities. They gave Thiokol an enthusiastic okay as the most promising thing brought before them. Last summer the Baruch Committee went over the same ground. It decided that, as a nation, we were flirting with a breakdown by allowing America to roll to a stop. Our whole life was geared to motor transport and cars had to keep moving. On what?

Synthetic Keeps Us Moving

There wasn't enough crude rubber in the stock pile to fill demands. All the synthetic buna rubber would be needed by the Army and Navy. The military also put tremendous demands on available scrap: at best, civilians couldn't tap this source for more than 6,000,000 tires a year. How, then, was the country to keep moving? There was a ready answer—Thiokol. The Baruch Committee recommended construction of an industry to provide 60,000 tons of Thiokol a year—enough to retread 24,000,000 tires.

Patrick and Longstreth, a little dizzy, went to work. Up to this point, production of Thiokol had never exceeded 2,000 tons a year. Now they had a large part of the responsibility for keeping America on wheels.

They checked over necessary raw materials. Type N was made from salt, sulphur and ethylene gas. There were no priorities on salt, and we have over 90 per cent of the world's sulphur. Ethylene, however, was another problem. A bottleneck had developed here—but one that was quickly opened.

Ethylene is one of the basic building blocks of tetraethyl lead—the antiknock fluid added to gasoline. Since people were driving their cars less, the demand of ethyl fluid had diminished. Lowering of octane rating had further decreased the demand. As a result of these things, two plants of the Ethyl Gasoline Corporation were available to produce ethylene. Two plants at Baton Rouge could produce enough to meet almost 90 per cent of the demand. This solved the raw-material problem. The question of plants came next.

Du Pont had a large chemical plant at Deepwater, New Jersey, which they could spare. It was equipped with vats which could be used to make the new tire rubber. Work began immediately on the minor alterations necessary—and it is now in production. It will make 24,000 of the 60,000 tons recommended by Baruch. A plant to produce the remaining 36,000 tons should be under way by the time this article appears.

Jefferson Machamer

"I met a boy who won the Congressional Medal of Honor and he wasn't at all good-looking. That's what I like about democracy!"

COLLIER'S JEFFERSON MACHAMER

Other products of Patrick's wizardry are playing a big part in the war. There are eight commercial types of Thiokol. One of them is ground to powder, then applied like paint with a spray gun. This one is being used to cut corrosion on propeller shafts and exterior supports of Liberty Ships. This same product is used on tanks that will fight in the desert. A sandstorm has been known to cut paint off a tank in as little as three minutes—leaving a mirrorlike surface which makes a perfect bomb target. The new material can stand the worst sandstorm for ten hours.

Still another type of Thiokol is being used to coat the inside of self-sealing gasoline tanks for planes. The Navy is finding Thiokol invaluable in coating concrete tanks used for gasoline storage. When exposed to concrete, the octane rating of aviation fuel drops dangerously. But a layer of synthetic rubber stops this loss.

Fabric impregnated with rubber allows the passage of air. Thiokol doesn't. This feature is finding scores of applications. The synthetic is being used on the Mae West life jackets, gas masks, life rafts, blimps and barrage balloons.

Collapsible Tank Cars

One of the most striking features of this new substance is that it can be sprayed on ordinary burlap sacks to convert them into emergency storage tanks for gasoline. This same idea makes it possible to use ordinary boxcars as tank cars. The cars are filled with collapsible cloth and latex cells. When the gasoline is delivered, the cells are collapsed—and the car can haul freight on the return journey.

Another projected application of Thiokol has fascinating possibilities. Oil and gasoline storage tanks along coastal regions are prime bomb targets. Why not sink great sacks of oil and gasoline in harbors where they would be safe from bombs? Pressure at the bottom of the harbor would force the fuel up through a tube to the surface—where planes, subs and ships could refuel.

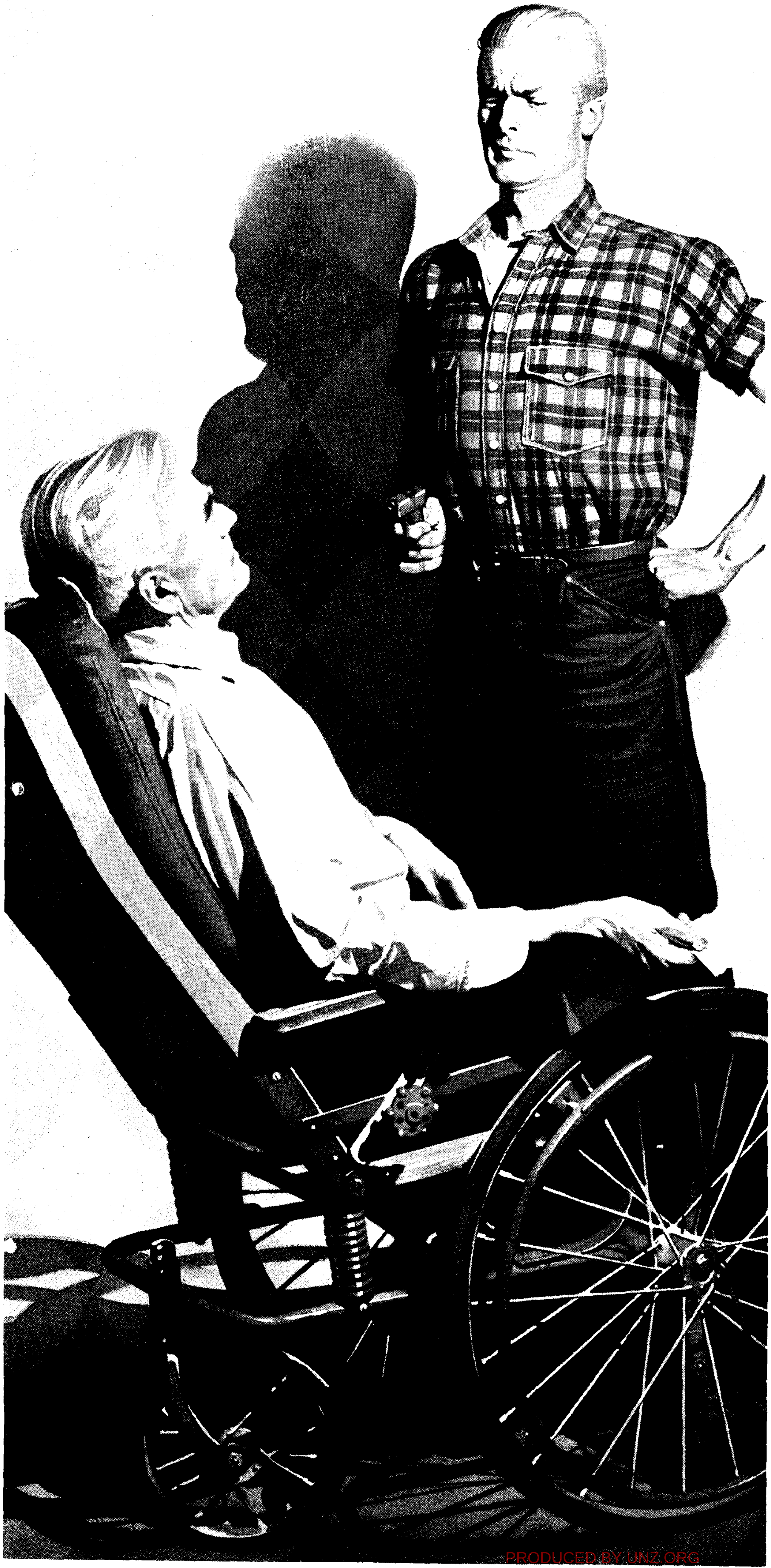
Such uses as these make every pound of the older type of Thiokol precious. But the Type N for tires is a program entirely apart.

Huge production of the new tire rubber should cut costs radically—perhaps to 25 cents a pound. Patrick has no illusions about the new product as it stands today. It isn't as good as natural rubber. Still, he has a nice point to make:

"The auto tire of 1910 was good for two thousand miles. Today's tire runs for twenty thousand. But both contained the same rubber. The only thing that has been added is brains. Today's tire is a mixture of brains and rubber. To say that today's synthetic tire isn't as good as a tire of natural rubber is foolish. Of course, it isn't as good. But I would hate to get down on paper with the statement that it won't be as good—or better—twelve months hence."

However this turns out, one big comforting fact remains: The lucky accident that happened in a Kansas City laboratory will rank as one of the outstanding chemical achievements of our day. It paved the way for rubber plantations in New Jersey, Michigan and other states. If we are still driving our cars on necessary errands a year hence, we will have that accident to thank.

THE END



Not So Dumb

By Struthers Burt

ILLUSTRATED BY RONALD McLEOD

Old Man Erth had a way of dealing with his new hand. And it wasn't appeasement

THE young man had appeared out of nowhere, down the road to the ranch, over the hill through the timber, asking for work. And because all the young men of the valley, the neighbors' boys, the boys you hired first, were away at the war, and also the drifting cowboys who each spring made their appearance, coming north from Arizona and New Mexico, John Erth, Jr., who had managed the outfit since his father's injury six years before, signed the young man on.

"We can fold the dude end of it up," he said, "for the duration. But cattle can't take care of themselves, neither can horses—and then, there's the haying."

He was a tall, lean, dark man of forty, John Erth, Jr., sunburned, with straight gray eyes like his father's, and his father was proud of him, although he would have died rather than admit it.

For the most part, John Erth, Sr., praised his son in his own way. "He's a good rancher," he would say, waving a huge gnarled hand dismissingly. "Yes, sir, a good rancher and a good hand. Good with horses and stock. Although he's kinda puny"—John Erth, Jr. weighed a hundred and seventy pounds—"he favors his mother. But he's a good rancher. That there college education don't seem to have hurt him none. Took him a couple years to get over it, but he come through all right."

This particular speech amused John Erth, Jr, greatly. He knew how his father had skimped and saved to send him to an Eastern university. "None of these here jerkwater cow colleges," the old man had said. And he also knew how his father had felt about both the appearance and character of his dead wife. John Erth, Jr., having got into the tail end of the last war had wanted to go again, but his wife Lola, who was as small and blond as he was tall and dark, and who had even more determination, put her foot down.

"Don't be a fool," she said. "You've done your job once, and now you're a mature man with a wife and three young children and a crippled father."

John Erth, Sr., sitting in a wheel chair on the front porch of the ranch house, his great arms and hands spread out along the arms of the chair, quiescent, the way he always sat, had seen the young man come down the road out of the timber, a stick with a small pack tied to the end of it, over his shoulder. It was a quiet, warm afternoon early in July.

For a moment, the young man had paused and looked about—he was only about seventy yards away—before setting out for the corrals where John Erth, Jr., and two of his hands were injecting the horses against sleeping sickness. Presently John Erth, Jr., had come up to the porch and had sat down on the edge of it, fanning his perspiring face with his sombrero.

"That young fellow's looking for a job," he said, reaching into the breast pocket of his blue denim work shirt for a cigarette. "Shall I take him on? You saw him?"

"Yes," said his father. "I seen him."

He did not take his eyes off the sharp snowcapped peaks, fifteen miles across the valley, but he was pleased that John Erth, Jr. had consulted him, as always, even about so minor a detail as this. He didn't have to; he didn't have to consult a useless old hulk who had been that way ever since the October dusk six years before when, getting out house logs in the timber, a thickheaded Swede had felled a tree across his legs.

John Erth, Jr., inhaled his cigarette thoughtfully.

"He's an Austrian," he said. "Refugee. Been in

Hans got abruptly to his feet, still pointing the automatic at John Erth, drew himself together and clicked his heels. At that moment he no longer looked like a blond young ranch hand, but like a hawk against the sun

this country four years. Born a farm boy, he says. Has a couple of good letters from dairymen he worked for in Wisconsin." He laughed deprecatingly "It isn't fair," he commented, "is it? There are plenty of good ones, of course, but I've got so that their accent gets on my nerves. Makes my hair bristle. But it isn't fair."

"No," said his father, "it ain't fair, although I feel the same way myself. But it ain't fair. Some of the finest men I ever knew was of that blood. But they're kinda different nowadays—got a new idea. Still it ain't fair."

He barked suddenly, his deep, rare, slightly contemptuous laugh. "But what's that got to do with hiring a ranch hand?" he asked. "We need labor. In fact, we got to have it. And what could that feller get away with here? He might try to steal a horse or a saddle but he wouldn't get far. There's eleven men on the ranch, counting Domingo in the kitchen and not counting me who's helpless, and two women and three children. No, sir, he'd have hard sledding. I'd hire him, son, and forget it. But as for them letters, they don't mean nothing. Never did. Any fellow can write 'em to himself."

John Erth, Jr., stood up. He seemed relieved.

"That was the way I was figuring it," he said. "Well—I'll be seeing you at supper."

JOHN ERTH, SR., sat for a few minutes longer staring at the sharp snow-covered peaks showing above the green of near-by ridges of pine and fir.

He had got to know those peaks intimately in the last six years. Before then he thought he had known them, but he hadn't really. But now he knew every changing shadow of them; their acid sharpness against the blue of the morning, the way they seemed to grow as the afternoon waned; their violet immensity and unreality at dusk. And they had come to mean something to him.

He looked down at his two huge hands, lying so quiet and outspread on the arms of the chair. He had been the strongest man in the valley until he had been hurt; he had been famous for his strength. He raised his eyes to the peaks again.

Well, if they could take it—all the storms and weather and snows—he guessed he could, too. Which was foolish, he knew, because they were mountains and he was merely an old man, but nonetheless it was comforting. They were mighty solid and upstanding, anyway. Unquestioning. And then his thoughts changed. Queer, wasn't it, mighty queer the way this thing reached out—this war? The last war you knew where it was, but not this one. It was like a creeping forest fire—this present war—burned underground and then flared up in the most unlikely places. Imagine having to figure out whether you'd hire a ranch hand or not because of his accent!

John Erth, Sr., reached out his left hand and grasped the huge gnarled stick that was resting against his chair, an aspen stick John Erth, Jr., had whittled and polished for him. It wasn't much good, he could only walk with his crutches, he was pretty much confined to his chair and his bed, but the stick was useful for summoning Domingo. He rapped three times peremptorily on the boards of the porch.

A distant and annoyed voice answered him:

"What you want?"

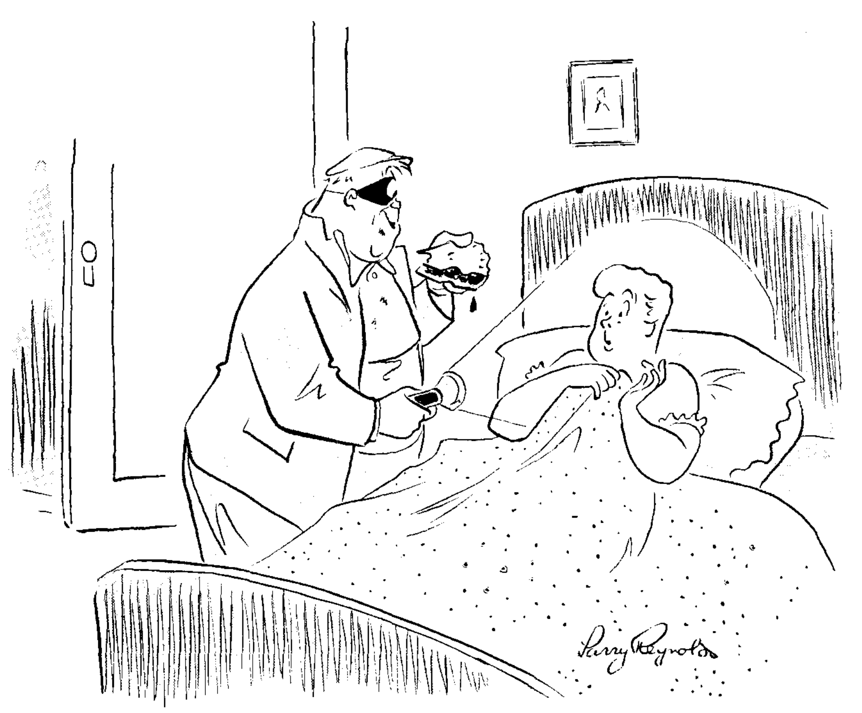
"It's five minutes to four, you dumbed fool," bellowed John Erth. "Wheel me in so I can hear the news."

"Awright! Awright!"

Almost every morning when it was fair, John Erth, Sr., sat out on the porch looking at the peaks across the valley, and in the afternoons he did the same until the mountain chill drove him in at dusk. Five or six times a day he summoned Domingo, usually to hear the news, and it was always as if he had interrupted Domingo at a crucial moment. John Erth loved Domingo, and he knew that Domingo loved him, but as a rule they exchanged no more than thirty words at a time.

Domingo had been with John Erth for years. He puzzled John Erth—it must be lonely up here for a Filipino, but Domingo did not seem to mind it. For eleven months he cooked for the J E Bar, and for one month went to Salt Lake City for his holiday.

BUTCH **by CPL. LARRY REYNOLDS**



"Lady, will yah gimme th' recipe for this delicious pie I found in your refrigerator?"

COLLIER'S

Domingo appeared in the doorway of the porch, his shoebutton eyes expressionless, his cook's cap set at a rakish angle on his black, close-cropped hair. Without a word he seized the back of John Erth's chair and wheeled him through the dining room, and the sitting room beyond, into the small neat ranch office. He stepped before the radio and without a word went back to his kitchen.

THE office, not much used during the summer months except once a month when the hands were paid off and the accounts made up, was severely functional. At one end was an open fireplace for the intermediate seasons, and in one corner a stove. Against the east wall was a large neat desk with many pigeonholes filled with letters and papers. On the desk was a telephone. Across the room from the desk was a table reserved for the radio. Back of the table, reaching halfway up the log wall, were homemade bookshelves filled with volumes and pamphlets on cattle breeding, agriculture, and the diseases of horses. The most imposing feature of the room was an iron safe with the ranch brand painted on it. John Erth turned the dial of the radio. A mellifluous male voice spoke.

"And so," it said, "in these times of stress, when it is important to plan and to save all you can, you can do no better than to use Aspen Maid Butter, that strictly intermountain product, pure as our native streams, golden as our sunsets." A small chime rang softly three times and another voice spoke, a more matter-of-fact one: "It is exactly thirty seconds past four o'clock, war time. This is KUK the intermountain West's most powerful station. You will now hear the latest news of the world."

John Erth sat huge and immobile, his face as still and carved as one of the peaks at which a little while ago he had been staring.

Hans—that was his name—Hans Haffner, turned out to be a pleasant surprise. He was a tall, graceful, slim young man, blond, with ice-blue eyes, but he had a slow ingratiating smile and good manners, and he was especially nice to Jackie, ten, Ellen, eight, and "Piper," whose real name was Peter, five—Lola and John Erth, Jr.'s, children. He seemed to understand children and they understood him. He had a direct way with them and treated them as equals.

Often after supper he would sit out on the porch and, with long, deft small-boned fingers, carve chains and little ships and small men and women from strips of board. The children watched him wide-eyed with admiration. Even John Erth, Sr., had to admit that he seemed a pretty good fellow, and John Erth, Jr., said he was surprisingly good with horses and quick to learn about other forms of ranch work.

"He's all right, I guess," he decided. "Most of these Austrians are."

Since the dude business was in abeyance for the duration, the entire outfit ate together, John Erth, Sr., at the head of the table, as was his right, and stretching away from him down the long board, his son, and Hans and the children, and Eddie Hickok, who had been with the J E Bar for years and was its foreman, and Bill Cassidy, and "Butch" Reynolds, and four newer hands, and a couple of pink-cheeked and slightly moronic boys of sixteen, who, because of conditions, had been hired to do, very badly, a man's work. Every now and then the two cowboys, summer-herding the cattle back in the hills, would drop in for a meal. Lola sat at the other end of the table.

There was hardly any conversation. The country had gone back to the old-fashioned Far Western idea that food was to be eaten, not talked over. John Erth, Sr., was deeply touched and pleased.

"Like old times," he commented. "Like a real ranch again. None of them dumb dudes that John and Lola brought in. A man can savor his victuals." But he did, every now and then, probe in what he thought was a sly manner into Hans' political mind. Hans satisfied him. He realized that Hans didn't want to say much; he had a father and mother, brothers and sisters, still in Austria, and he was a silent young man, anyway, but in answer to direct questions he was explicit enough.

"What I can't understand," John Erth would say, "is the way them people of yours like to take orders. I've taken orders all my life and given 'em. You can't run a ranch otherwise, but they got to be reasonable. If they ain't, you move on."

Hans would flush and his ice-blue eyes would be expressionless.

"They arnd't my pee-pul," he would answer in his soft guttural—he spoke fluent English and without too much accent. "I'm from Vienna. I'm taking oudt my first papers."

"Now?" asked John Erth, Jr.

"I'm doing my best. Maybe you help me?"

"Sure."

"What really do you think of that fellow, Hitler?" asked John Erth, Sr., once.

Eddie Hickok raised his head.

"That son of a ———. Excuse me, Lola."

"Crazy," murmured Hans, looking down at his plate.

JULY, hot and abundant, paced toward August. The hay was cut and raked and lay ready to be stacked when it was sufficiently cured. John Erth, Jr., took advantage of this interval of a few days to drive downcountry two hundred miles to a convention of cattlemen, and he insisted that Lola and the children go with him. "It may be the last chance of a trip together for a long while," he said. "What with this tire and gasoline situation." John Erth, Sr., sitting on the porch, watched the car go up the hill and disappear into the timber. John Erth, Jr., grinning, had turned the ranch over to the old man.

"Think you can take care of it for three days?" he asked. "I've left the money in the safe. There's around a thousand dollars. It'll save you writing out checks. The bills can wait until I get back. Think you remember the combination? I've put it on this slip of paper."

"Combination? What's that?" asked his father with mock gravity. "Run along, boy, and don't drink too much liquor. I ran ranches when you was still wet behind the ears."

He sat on the porch looking at the peaks across the valley. Despite war time . . . it was only three although the clocks said four . . . the peaks were beginning to take on the softness and height of late afternoon. "By golly," thought John Erth, "they been there a long while, and they'll be there a long while still, after all this mess and runnin' around killing people is over. Yessir, a long while."

The ranch was very quiet now that the children were gone. There was no one down by the corrals. Bill Cassidy and Butch Reynolds had gone to a neighboring ranch to see about a bull; two of the boys were out looking for horses; and Eddie Hickok and the rest were beyond the north fence cutting poles. Presently John Erth rapped on the porch for Domingo. "Five minutes to four" he bellowed. "What about that radio?"

(Continued on page 40)

FIVE WHO VANISHED

By George F. Worts

ILLUSTRATED BY GILBERT DARLING

The Story Thus Far:

AWAKENING one night in his San Francisco apartment, Jason Amboy—inventor of a revolutionary airplane engine—finds a girl in his bedroom. The girl has a flashlight; a handkerchief is tied around her face. Jason says, "Who is that?" The girl responds by knocking Jason unconscious. When he recovers, he is trussed up and gagged; and, after searching the apartment, the girl goes away. She takes with her only some letters from Jason's brother.

A few seconds later, Flack, Jason's manservant, finds him, releases him, and rushes out to see if he can find the intruder. . . . In Hawaii, Jason has some powerful relatives—the Grazzards, who own extensive plantations. Wayne Amboy, Jason's brother, has a job with them. After Flack departs, Jason's telephone rings. Jason answers it, and Peter Durkin (in Honolulu), a former employee, informs him that Wayne has disappeared, and his wrist watch, smeared with blood, has been found!

The war with Japan is on. Nevertheless, Jason decides to go to Hawaii. Meanwhile, Flack has found the girl, followed her and learned that her name is Luana Topping and that her home is Kokala, Kauai Island, Hawaii (headquarters of the Grazzard clan). Investigating further, Jason learns that Miss Topping is a famous island beauty, who is employed by Mrs. Grazzard, widow of old Hiram Grazzard, Jason's uncle.

Flack, on the telephone, begs to be permitted to accompany his employer. Jason says that he cannot go. Whereupon, the man announces that he is changing his name to "Rodney K. Kitchener," and that should they meet again, "Mr. Kitchener" may be wearing a disguise! Jason demands an explanation. Flack hangs up on him.

Jason goes to his boat. There he encounters—Luana Topping. She has lost her money and cannot pay her taxi fare. Jason pays it for her. Later—after he has visited his stateroom—he sets out to find her. And find her he does—on B-deck, where they have a pleasant chat. They are interrupted by a loud-speaker announcement, instructing the passengers to wear their life jackets at all times, to observe the blackout and so forth.

Miss Topping listens to the end. Then, looking at Jason—"If anything happens," she says, "I think I'll decide to be near you. You're so efficient."

II

THE Tasmania, aided by tugs, backed out of her slip, turned slowly and started toward the Golden Gate. There was no hesitation. She would evidently not anchor. The convoy was made up and ready to sail.

Luana Topping was gazing at the city. She looked sad.

"I suppose," Jason said, "you love San Francisco as all good little islanders do."

"Yes, I adore it." Her eyes were still slightly blurred, but they were dry, and she was quite controlled again. "I always cry when I'm leaving either San Francisco or Honolulu."

"I've forgotten Honolulu," Jason said, and he was wondering what sort of man her fiancé Lorrin Grazzard was. "It's been so long, and I never saw much of it, anyway. You see, I lived on Kauai—until I was ten."

"Not really!" Miss Topping cried. "Why! How exciting! I live on Kauai—Kokala." Her eyes were glistening into his with what appeared to be unaffected excitement and pleasure. And he wondered if she had the remotest suspicion that he recognized her as the girl who had climbed in and out of his bedroom window that morning at a scandalous hour.

"I suppose," she said, "we should really introduce ourselves. My name is Luana Topping."

"Yes," Jason said, "I'd gathered that. Mine's Jason Amboy."

She sent him one of her narrowing sidelong glances. "Yes," she said.

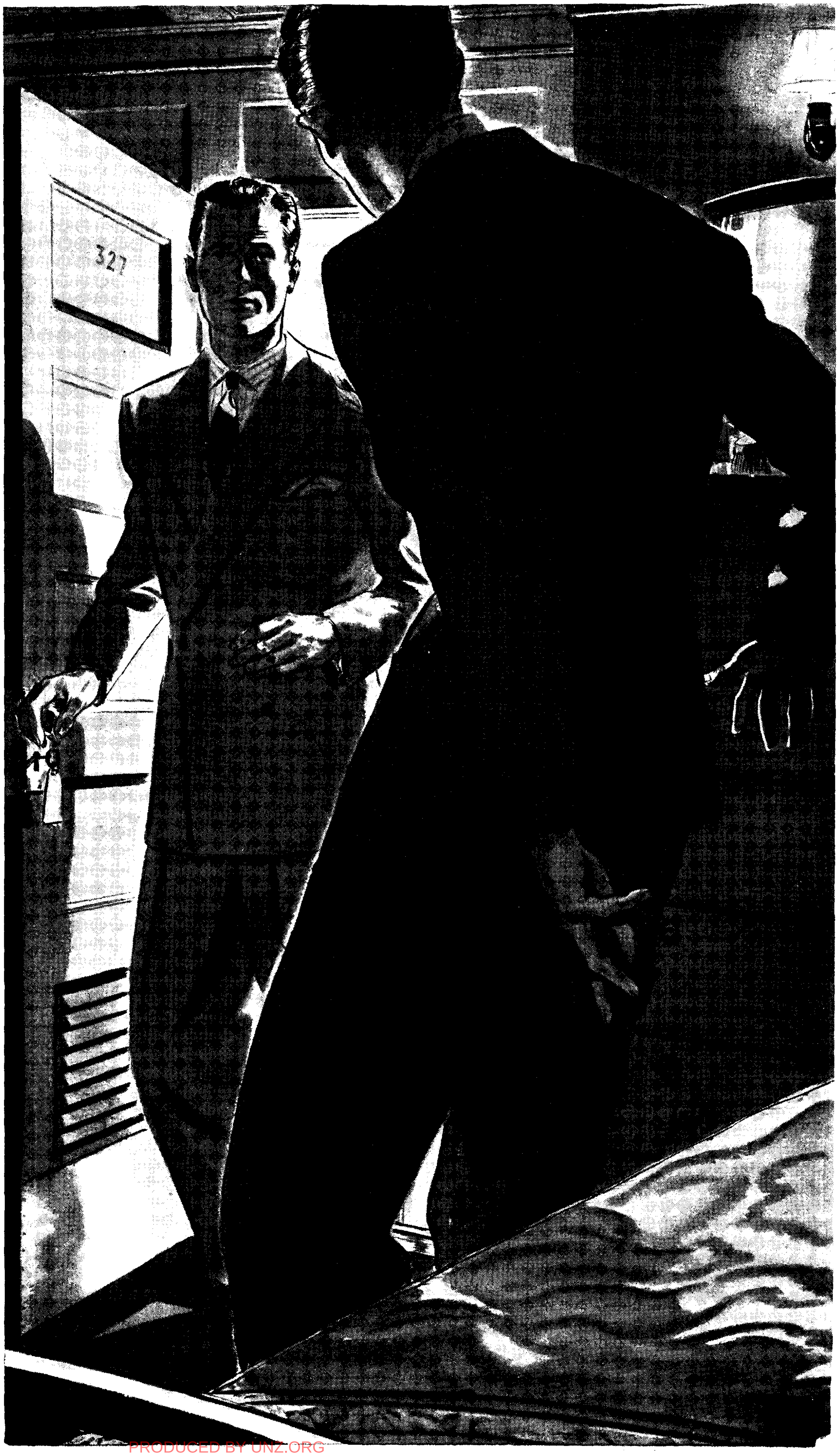
Jason decided that she was more mysterious than ever. Either she was sure that he hadn't recognized her, or she didn't care a hoot if he had. He decided to try a straw in the wind.

"You know, Miss Topping," he said with a thoughtful frown, "it will sound terribly banal, but it seems to me I've met you before. At least, I'm sure when I look at your eyes. I'm not quite so sure about the rest of your face, but I'm certain about those eyes. They're eyes that a man wouldn't forget very quickly."

"So many men have told me that," Miss Topping said sweetly. She was scrutinizing his face, his eyes, his nose, his mouth. She slowly nodded her head. "It's very funny," she said. "It's very, very funny, but I have the same feeling about you."

"Oh, here you are, honey," a man's deep voice said.

Jason glanced away from her face to the man who had come up. He was a tall, dark-skinned man of about thirty in light brown *(Continued on page 41)*

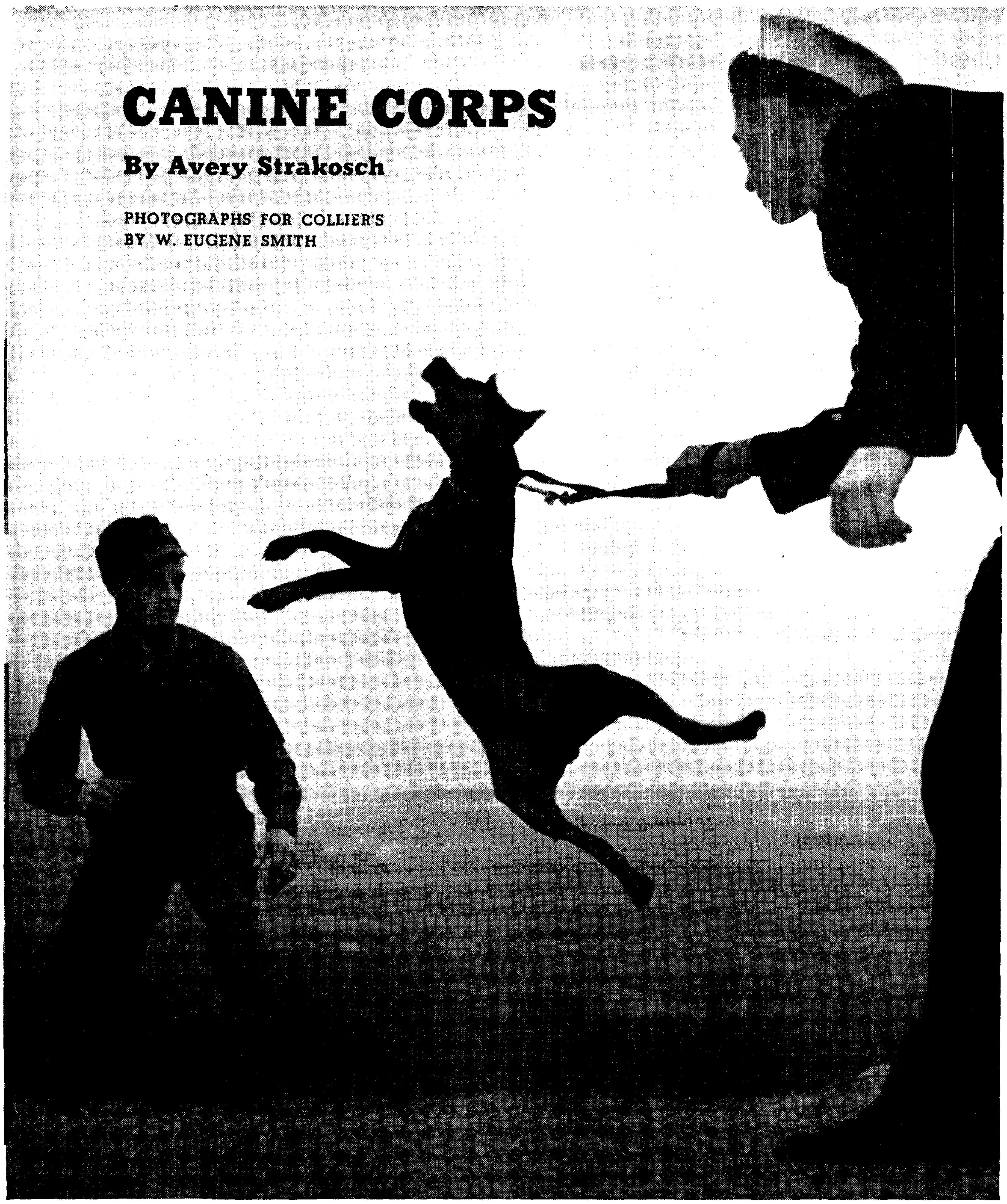


The shadowed figure of a man sprang up. "I seem to have the habit of opening wrong doors," Jason said

CANINE CORPS

By Avery Strakosch

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S
BY W. EUGENE SMITH



Ricky, a Doberman, being trained for sentry duty, rejects the friendly advances of Assistant Instructor Quigley. Seaman 2d Class Olejniczak of the U. S. Coast Guard is holding the leash

Today even dogs are jumping at the opportunity to serve their country. What's more, after being put through the training hoops described here, they'll be a credit to any man's army

THERE are those who say no good can come from cocktail parties. Let them forever hold their peace. For it was at a cocktail party, with several dog-lovers present, that the nonprofit organization, Dogs For Defense, was born. Today, with Mr. Harry I. Caesar, its president, and several other well-known canine fanciers also volunteering their services, DFD is giving many a dog the chance to have his day and at the same time serve his country. Many women, like Mrs. Bradley Martin of Old Westbury, L. I., and Miss Marie Leary of Greenwich, Connecticut, are hard at work as amateur trainers on their grounds, at established kennels, and even in the limited space of back yards.

If you don't believe it, visit DFD's central office at 22 East 60th Street, New York, or one of the training centers, or talk with a regional director. Ten to one, if you haven't a pooch to donate, you'll dig down in your perhaps already depleted pocket to contribute toward expenses for maintaining this canine militia during its preliminary training period. That is, before it is sent to the dog finishing school at Front Royal, Virginia, to become the property of the U. S. Army for the duration.

With the DFD officially recognized by the War Department last April, it was in July that Quartermaster General Edmund B. Gregory decided to make the DFD recruits a section of the Remount Division. In this military establishment at the northern boundary of the Shenandoah Park, dogs who have successfully passed training tests, together with soldiers trained by experts to handle them, leave daily for active service. Many coastal stations, inland camps, munitions and defense factories, and plants where food, medicine and clothing are stored for the Army or Navy, are protected by sentry teams, animal and human.

In early August, Major General Gregory wrote DFD, requesting 125,000 dogs as soon as they could be trained. Some will go overseas for use in both Army and Navy. Even Scotties and other self-important little dogs can do their bit. They are useful in barking warnings at such places as naval supply warehouses.

This demand for so many dogs has not surprised American and English dog lovers. During the past ten years, they've been reading between the lines of foreign kennel reports. They figure that Germany, in that time, trained approximately 200,000 dogs for police and military duty.

The dog fancier also found out that some 25,000 animals were shipped to Japan several months before December 7, 1941. Information has since come, through escaped prisoners from Hong Kong, that that city was won largely by snipers, many of them with trained dogs. The dogs could scent an enemy and give the Japs the second's warning that meant the difference between their death and that of their foe.

Since Pearl Harbor, the owners of some 17,000 dogs in the Hawaiian Islands have offered them to DFD. Trained under the direction of Mr. Harold Castle, long a resident of Honolulu and a noted judge of dogs, more than 3,000 recruits are already in service.

Army officers say that, after dark, the well-trained canine guard is equal to half a dozen or more human sentries. A single dog may save thousands of lives through his alertness. In a West Coast city one black night not long ago, a polka-dotted Dalmatian, pacing a wharf with his soldier-handler, suddenly came to attention, emitting a low growl. A search was made of the pier without result. Yet the dog grew more and more insistent, and the soldier finally decided that the trouble was beneath the pier. He quietly signaled a passing harbor patrol. In no time they routed out a Jap in a rowboat, well supplied with the tools of a saboteur.

It's a simple matter to prove the efficiency of a well-trained sentry dog. Try wandering into a proscribed military or defense area some moonless night, where a soldier with a sentry dog stands guard, say 200 or 2,000 feet from you. Before you know it, the animal will have you spotted and will instantly give the signal he has been taught.

In its early stages, DFD promised that when the war was over, your pet would be returned to you, his disposition unimpaired. Now official orders rescind this promise. The plan is to have always on hand a large reliable unit of war dogs. So, when you take him for induction, you had better steel your heart to a parting that may be final.

To get into the K9 (for canine) Corps your dog must learn within eight or ten weeks to obey four commands. The lesson is taught daily and should last from one and a half to two hours. But some dogs tire quickly and lose interest. Others are too enthusiastic at first, then suddenly refuse to concentrate. But more often, a dog's intelligence increases as training goes on. Never bore your dog with training. If he seems to lose interest, stop and let him rest. Right-thinking dogs require constant encouragement and even extravagant praise when they do well.

Here are the commands in the order they are taught. The dog's name should always precede the command.

1. HEEL. Whether sitting, standing or walking, the dog remains close to the left of the handler, on or off a lead. (Left side, to keep the soldier's right-hand free.) This is taught by pressing down on the dog's head or neck and repeating "Heel" over and over, until he understands.

2. STAY. After the dog has learned to heel, he is taught to remain motionless, standing or sitting. This is also taught with a firm pressure of the left hand to keep him in place. He must remain where he is whether the handler stays by his side or goes away.

3. OUT. The dog should range in any

direction indicated by the signal—a wave of the hand and the word "Out" repeated. All dogs naturally like to range, but the trainer, in exceptional cases, may have to push the animal forward and encourage him.

4. COME. The dog, at any distance from the handler, under any circumstances, must return to him. This is sometimes taught by putting the dog on a long leash, yanking the leash and patiently repeating the word "Come."

At school, a dog first wears either a light chain or a leather slip collar with lead attached. This enables the trainer to control his pupil without undue severity. The lead varies in length from six feet upward, according to the command being taught. If the pupil goes too far forward, a light jerk will bring him to correct position. If he lags behind, the collar tightens. All commands are finally given under various distracting conditions, including gunfire.

It seems to be natural for most dogs to wish to warn their masters of possible danger by growling or barking. In training DFD dogs, danger is simulated. Boy Scouts and others often serve as the enemy. At night classes, they hide behind bushes or buildings until the dogs scent them out.

If you've decided to donate that smart hound of yours to DFD, and he is a warmhearted fellow who has been petted a lot and likes it, better give up the idea. It's hard enough to turn an unfriendly dog into a friendly one. But as any trainer will tell you, it's next to impossible, as well as unfair, to make a dangerous, suspicious beast out of an inveterate tail-wagger.

Bird Dogs Go A.W.O.L.

The canine training camps are strictly co-educational. Any smart, medium-sized, pure-bred dog or bitch, physically sound, between one and four years old, with a natural instinct for guarding, should qualify for the Army. Bird dogs are politely requested to stay home, for in spite of their wonderful noses, their sharp ears, and almost catlike eyesight, hunting dogs are temperamentally unfit for the set responsibilities of military life Even the best-trained hunting dogs can't resist sneaking off whenever they get the chance.

The Army has needed medium-sized sentry dogs so badly that the giant type of working dog is only now being called up. Newfoundlands, Great Pyrenees, St. Bernards, mastiffs and their like will do the job that is instinctively and traditionally the large dog's—rescue work As in England, these dogs will also be trained by professional teachers to do messenger work, to carry water and supplies, and to lay telegraph wires.

Don't think the Army was being snooty because in the beginning they asked for purebred dogs only. The reason is sound. When you know a dog's antecedents, you can better judge his reactions to discipline, and that saves time in training. But now crossbreeds as well as purebreds are eligible.

Crossbreeds and even the progeny of champs will find themselves out on their ear if they don't show an aptitude for military routine within three weeks after their induction. A trainer worth his salt can decide in that time whether a canine recruit is too casual, too stubborn, or just too plain dumb So far, less than 10% of the dogs donated have been sent back to their owners.

One of the most dependable MP dogs on an inland post, a tough pink-eyed English bull terrier with a canine I.Q. which puts him in the genius class, was a problem dog from the day he first sniffed about a DFD training center. Butch barked every waking moment except when eating. In spite of his good field record, the trainers decided to toss him out.

The day he was to leave, Butch piped down—almost. His pincushion jaws went through the motions, but the sounds were ludicrous.

"Acute laryngitis," said the vet.

"Uproariously funny," said everybody else and doubled up with laughter.

At first, Butch looked puzzled, then ashamed. Finally he realized he was ridiculous and shut up for keeps, except when it was his job to give warning.

In the first World War, British war dogs under the direction of the internationally famous trainer, Lieutenant Colonel E. H. Richardson, saved the lives of countless men while on sentry duty along the Aisne in France. Heroic four-footed messengers at Amiens kept up communications between outposts and batteries during heavy bombardments when telephones became useless and human runners couldn't get through. But man's memory is short, and in September, 1939, in spite of Colonel Richardson's warnings, countless British dog-lovers, in a panic over food-rationing and encouraged by their government, had their dogs "put to sleep." According to reports received by Mr. Warren W. McSpadden, director of the American S.P.C.A., approximately 750,000 dogs and cats were destroyed in England in the two weeks after war was declared.

Less than a year later, prominent and coldly furious members of Parliament were demanding to know why dog power wasn't saving manpower in the war effort. Rex, a five-year-old Airedale, employed to trace leaks for a London gas company before the war started, was cited as an example and symbol of what could be done, and is now the most popular dog in England.

Since then, many dog-training schools, their locations a military secret, have sprung up throughout the United Kingdom. Thousands of graduates guard the invasion coast from Sheerness to Lands End Among the best are Alsatians, generally called, in this country, German Shepherds.

The effect of the good work of Dogs For Defense has already gone beyond its military program. The youngsters are showing a keen interest, and many letters from girls, as well as boys, imply that they would like to learn how to train their pets themselves. Regional directors encourage them and often invite them to watch dogs at work.

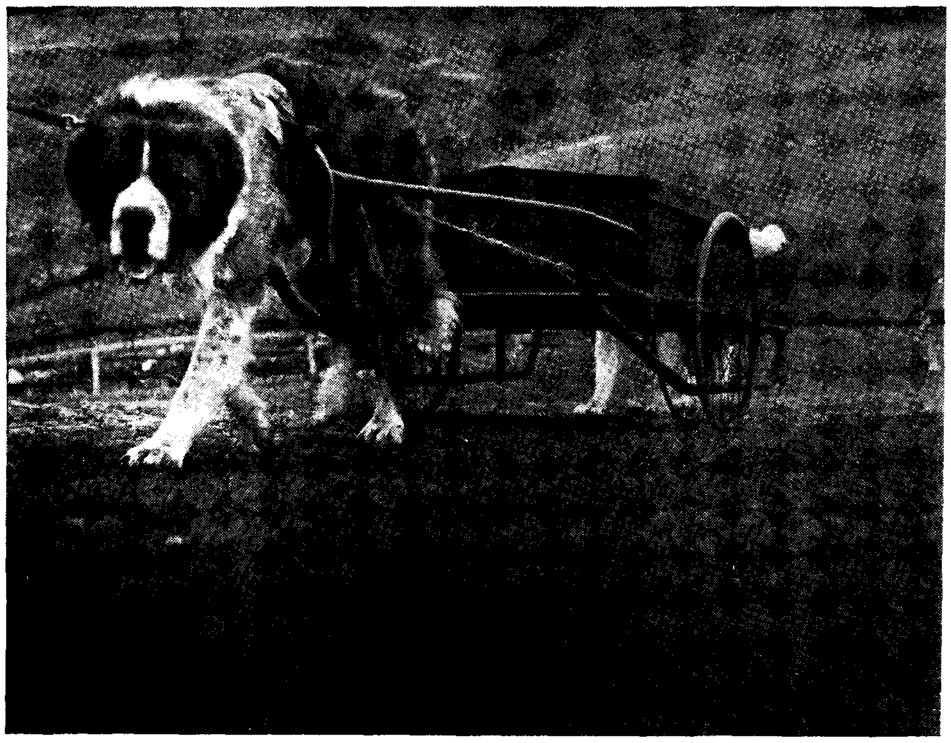
One day, before the Army ruled to accept crossbred dogs, a boy stopped outside a kennel on the outskirts of New York City Curiously he watched a fawn-colored boxer, a silver Alsatian and a black, unclipped poodle going through their lessons. Suddenly he disappeared. In a little while, he was back proudly leading a worried-looking yellow-and-white hound of sorts.

"I'm too young for the war," he said, "but I want my dog to do his part."

Obvious ancestral confusion then barred the pup from a useful military life. The kennel owner kindly explained.

The boy thought a moment. "Then may I learn the rules?" he asked eagerly. "I don't see why Sport shouldn't have manners even at home" ★★★

In advanced training period, dogs must learn to broadjump, hurdle. Seaman 2d Class Neil Robinson helps Alva, German Shepherd, over the bars

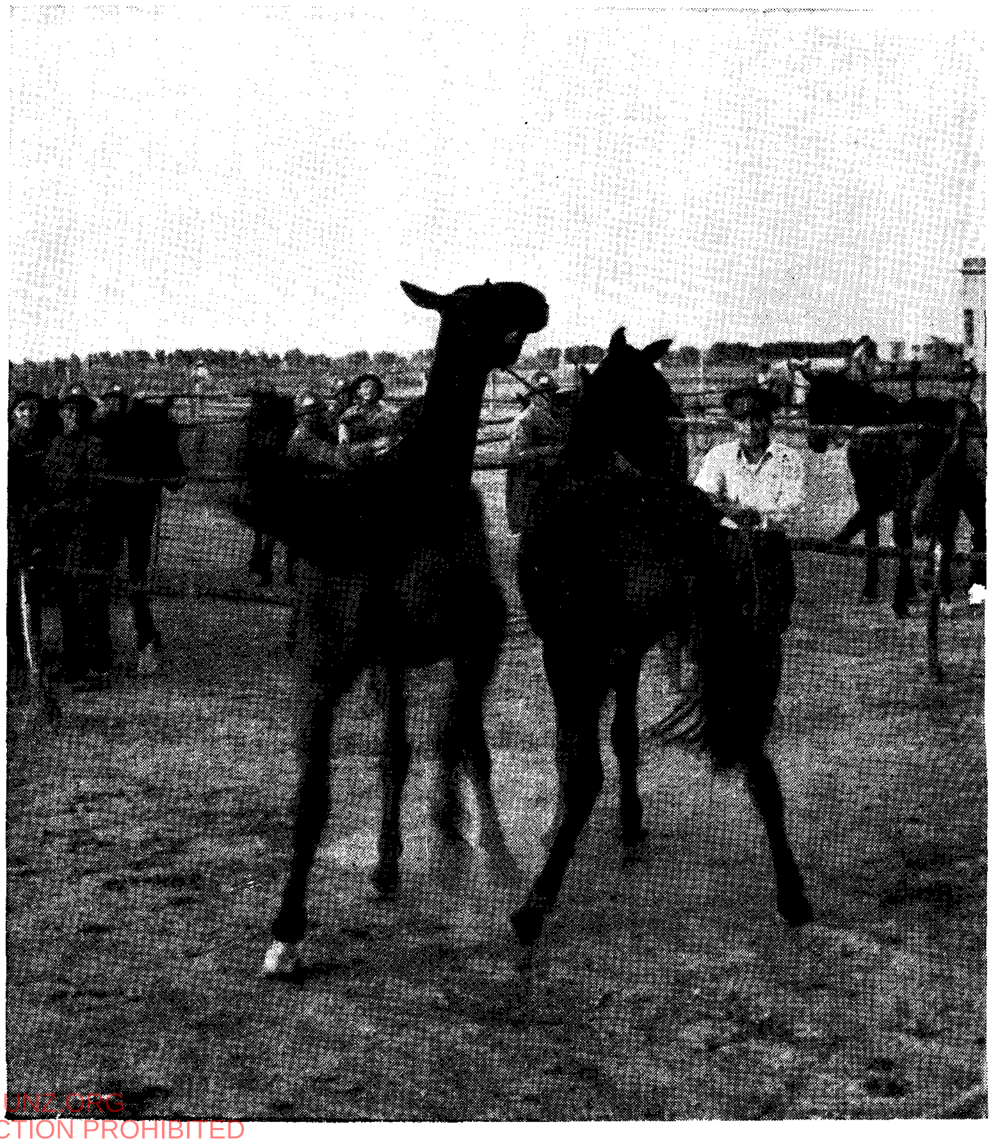


A Newfoundland, Bedau, pulling a machine-gun carrier. Large dogs are traditionally best for rescue, messenger work, hauling water and supplies

In last period of sentry training, dog is allowed to get his man—if protected by padded suit. Perfect dog always gets the gun arm. Right, Doberman Barney of Ballanka and Coastguardman Robert M. Gats

DE ZAYAS

These are Mexican infantrymen. Mexico could raise an army of 2,000,000 men if she had the facilities to train and equip them. Her present army, consisting of 70,000 volunteers, is undergoing drastic modernization. She has, in addition, 65,000 trained reserves, 20,000 militarized workers, and 57 battalions of civilian militia who must train with broomsticks



STEINHEIMER-PIX

Mexican cavalry is a crack outfit and is proud of its good horses. These are at Monterrey, largest training camp

MEXICO PITCHES IN

By Alice Leone Moats

Mexico is doing a fine job of training on her tiny army of 70,000 men and her practically nonexistent air force. It's the best she can afford, but it's not nearly enough, considering her problems. It seems to be up to the U. S.

IN THE last couple of years, whenever there has been a scarcity of news in Mexico, the story of the Axis caches and hidden airfields has been dusted off and refurbished. Recently these rumors have been concentrated on Lower California, and one of the Mexican army's toughest assignments there has been tracking them down.

According to General Rico, the commander of the peninsula zone, his reconnaissance parties have combed the countryside without finding any traces of enemy supply depots. With the topography what it is—high mountains and big stretches of sandy desert—the parties of soldiers have had a difficult time, and several men have been lost through hunger, thirst and exposure.

One group of seventeen ran out of food before reaching their objective. Just when it looked as though they were going to face starvation, the men killed two wildcats and lived on them for two days. Another party, consisting of four privates and an officer was sent forth to investigate a ranch far back in the mountains which was said to be an enemy cache. They were gone for so long that General Rico ordered a plane out to search for them and to drop food if they could be found. After three days they were sighted. One had died of hunger; another had gone mad. The remaining three finally reached the ranch and made a thorough search. There was no sign of any arms or ammunition and no suspiciously large amounts of food and gasoline.

That is the kind of discipline there is now in the Mexican army. When soldiers are sent out to reconnoiter they don't turn back until they have carried out their orders. The same sort of discipline keeps small detachments of men at lookout posts that have been set up all along the coast. They have radios to communicate with headquarters in case they sight anything out of the ordinary. Otherwise they are completely on their own. They have to get their food and water where they can find it, and that usually means walking miles to the nearest village where, with luck, they may be able to buy a few grains of corn, some beans and rice.

The morale is just as good as the discipline; so good, that no one ever thinks of discussing it or doing anything to improve it. It is doubtful if most of the soldiers have even heard the word. General Rico, who has made several visits to the United States and been left openmouthed by the living quarters, food and amusement provided for our Army, finds that American troops are coddled and spoiled. The same cannot be said of Mexican troops.

The officers in Ensenada live, by chance, in unusual luxury because the only place big enough to serve as headquarters is La Playa Hotel. This means that they even have a lot of bathrooms, but there is no hot water because it would be too expensive to start up the heaters. The kitchens are not open for the same reason, and the officers eat in the restaurants in town at their own expense.

They work all day and most of the night. It was nine o'clock in the evening when I happened to arrive at the hotel and, handing a letter of introduction to an orderly, was told that General Rico would receive me immediately. After stumbling through several dark patios (electricity is being economized on also), I reached the general's quarters. I passed the officers of his staff sitting at desks in a long hall and was finally ushered into his office, furnished with a table and two chairs.

A man about fifty years old—short, slightly bald, olive-skinned and with a very reserved manner—rose to greet me. For a moment I was uncertain whether or not I was to address him as *"Mi general,"* for he was dressed in an ordinary sack suit. Apparently, he seldom wears a uniform except when he is out with troops.

At first he wasn't very forthcoming and expressed surprise at the idea that the American public should in any way be interested in the Mexican army.

"We are a poor nation, you know," he said, "and we can't afford a big, well-equipped armed force; all that is possible now is to do the best with the little we have on hand."

"That is the point," I explained. "It is important that the American public should know what efforts you are making and under what handicaps you are laboring."

Praise from the General

After that, he answered all my questions quite frankly, exhibiting a simple realism and shrewd humor. "I can complain of the quantity," he ended, "but not of the quality of my men. They have an enormous amount of work to do, and all leaves have been canceled, but there is no grumbling." That, from General Rico, was high praise, since he is noted as an officer who knows his own job thoroughly and is extremely exacting with his subordinates.

By this time it was midnight. The general suddenly said, "I haven't had any supper. Have you?"

I admitted that I hadn't, so we picked up his aide, put him in the back seat of the car and, with the general at the wheel, drove into Ensenada where we had chocolate and rolls at a fly-blown café in a somewhat doubtful quarter of the town. It was the only place open at that hour of the night. By then, we had exhausted the subject of the Mexican army and we began discussing the larger issues of the war.

General Rico is a graduate of the military academy and a career officer who did not enter the revolutionary forces until after the defeat of Villa. He, like the other career officers I met, surprised me by the range of his knowledge. With the magnificent command of language and the gift for colorful phrases which characterize every Mexican, he talked of the various battle fronts of the war, of international affairs and economic systems, and he ended by propounding an extraordinary theory for a Mexican: That men had made such a mess of the world it was up to the women to take over now and see what they could do with it.

At two-thirty he dropped me at my "bungalow court." His working day wasn't over; he had to go back for conferences with his officers, who had waited up for him and, a few hours later, he left by plane to meet General Cárdenas in La Paz.

The troops stationed in Ensenada are living under canvas at present, while they build their own barracks. When I went out to the camp I found them, stripped to the waist, making the bricks. General Rico's chief of staff (formerly military attaché in Madrid), General Hijar, tall, handsome and very neat in his olive-green gabardine uniform, apologized for the men's appearance, explaining that they wore their old clothes when they worked and that they were really quite well dressed at other times.

I had already noted this, with surprise, for the last time I saw the Mexican army on a war footing was during the revolution when it was made up of men who, though brave, were undisciplined and ragged. More often than not, they wore sandals and rolled their breeches above their knees. Now, they have good uniforms—shirts and breeches of khaki cotton drill for warm climates; of wool for cold climates, with brass-buttoned tunics and long overcoats. They all wear Sam Browne belts, lightweight shoes, leather puttees and visored caps. Their steel helmets are in the French style.

Usually, their breeches are a bit baggy in the seat, for Mexican soldiers have too many other things to do to devote much time to style. They are working troops and must have plenty of room in their clothes for stooping. Aside from putting up their own barracks, they work from reveille at five-thirty in the morning until roll call at six in the evening, laying out new roads and improving old ones, building up radio stations, installing new telephone lines, deepening harbors, improving port facilities and constructing breakwaters. While all this is going on, military training obviously has to be reduced to a minimum of an hour or two a day.

The Army of Camp-Followers

By evening, the men are too tired to walk several miles into town in search of amusement. They remain at the camp and, when I was in Ensenada at least, had feminine company, for, next to their camp, was another occupied by the *soldaderas*—the wives and girl friends who accompanied troops even on campaigns.

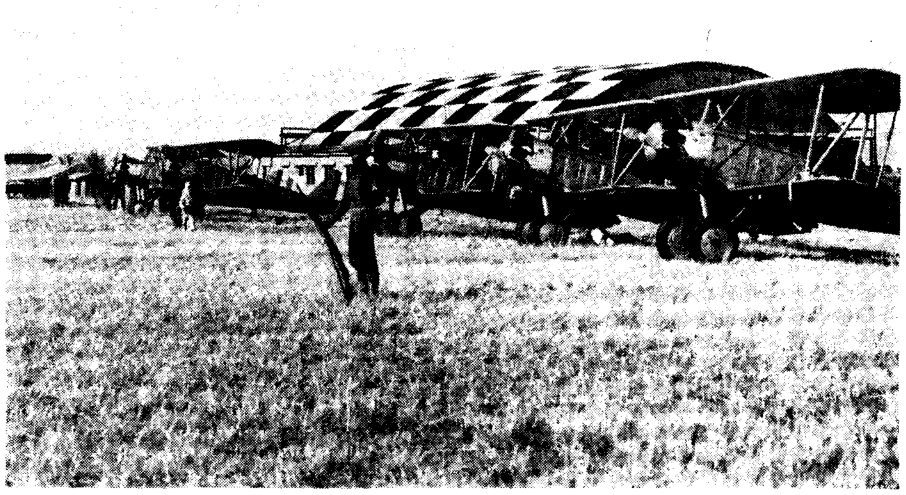
Until just recently, the *soldaderas* have been an indispensable part of the Mexican army because it was they who marketed for and cooked the food which the soldiers bought out of their pay (two pesos a day, now increased to four pesos—about eighty cents—in zones on a war footing). Without the *soldaderas* the army didn't eat.

The commissary system is now being introduced into the Mexican army to do away with these women, who presented a problem when troops were moved.

To make sure that the *soldaderas* will completely disappear, married men are no longer being accepted into the armed

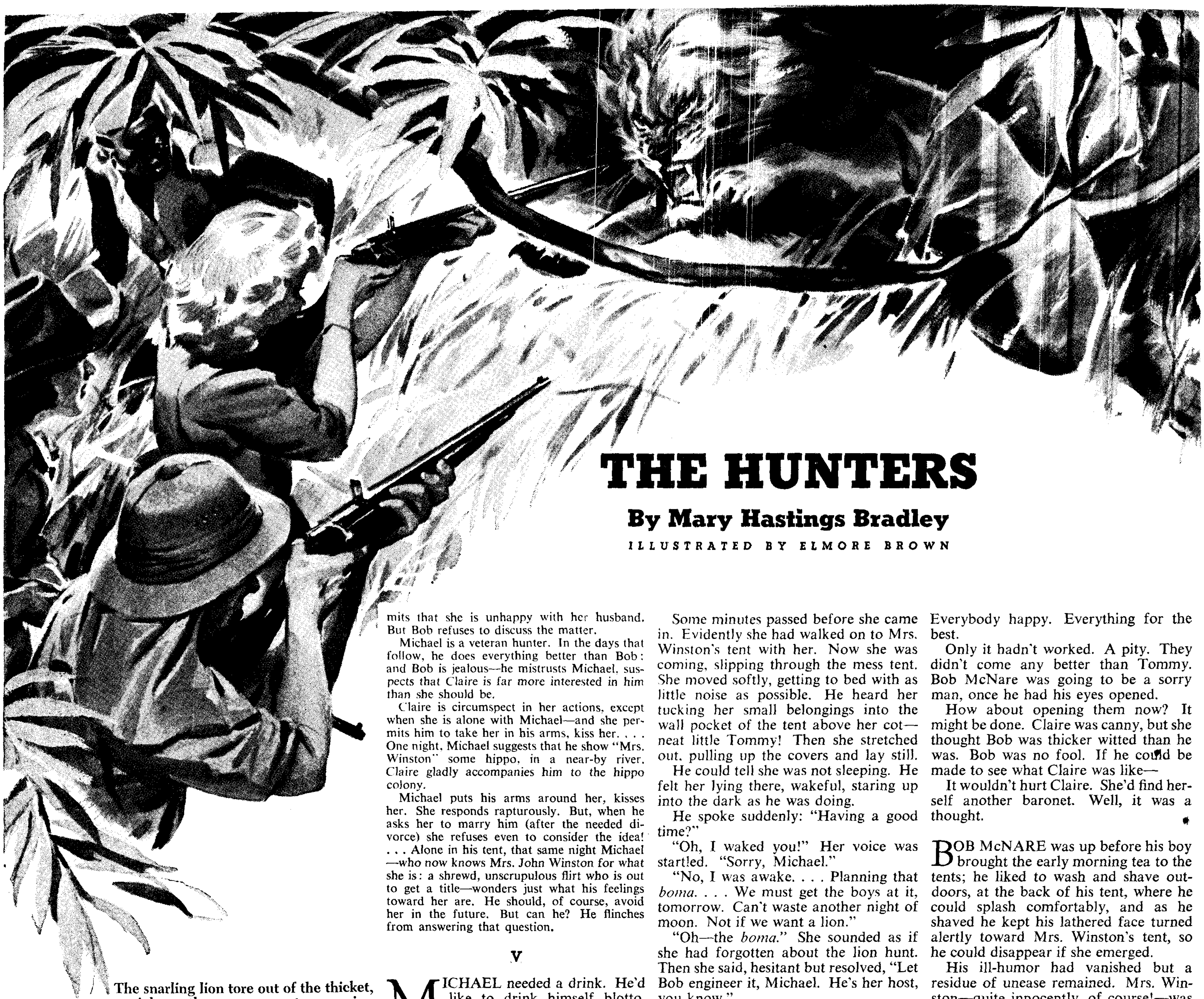
(Continued on page 52)

Mexico's small air force has the big job of patrolling 5,000-odd miles of coast line. She has 300 pilots, mostly U. S. trained, plus 100 aviation cadets and 300 commercial pilots. Biggest need is for light patrol bombers



All Mexican soldiers are working troops and have only a few hours available for training each day, at present. Men below made the bricks with which they are building barracks. They also build roads, radio stations, port facilities

A gunner practices with a light antiaircraft machine gun. The shortage of guns of all kinds, big and small, and the lack of facilities for making them, is the greatest handicap to the expansion of the Mexican army



The snarling lion tore out of the thicket, straight at them . . . a vast, oncoming circumference of mane. Claire fired. Then Bob fired almost instantaneously

THE HUNTERS

By Mary Hastings Bradley

ILLUSTRATED BY ELMORE BROWN

The Story Thus Far:

IN AFRICA, Michael Garrick learns that his fiancée—Claire Alloway, who is in England—has jilted him to marry a wealthy older man: John Winston. Terribly hurt, he becomes a hard drinker; then he marries and settles down on a coffee plantation in Uganda.

Among the Garricks' neighbors is a young Englishman: Robert ("Bob") McNare. Inheriting a baronetcy, Bob goes to England to claim it—not, however, until he and Michael's wife, "Tommy," have admitted to each other that they are in love.

Tommy awaits his return impatiently. When he finally arrives, he is "Sir Robert McNare;" and he is accompanied by a fascinating blond widow—Mrs. John Winston!—with whom he is very much in love.

Tommy accepts the situation as philosophically as she can. And Michael, a shrewd judge of human nature, wonders if Claire (who gives no indication that she had ever seen him before) really loves Sir Robert *and his title*—or Michael Garrick. . . .

The four—the Garricks, Bob and Claire—start on a long hunt, a safari arranged by Michael, in the Congo. They have hardly reached their camping place when Tommy—watching everyone carefully—realizes that dangerous undercurrents are all about her. Once, in a weak moment, when she is alone with Bob, she admits that she is unhappy with her husband. But Bob refuses to discuss the matter.

Michael is a veteran hunter. In the days that follow, he does everything better than Bob: and Bob is jealous—he mistrusts Michael, suspects that Claire is far more interested in him than she should be.

Claire is circumspect in her actions, except when she is alone with Michael—and she permits him to take her in his arms, kiss her. . . . One night, Michael suggests that he show "Mrs. Winston" some hippo, in a near-by river. Claire gladly accompanies him to the hippo colony.

Michael puts his arms around her, kisses her. She responds rapturously. But, when he asks her to marry him (after the needed divorce) she refuses even to consider the idea! . . . Alone in his tent, that same night Michael—who now knows Mrs. John Winston for what she is: a shrewd, unscrupulous flirt who is out to get a title—wonders just what his feelings toward her are. He should, of course, avoid her in the future. But can he? He flinches from answering that question.

V

MICHAEL needed a drink. He'd like to drink himself blotto. There was a bottle out there in the mess tent, before their tent. If he went quietly and didn't clatter about . . .

He wanted that drink. His nerves screamed for it. Just a quick one. Two, maybe. No more. . . . Don't be an ass, Michael, said a cold little voice of wisdom in him. You'd be a drunk tomorrow and what a pretty sight that would be to the glamorous Mrs. Winston.

Mirthlessly, he grinned into the dark. The great romance of his life! Romance was dead. That ghost would never walk again. Now to carry on, through the rest of the safari, playing up, playing the happy Casanova to show her he'd not felt let down. . . . There would be a wry satisfaction in worrying Bob.

"Good night."

"Good night."

"Quaheri."

"Quaheri mzuri."

The threesome was breaking up. Tommy had stuck it out to the bitter end. That *"Quaheri"* was from Claire—tourists loved to use the Swahili they picked up. And the *"Quaheri mzuri"*—lovely farewell—from Bob. He sounded happier. His voice was briskly cheerful, calling to the porters, ordering no more talking. *"Hapana kilali."* Michael closed his eyes for fear his wife would bring a light into the tent.

Some minutes passed before she came in. Evidently she had walked on to Mrs. Winston's tent with her. Now she was coming, slipping through the mess tent. She moved softly, getting to bed with as little noise as possible. He heard her tucking her small belongings into the wall pocket of the tent above her cot—neat little Tommy! Then she stretched out, pulling up the covers and lay still.

He could tell she was not sleeping. He felt her lying there, wakeful, staring up into the dark as he was doing.

He spoke suddenly: "Having a good time?"

"Oh, I waked you!" Her voice was startled. "Sorry, Michael."

"No, I was awake. . . . Planning that *boma*. . . . We must get the boys at it, tomorrow. Can't waste another night of moon. Not if we want a lion."

"Oh—the *boma*." She sounded as if she had forgotten about the lion hunt. Then she said, hesitant but resolved, "Let Bob engineer it, Michael. He's her host, you know."

Astonishing creatures, women! Sensitive for Bob's pride even when he was throwing her over. . . . Or perhaps she was afraid only for the peace of the camp. A little of both, perhaps.

Michael grinned to himself. "Right-o. He can engineer it to the last thorn." He said, deliberating, "You get your lion, too. If two come in. Don't give her both."

"Oh, I'll get one."

"Having a good time, Thomasina?"

"A lovely time, Michael."

That cheerful, convincing voice! He wondered why the sadistic devil in him wrung that effort from her.

She must be suffering the tortures of the damned. She might not believe, though, that she was damned; she might hope there would be reprieve. There wouldn't be. Claire would be Lady McNare. She'd put Bob in her pocket and walk off with him. Her money would make a new life for him. London. Nairobi for part time, perhaps. A big place there, with racing stables. You could do yourself well in Nairobi on half the money it took in England.

And he had thought to save Tommy's hope for her. . . . The dashing lover diverting the siren, giving the unloved wife her freedom—freedom in which she was to console Bob McNare. Neat little plot. Everybody happy. Everything for the best.

Only it hadn't worked. A pity. They didn't come any better than Tommy. Bob McNare was going to be a sorry man, once he had his eyes opened.

How about opening them now? It might be done. Claire was canny, but she thought Bob was thicker witted than he was. Bob was no fool. If he could be made to see what Claire was like—

It wouldn't hurt Claire. She'd find herself another baronet. Well, it was a thought.

BOB McNARE was up before his boy brought the early morning tea to the tents; he liked to wash and shave outdoors, at the back of his tent, where he could splash comfortably, and as he shaved he kept his lathered face turned alertly toward Mrs. Winston's tent, so he could disappear if she emerged.

His ill-humor had vanished but a residue of unease remained. Mrs. Winston—quite innocently, of course!—was treating Michael with too much intimacy, and Michael Garrick, very definitely, should not be encouraged by moonlight strolls and a gay, *"Méchant!"* flung familiarly at him.

There was a certain irony in this censoriousness of his, coming from a man who had been taking moonlight strolls with Michael's wife for some five years, but that was altogether a different affair. He and Tommy—

He was sorry about Tommy. She was so good and so gay and she worked so hard on that infernal farm, looking after the natives, the crops, managing, economizing, putting up a good show—well, he had done what he could, these five years, to make things easier for her and it was not his fault if he could not go on forever.

No use looking back. He had to look ahead, to decide. He had not seen Mrs. Winston alone since their long talk; he had wanted time to think, and he'd had time, yet he didn't quite know what he was going to say or do.

If only he knew exactly where he stood! He hesitated to put it bluntly to her, to ask, "Can I be sure of you, if I give up my life here, and have a go at politics?" because she might not be sure, herself, she might very well want to see whether he was a success or not before she committed herself. But he felt he ought to know what his chances were and he tried to think how he could put that. There was always the possibility that she had been counseling him out of friendship, that no promise was implied, except aid in his election.

Abruptly he ducked into his tent as a slim figure in a blue dressing gown came out into the dawn.

ALL four of them went out that morning for another of those futile hunts—especially exasperating with a lion roaring in the distance—and then they searched for a good place for the *boma*.

They chose a spot about two miles from camp, a scattering of thickets encouragingly strewn with antelope bones, where a big thornbush faced a grassy stretch of plain. That bush, the men decided, would be good protection for the rear, and they set their two gun boys and a couple of porters they'd brought along to cutting thorn and stacking it in a circle before the bush.

"We'll make room for steamer chairs," said Bob. "Might as well sit as crouch."

The notion of steamer chairs in a thorn boma tickled Michael. "What price sport! A bally promenade deck."

"The chairs can be close together—they won't take too much space," Bob explained. "I dare say no more than three of us will want to go out at a time."

"Right as rain, my lad." Michael showed no sign of offense. "Bomas are no treat to me. You may sit with the ladies."

Chairs would be splendid, Tommy said. She listed the things to bring out—blankets or coats, for the nights were chill, and a water bottle and a spirit lamp with some supplies, so they could have a spot of tea before starting back in the morning.

"I'll send the porters out early," Michael told them. "To carry in your lions. If I hear shots." . . .

The making of the *boma* was inspiriting; they sat in the shade of a thicket, smoking companionably, watching the natives pile up the thorn circle. This was jolly, thought Bob McNare: this was the friendly way he had thought it would be. He felt happy, very conscious of the lovely lines of Mrs. Winston, sitting relaxed beside him, of the charm of her low, lazy-sounding voice. The *boma* grew fast, looking astonishingly natural; the thorns were hard to handle and the blacks grinned and guffawed at one another's mistakes.

"Cheeriest beggars in the world," said Michael. He gazed out across the plain and added musingly, "The last dwelling place of laughter."

It had a slightly lyric ring and Claire Winston said, "Still writing poems?" Abruptly her face stiffened to absolute expressionlessness, her dropped lashes unstirring on her cheeks.

Michael looked oddly at her.

"A thatched roof is no shelter for your head,
Matting would scarcely serve your slender feet;
For Africa your beauty was not bred,
I know too well—but Oh, my Very Sweet—"

She had been married when he wrote that, and he did not know it. The poem must have reached her sometime on her honeymoon. He had never put rhyming words together, after that. . . .

Tommy began, "Why Michael never—" then stopped.

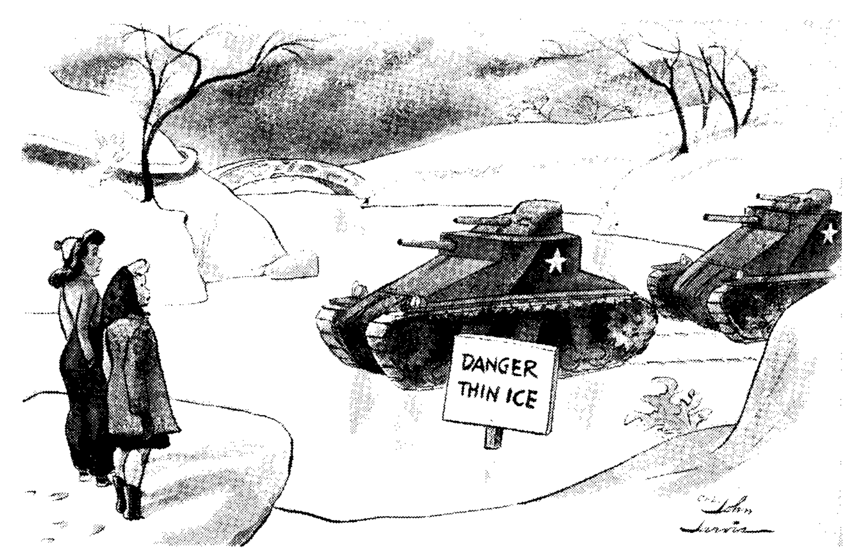
Michael said, serenely, "Oh, I became inspired on this trip. Lake Bunyoni started me off. . . . Mrs. Winston quite liked a little thing I did there."

He smiled, impudently, at Mrs. Winston, who, very slowly, began to smile back. She murmured, "Some of your later efforts were better, though."

"Think so?" said Michael interestedly. "With encouragement, you know, I could surpass myself."

She made no answer to that, except a subtle deepening of her smile. There was an awkward silence. Then Tommy said, with forced enthusiasm, "Why, Michael, that's splendid. There's been almost no poetry about Africa, has there? You might write a book of poems." Her eyes turned to McNare, who had contributed no comment on this discovery of talent, and found his look quite as aloof as she had feared.

Bob was digesting his unpleasant conviction that Michael had been writing poems to Mrs. Winston—just the presumptuous, troubadour sort of thing that Michael would do. Lake Bunyoni. He recalled that Michael had been insistent about having Mrs. Winston in his car at the approach to Lake Bunyoni. Perhaps he already had a poem in mind. Blue of the lake—blue of her eyes. You say a lot in a poem you could not say in a conversation. Michael must have been scribbling things ever since and handing them secretly to her. . . .



"Well, that settles it! I'm going home and get my skates!"

COLLIER'S CPL. JOHN JARVIS

A good deal seemed to have been happening behind Bob's back. There had been too many conversations broken off at his approach, too much sudden laughter for which there seemed no reason. All the pleasantness which Bob had been experiencing was gone. The unease of the morning returned to him, and a new, indefinable distrust.

HE STARED fixedly off at some antelope, grazing on a distant rise, and remarked, "I think I'll go get one of those cob. For a bait for tonight."

"Too soon," said Michael. "Get it last thing in the afternoon and have the blacks drag it in. You want a fresh blood trail."

Michael knew so damned much! But he was probably right, this time, Bob's judgment concurred, and he relinquished his sudden impulse to get away by himself.

"And have it well staked down," Michael added: and Claire asked, "Why stake it?"

Michael told her, "Lions have a way of walking off with things. You'd feel damned silly sitting there all night without a bait."

There it was again, that too-familiar tone! Michael had no business telling Mrs. Winston she'd look "damned silly."

Mrs. Winston was saying, "I would shoot before the lion got away with it!"

"You might not see. Cloud over the moon and all that. You can't always count," said Michael, in a very innocent voice, "on having as bright moonlight as we had for our hippo."

"And you can't always count on it, either," said Mrs. Winston with a vicious inflection.

"I don't always want it."

Claire Winston laughed, as if in spite of herself. Then she glanced toward Bob McNare. "He's incorrigible, isn't he, Sir Robert?" she said in a gay voice.

"I?" Michael looked at her in black-eyed amazement. "I'm a blameless husband, my dear lady. It's Sir Robert who's the devil-take-it incorrigible."

TOMMY felt her cheeks burning. Michael was in one of his moods when it amused him to toss out verbal bombs, and she had a terror, not new to her, of what he might say next.

"It's hot," she said. "Let's start back."

Bob jumped to his feet, holding out a hand to her. "Come along then." Her fingers clung a moment to his hand; in her eyes was an anguished and mortified entreaty to disregard Michael's mockery.

There was familiar kindness in his answering glance and she felt better. They left the natives to carry on with the *boma* making and started back to camp.

It was hot. The sky was a burning brightness from which the sun had drained the blue, and the air above the plains was dancing with the heat. No one had much to say.

Michael was thinking, "Suppose I said to Bob, 'She let the cat out of the bag then!' and told him all about us—would that put him off? No. He wouldn't turn against her for having thrown me over sixteen years ago. Nor for keeping quiet about it now—she'd find some pretty explanation, consideration for my feelings and all that. No, there's nothing to be gained by that. That wouldn't show her up. . . . But wouldn't he burn up if he knew what she meant by her, 'Some of your later efforts were better, though!' Gad, she's a sly-tongued minx! 'My later efforts.' . . ."

Bob was thinking, "What did Michael mean—? 'The blameless husband!' That seemed to say, 'I shut my eyes to you and Tommy—now, hands off!' But he knows there was nothing wrong—only what we felt. He said it to make me uncomfortable because he was uncomfortable at having his poetry brought out in the open. . . . What sort of poems were they, anyway? She must have liked them or she wouldn't have let him go on. . . . Why did I bring him—? Oh, to hell with him! He spoils everything. Good thing he won't be along tonight."

At tiffin, everyone was rather elaborately polite. Then Mrs. Winston went off for a siesta, to fortify herself, she said, and Michael went to his tent. Tommy had things to do. You couldn't trust the boys to have the water boiling when they filled the canteens; you couldn't trust them not to add unboiled water, if the boiled supply was not enough. You had to stand over them and watch.

She saw to that; she saw that the big, felt-covered canteens were filled, then dipped in water so the evaporation would cool the contents; she gave out soap to the wash boy and charcoal to fill his hollow iron, so clothes could be washed and pressed; she checked over supplies, she bought chickens from a native who drifted into camp from Heaven knows what distance with a pair of wretched fowls dangling, feet foremost, from a stick, she bandaged the cuts and sores the porters were always presenting for the white man's *dawa*.

As she went to and fro she smiled at Bob, who was cleaning and oiling the rifles before his tent. He smiled back at her, and an illusion of happiness and companionship buoyed her. Michael, coming out of his tent, caught the look in her gray eyes, and his own narrowed in sudden calculation.

He strolled over to McNare. "Hadn't you better be after that buck? May not be as easy to find as you think."

"Plenty of time." Bob squinted at the sun. "Want to make sure these are all right."

MICHAEL glanced at the sun, then at his wrist watch, then at Mrs. Winston's tent. He lit a cigarette, walked away, then came back.

"I'll finish these if you want to go."

McNare looked rather hard at him. Michael had changed to a fresh white shirt, of fine Chinese silk, open at the throat, planter style; it was a style that flattered his dark, piratical good looks.

"Thanks," said Bob shortly. "I'm about done."

In a few minutes he put down Mrs. Winston's rifle, picked up his own and shouted for a couple of porters. Michael was near him again. He said casually, "You don't need to come back, you know. The chairs and things are all sent out. I'll start the girls along to meet you there at sundown."

"I'm coming back," said Bob, stowing cartridges in his pockets.

"Most unnecessary. Miles more walking. Save time if you all meet out there."

"I don't want it that way. I'll be back for them."

Michael shrugged. He looked at the sun. He said, "It's about two miles out—" He was not arguing, now; he seemed to be estimating the distance.

Bob looked sharply at him, his brown eyes suspicious, then strode off, the two blacks at his heels. Michael, looking very pleased with himself, strolled over to Tommy who was sorting half-depleted chop boxes. "Stop your housekeeping, Tommy, and go get some shut-eye. You have to stay awake tonight."

When Bob got back to camp, hours later, hot with haste and exertion, Michael and Mrs. Winston were finishing what appeared to have been a very leisurely tea off under a little thorn tree. Tommy Garrick was nowhere to be seen. Michael explained negligently that she was napping.

It seemed to Bob that Mrs. Winston would have been much better off to be napping, too; tea was unnecessary when dinner was to be so early. In fact dinner was ready then; the boy was already calling, *"Chakula tayari!"*

Tommy came out from the back of her tent, buttoning her khaki jacket; its pockets were bulging with cartridges, jackknife, electric torch, matches and cigarettes. The four ate a hurried dinner, for the sun was sinking fast. "We rather took the edge off our appetites," said Michael smilingly, as Mrs. Winston declined the yams.

The hunters started off with their attendant porters, Claire Winston in the carrying chair. "We'll change off," she said to Tommy, but Tommy shook her head, declaring she preferred to walk. You couldn't talk much, going single file at a fast gait, a guide ahead, a porter behind, but it was like old times, trudging after Bob, and there was happiness in it for her, even with the reflection that it might be one of the last times.

Darkness was on them when they reached the *boma*—the swift, sudden dark of Africa when the sun goes down. It would be black as the bottom of a well until the stars came out. The native who had been left to guard the buck crawled out of the thorn shelter to hurry off with his returning mates, and the three whites crept into it, Bob blocking the entrance with brush.

They settled themselves with cautious flicks of their torches, with little smothered laughs at the cramped quarters, Claire Winston in the middle to have the widest field of vision. A small peephole in the thorn had been made before each chair, and the hunters put their rifles through the holes, letting the barrels protrude as little as possible, sighted them on the dead buck with the help of the electric torches, then settled back in the darkness, waiting and listening.

THE night was vibrant with the thin, high shrilling of insects that starts up the instant the sun is down, a shrilling so incessant in the African night, so accepted, that their ears paid it no heed; they heard the call of a bellbird, clear, melodious, precise as a mechanical toy, they heard the snarls of two small creatures in a bush, they heard the far-off chatter of angry baboons, roused at some alarm. They heard a lion grunting, far out on the plains. It was a wilder sound, heard in the open, than when heard in camp.

They sat, tense and alert, peering into darkness, but the grunts came from farther and farther away and then ceased altogether. There was a silence in which nothing happened at all. The stars were out now, unbelievably bright, throwing a pallor on the plain in which the dead antelope before them and the occasional shrubs and thickets were revealed as blurs of darkness.

Minutes went by, minutes that added slowly to an hour, to two hours. Mrs. Winston sat watchful and alert. She was a good sport, Tommy owned; she had not behaved at all as Tommy had hoped. Yet Tommy had no faith in her.

She had very complicated feelings about Claire Winston. She was achingly jealous, but she was not resentful that Mrs. Winston was preferred—she felt humble before Claire's beauty, a candle to a rush light. The resentment in Tommy Garrick was that Claire had no appreciation of the man she was appropriating.

Bob was not showy like Michael; there were no glittering facets to Bob, but he had an endearing charm all his own, and he had strength and kindness and sincerity. It enraged Tommy to have Mrs. Winston so insensitive to his worth, yet she was forlornly glad that Claire was not warm and sincere, for then it would have been too meanly selfish to hope against the match. Now she could say stoutly to herself that Claire was not good enough.

So she thought, sitting there in the night, trying to fight off the sleep that would not come last night but that now made her head heavy.

The moon came out; the light was not as brilliant as the night before, for a thin haze of cloud gave a diffused and misty aspect to the whiteness of the plain, but it was moonlight, making the world visible, and the lion sounds started up again. There was quite a chorus of them now, off to the right and others out ahead, hoarse, menacing vibrations telling of hungry lions going implacably about their business, the age-old, nightly business of their food getting.

"Ugh, ugh, ugh—ugh, ugh, ugh!"

That was out ahead, ahead and to the left. It sounded nearer than it had before.

It came again, growlingly louder. "He's coming closer," Bob breathed, and the three exchanged excited glances. They could see each other now, for the moon was almost overhead. Noiselessly they leaned forward to their peepholes.

NOT WANTED for the Duration

0013

ADDITIONAL PHONE BOOTHS IN THE REAR
PROSPECTUS

SHARPER

Ex-supersalesman of shoddy nonessentials who is still clawing around in the Lost World of sucker lists and quick dough

"Ugh, ugh, ugh—ugh, ugh, ugh!"

The lion was coming in, along the blood scent apparently.

"Got your safety off?" Bob articulated.

Claire nodded, crouching forward to peer along the barrel.

"Watch your sights. . . . Go for the brain or else the heart."

She nodded again. Then he applied himself to his own peephole. He had wanted to fire after Claire, to second her shot, to make sure of the lion, but she had said she did not want that—she wanted the lion to be actually her own.

They waited, tense with excitement. Then the sounds stopped. Minutes went by. They listened, keyed up for a time, but ultimately the tension relaxed and expectation ebbed.

"He got our scent," Bob whispered. He said, hearteningly, "But he may come on, though."

They listened; there was no more sound from the lion. Apparently he had decided that the buck smell plus the scent of humans was not worth the risk and that an antelope or a wart hog would be a better idea. The other distant sounds of lion, to the right, grew farther away and infrequent and died out.

Claire leaned back disappointedly, and Tommy closed her eyes. Bob stayed resolutely at his watch hole, staring fixedly at a dim, empty world of shifting light and dark.

Then slowly, soundlessly a shadow moved in from the left. Bob nudged Claire and she leaned forward, looking out, and Tommy roused at the faint stir and looked out, too. The shadow was vast, formless, unstirring, then another silent movement brought it against a patch of moonlit plain and it became the silhouette of a lion, a gigantic-looking silhouette, like something cut from monumental cardboard, a dark projection of a great head and mane and swell of shoulder. It looked larger than any lion could possibly be.

Claire fired. Her rifle shot rang out, shattering the stillness, reverberating like thunder across the plain. The lion roared and vanished. They heard a hard, galloping sound, like the galloping of a horse.

For a moment no one said anything, then Claire breathed, "Gone!" in furious chagrin.

"I should have fired," said Bob under his breath. "You should have let me fire."

"No! If I can't hit a lion myself—"

"You'll get the next," he encouraged.

That wasn't quite fair, Tommy thought. Claire had had her chance. You took your turn, in a shoot. After all, she and Michael were paying their share. . . . But this was a different sort of shoot; this was especially to have Mrs. Winston get a lion, Tommy reminded herself.

She heard the whispering beside her going on.

"What did you shoot for?"

"The brain. You said the brain."

"Take the heart, next time. The brain is a tricky shot—all that meat and muscle. I shouldn't have advised it."

"No, it's not your fault, Robert."

"He may be hit at that. He may lie up and we'll find him tomorrow."

"How can you find him?"

"Vultures. They sit and wait."

"How gruesome! . . . Do you really think he's hit?"

"No, I don't," said Bob honestly. "He went off too fast."

Claire sighed.

"You'll do it next time," said Bob.

The warm sympathy in his voice was bitter hearing for Tommy. They seemed to have forgotten her, but she thought she ought to say something, so she murmured, "There's bound to be another. It's early yet."

THEY waited, silent again, motionless at their watch holes. The hours seemed endless. Once a lion called, far out on the plain, but only once. They heard a hyena's laugh, appalling as the laugh of an idiot, and when the moon went under a cloud they heard noises near the buck, and Bob flashed his torch and a hyena scudded off. Nothing else happened. Nothing but sitting and staring into shadows and moving cramped muscles as soundlessly as possible.

Tommy's head slid back against her chair and she slept. It was light when she opened her eyes, and she saw that Claire had slept, too, leaving Bob at the watch. Claire was just rousing, yawning sleepily. Bob looked across at them and grinned, a smudge of darkness on his unshaven face.

"There's the porters," he said, grimly ironical. "Michael heard that shot all right."

Half a dozen natives were squatting patiently outside the *boma,* shivering in the morning air, their arms folded across their chests, hugging themselves for warmth.

Bob dragged the brush away and the three crept out, glad to stand up, to move their cramped bodies. "I feel extremely disheveled," said Mrs. Winston, languidly, pulling out her compact, and reddening her lips. Even being disheveled was becoming to that hair of hers, Tommy thought critically, though she thought, too, that Mrs. Winston looked a bit heavy-eyed.

Tommy hurried to make tea, and Bob told off a couple of porters to stay to guard the buck from jackals and hyenas. "It will do for tonight," he told them. He grinned. "It will speak with authority, but so much the better."

"Tonight!" said Mrs. Winston.

After a moment she smiled ruefully at Bob. "If I hadn't been such a poor shot, you wouldn't have to come back to do this all over again."

"Oh, yes we would," said Bob. "Tommy has to get her lion."

"How stupid of me!" Claire gave Tommy a charmingly apologetic glance. "I'm terribly forgetful."

"Of other people," thought Tommy grimly, pouring out the tea.

THEY drank their tea, munched biscuits, lighted cigarettes and started back, Bob scanning the horizon hopefully. The sun was up, sending a lovely level light across the plain, bringing out color everywhere—the blue-green of the dew-drenched grass, the pale pink of a tiny plains' flower, the gold on a heron's crest as it sprang into flight.

The path wound through a shallow depression, studded with thickets. Ahead of them three topis dashed off, strung out like race horses, their clumsy-looking bodies stretched in panic, their beautiful maroon-bright skins glinting like watered silk in the sun.

They were looking after the topis when they heard a snarl and stopped dead in their tracks. Bob was carrying his gun; he raised it and Tommy and Claire reached swiftly for theirs from their following porters. The snarl came again; it came from a thicket a little ahead, the thicket from which the topis had just sheered away. One of the natives pointed excitedly, calling, "Simba!"

"Your lion!" said Bob, his voice taut. "Keep close to me. . . . He may be wounded."

Step by step they moved forward, the three of them, their guns leveled. The natives had promptly vanished from sight. The snarling sounded again, menacing, peremptory. Then came a succession of snarls, like a crackling of furious firecrackers, Tommy had just time to think, when the lion tore out, straight at them.

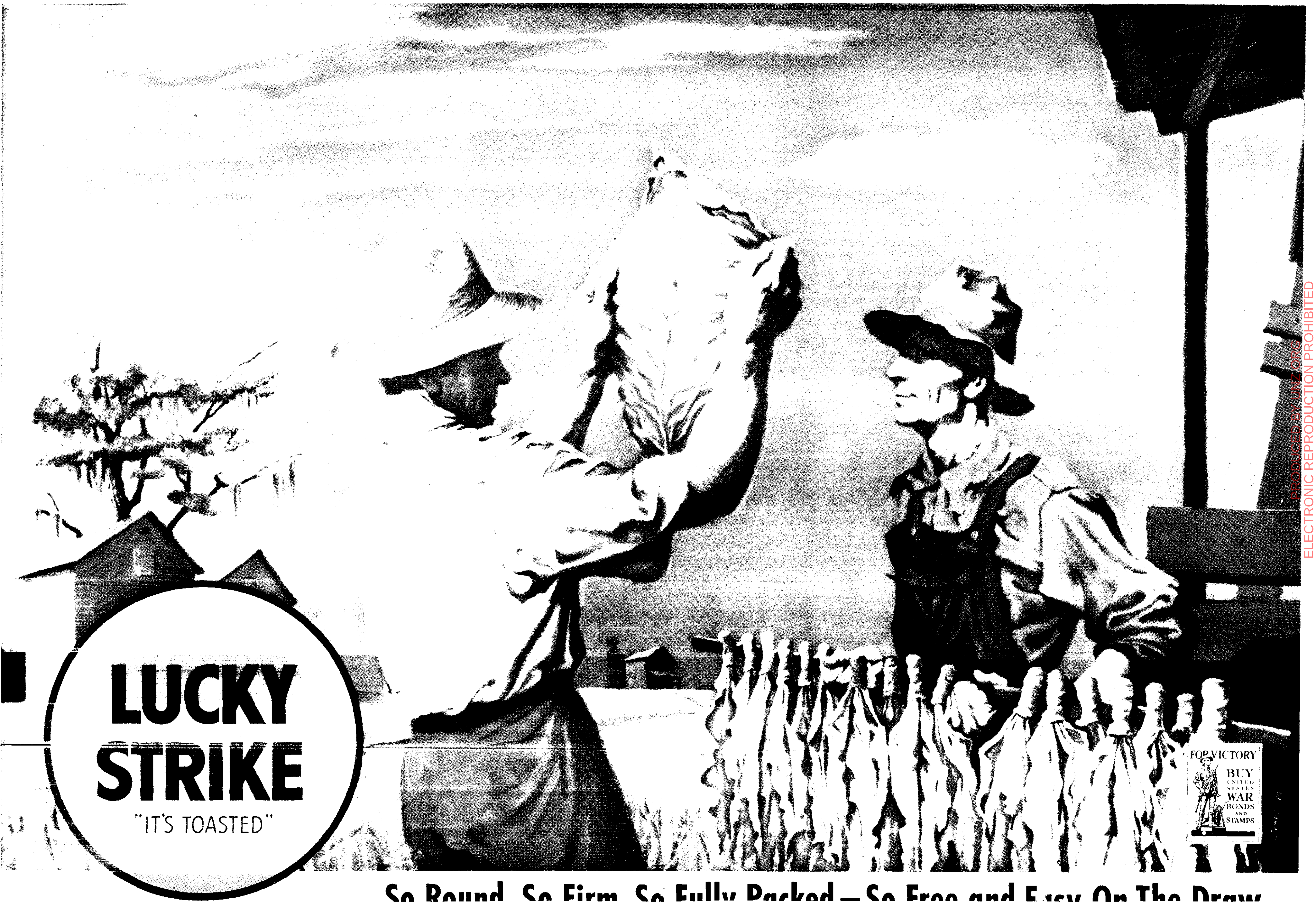
For a split second he was a streak of lion, close to the ground; Tommy saw that streak, then she saw a lion in the air, a vast, oncoming circumference of mane, and all the time she heard the fearful, bloodcurdling sounds a lion makes when charging for the kill, and it was all she could do not to fire, not to press the trigger her finger was curling about, to remember that this was Claire's lion, that Claire had the first shot, that Bob was there to bring him down if Claire missed.

Claire fired. Bob fired almost instantaneously. The lion seemed to rear, to throw himself backward. Then he was on the ground, roaring horribly. The roaring stopped. He lay motionless.

(To be continued next week)

LUCKY STRIKE MEANS FINE TOBACCO!

"Scouting the crop before auctions open." Painted from life on a Southern farm by Georges Schreiber


LUCKY
STRIKE
"IT'S TOASTED"
FOR VICTORY
BUY
UNITED
STATES
WAR
BONDS
AND
STAMPS

So Round, So Firm, So Fully Packed — So Free and Easy On The Draw

Not So Dumb

Continued from page 30

"Awright! Awright!" answered Domingo impatiently.

He wheeled the old man into the office and turned the dial for him. Then he went back to the kitchen.

"Aspen Maid Butter," said the mellifluous voice, "pure as our mountain streams, golden as our sunsets." John Erth raised his head and looked over his shoulder. A shadow had fallen across the floor. On noiseless feet young Hans Haffner had entered the room and was standing by the door. He was smiling. "Meester Ert," he said. "I haf something I would like to consuld with you about. May I come in?"

Looks like he had trouble on his mind, thought John Erth. He turned off the radio.

"Sure," he said. "Come in. Sit down. I thought you was out with Eddie Hickok. . . . Only make more noise, *will* you? I don't like fellers coming into a room that way."

Hans shut the door softly behind him and crossed the room with his noiseless catlike tread and sat down opposite John Erth. His blue eyes were curiously brilliant and smiling. "So-o!" he said comfortably, and reaching into the hind pocket of his overalls, pulled out a small automatic and pointed it at the pit of John Erth's stomach.

"Now ve can talk. . . . No—don't call. If Domingo comes in, I shoot him. Meester Ert', I go avay from here—just now, these minute. You vill gif me the money you haf in this safe." He jerked his head sideways.

A RIPPLE of light passed across John Erth's eyes and was gone, leaving his eyes gray and expressionless.

In the silence a bluebottle fly buzzed angrily against one of the closed windows.

"Well," said John Erth genially, "so you're a stick-up man, are you? That's interesting. But you ain't very smart, Hans. All you had to do was to come and ask for your time and I'd have opened that safe. How'd you know I had money in it?"

Hans' smile was deprecating. He shrugged his shoulders.

"I vas in the dining room vhen your sohn vas talking. You are all very simpul, you pee-pul. You Americans talk too much."

"I guess we do," sighed John Erth, "but we ain't used to hiring gunmen and bandits. It's unusual." The corners of his mouth lifted slightly under his heavy mustache. "What you want the money for? I could lend it to you and that might keep you out of the pen."

The ice-blue eyes boring into his were thoughtful for a moment, and then Hans got abruptly to his feet, the automatic still pointing at the pit of John Erth's stomach, and drew himself together, and clicked his heels and bowed. He was dressed in his work pants and heavy shoes and a plaid shirt, open at the neck, and at that moment he no longer looked like a blond young ranch hand, but like a hawk against the sun.

"John Ert'," he said, "you stoopid old man . . . you conceited, stoopid old man, you leetle king in your poor leetle kingdom, you haf the honor to be addressing Oberleutnant Hans von Broeckner of the German Luftwaffe, captured a year ago ofer London, until two months ago a preesoner in Canada. Now I go back where I come from and return to bomb your beeg and foolish country."

He stood straight and menacing, his blue eyes as dark as the inner recesses of an ice cavern, and then he laughed dismissingly, and relaxed, and sat down again.

"I vaste my time," he said. "Open the safe."

"Well—!" John Erth said in the same genial, surprised voice.

When he spoke again it was in a fatherly fashion.

"Why are you telling me all this, Hans?" he asked. "It ain't bright. I'll open the safe and give you the money because I can't do nothing else—you got the drop on me—but they'll catch you sure as I'm sitting here. And now it's even worse than a stick-up. You won't go a hundred miles. What are you telling me for? It ain't healthy, no, sir, not nowadays, not from the Atlantic to the Pacific, to be what you say you are. Why are you telling me?"

Hans smiled faintly and shrugged his shoulders.

"Vhy am I telling you?" His eyes were for a moment withdrawn and thoughtful. "Because for two months now I haf no von to talk to and I get lonesome. Now I can talk and no von vill efer know. Besides—" He threw back his head. "I pay you back, John Ert'. For three veeks now I sid at supper and hear you insuld my pee-pul and my Fuehrer, and I take it. Now *I* tell you."

"You salesmen have *got* to bring in more orders. Our quiz program is giving away more money than we take in"

COLLIER'S KIRK STILES

"NO ONE will know?" inquired John Erth, mildly.

Hans shook his head.

"No von. Look!" He held up his left hand, the long, delicate-boned thumb bent. "See? I take both thumbs so and press them under your jaws—you are dead. No sound, no struggle, no mark. They find you: it is nadural, you are an old man. By then, I am four—five hundred miles avay. I haf Eddie Hickok's car. You are so careless, you pee-pul. He leafs his keys in. And the other cars . . . they are oudt of commission, even the trucks. I see to that. I haf cut the telephone, too. Someone valks or rides a horse twenty miles to gif the alarm. Not so far avay I haf friends, but vhere do I go—nordt, south, east, vest?"

John Erth's voice was admiring:

"Well, you ain't so dumb after all, are you? And you talk pretty good English, too. How'd that come about?"

"I lived in this country four years," said Hans. "I vas a boy. I vent to school. My fader vas a banker."

"That's what gets me," said John Erth reflectively. His eyes staring at Hans were puzzled. "It sure does. If you'd never known better, it'd be clearer. But you had your chance and missed it. We've got our faults, sure we have, lot's of 'em, but look at us, Hans, look at us. Lord Almighty, we're free men, we're going somewhere, and if we're not too much interfered with, it'll be somewhere a whole lot better than we are now, but what you fellows want is to make slaves of yourselves and everyone else."

He shook his heavy, maned head. "I don't understand it," he said regretfully, "especially with someone like you who's had his chance. It looks to me plain dumb. Yessir, plain dumb." His voice changed and became matter of fact: "I'm going to open the safe and then you're going to kill me. Is that the idea? If you're going to kill me anyway, why should I open the safe?"

Hans shrugged his shoulders.

"It makes no difference. Suidt yourself. In the pocket of your shirt is a paper with the numbers. I get it anyway. But I can hurt you bad or not before I ged it."

"All right," said John Erth abruptly. And as if he were tired, "You win. I know when I'm licked. And you're right—I'm an old man and a crippled one. It don't make much difference. You couldn't have done this to me ten years ago, Hans."

"No?"

John Erth had shrunk into himself. His eyes were half closed as if he had reached the limit of his endurance. His head, with its mane of white hair, had fallen against the back of his chair.

"An old man and a weak one," he repeated. "What time is it?"

Hans consulted his wrist watch.

"Egxactly thirteen minutes past four."

"Mind if I'd turn on the radio. It'd be more cheerful. I always did like music."

"No, it vould be better—more noise."

John Erth, leaning back in his chair, his eyes still half closed, reached out feebly. His huge gnarled hand was trembling visibly.

"There!" he said weakly.

The mellifluous voice poured into the room.

"In these times of stress," it said, "why not both eat well and save? Aspen Maid Butter, pure as our intermountain streams, golden as our sunsets. And now, in the absence of Bart MacDonald, your regular announcer, I'll introduce Sonny Masters and his orchestra myself. It is exactly a quarter past four, war time. The first number on this daily program is that deservedly popular piece, Swing, Girls, Swing." Without any introduction, a screeching, roaring, breathless tune ripped apart the comparative silence.

"Awful, ain't it?" murmured John Erth. He reached blindly into the pocket of his shirt and brought out the slip of paper with the combination of the safe on it. His hand dropped to his lap. "Here," he said, "come and get it. I feel too bad to open that safe myself. But you'd better think over that killing me. If I give you my word, I won't tell. I'll say you were mad and drew your pay—that is, until you get a head start."

"Phut!" said Hans contemptuously.

HE STOOD up, the automatic still pointed, and crossed the room gingerly, and standing off as far as he could, reached down swiftly to pluck the paper from John Erth's hand. For an instant his head was on the level of John Erth's shoulder. "You damn' fool!" said John Erth, and with his huge gnarled hand caught the back of Hans' neck and pressed him toward the floor. With the other hand holding the paper, he had struck upward and out, throwing Hans' right arm up until the muscles cracked. Hans gave an exclamation of pain and the automatic flew across the room and exploded. John Erth caught the injured arm by the wrist as it fell and held on with a grip of steel. With his other hand he continued to press downward.

"Kneel," he said grimly. "Kneel. I don't like you. Get down on your knees. You got bones like a girl. And the next time you're a-going to kill a man, don't talk about it, don't savor it, do it. No—don't bite! I'll break your neck. Who did you think you was with, anyway?"

The door opened and Domingo stood regarding John Erth with wide, rebuking eyes.

"What you shootin' for?"

"Fun," said John Erth. "Here—don't stand there aping. Get a rope and hogtie this fellow. You're always talking about your jujitsu and the knots you tie. Why didn't you come when that music begun? You know that's my signal. I hate that there jazz. I could've called when I had him, I suppose, but I kinda like fooling them fellers—they think they're smart."

Three more figures stood in the doorway: John Erth, Jr., and two well-built young men in civilian clothes.

"I thought you was heading south," said John Erth. He was holding Hans while Domingo, having taken the ancient lariat from the wall, was methodically and expertly tying him up.

"I met these gentlemen on the highway," said John Erth, Jr. "They're federal agents. They had Hans located. He's a bad actor. I was scared to death."

"About me?" asked his father contemptuously. He looked down at Hans' bowed head and then up.

"You hired him," he said.

THE END

Five Who Vanished

Continued from page 31

tweeds. He had dark brown eyes and unusually wide shoulders and curling black hair. He bent down and kissed Miss Topping on the curve of her cheek.

"I was beginning to think you'd missed the ship," he said without humor. He was, Jason supposed, Lorrin Grazzard. He was undeniably handsome, in a heavy sort of way. He looked as if he were big-boned and slow and powerful. It seemed to Jason, who acknowledged that he was prejudiced, that the man radiated arrogance.

Miss Topping glanced at Jason and said, "Do you know each other? Jason Amboy—Lorrin Grazzard."

Jason reached out to shake Lorrin Grazzard's hand. Miss Topping's fiancé gave him a lazy, speculative stare, and Jason sensed in this man deep, slow fires. They shook hands briefly.

"I think Mr. Amboy's the man who makes the airplane engines," the girl said.

Lorrin Grazzard said heavily, "Oh, yes. I just heard you sold your engine to the British."

"There's nothing to that rumor," Jason said.

"Well, I don't know anything about your engine. Is it a radial?"

"No. An in-line."

"Well, I prefer the radial myself," Lorrin Grazzard said. "I have a Wasp in one of my ships and a Whirlwind in the other."

JASON could not decide whether this tactlessness was deliberate or not. His neck was growing warm.

"Oh, yes," he said, "those built-in head-wind jobs."

"Some people," Lorrin Grazzard said heavily, "seem to prefer them. I used to do a great deal of over-water flying before the war and I like an engine that's had the bugs worked out of it."

"There seems to be a slight difference of opinion," Miss Topping said. "Well, maybe it will all be settled by the time the war is over."

"It's settled now," said her fiancé. "Aren't you from the islands, Amboy? It seems to me I've heard you were."

"Yes, Grazzard. I used to live on Kauai a great many years ago."

"About twenty," Miss Topping said. "That makes you thirty, and you're about thirty. Tall, thirty and terribly efficient."

Lorrin Grazzard's dark eyes were fixed on Jason's.

"You two are related, you know," Miss Topping said.

"Really?" said Grazzard.

"Yes, really," she said. "Third cousins."

"There's a great deal of that in the islands among the old families," Jason said.

"I've heard it's a bad thing," Miss Topping said.

"Luana!" Grazzard said sharply.

She looked up at him with innocent green eyes. "What, Lorrin?"

"Stop trying to be so funny."

She took his arm. "Come and help me find your mother, Lorrin."

"Well, what are we waiting for?" he said.

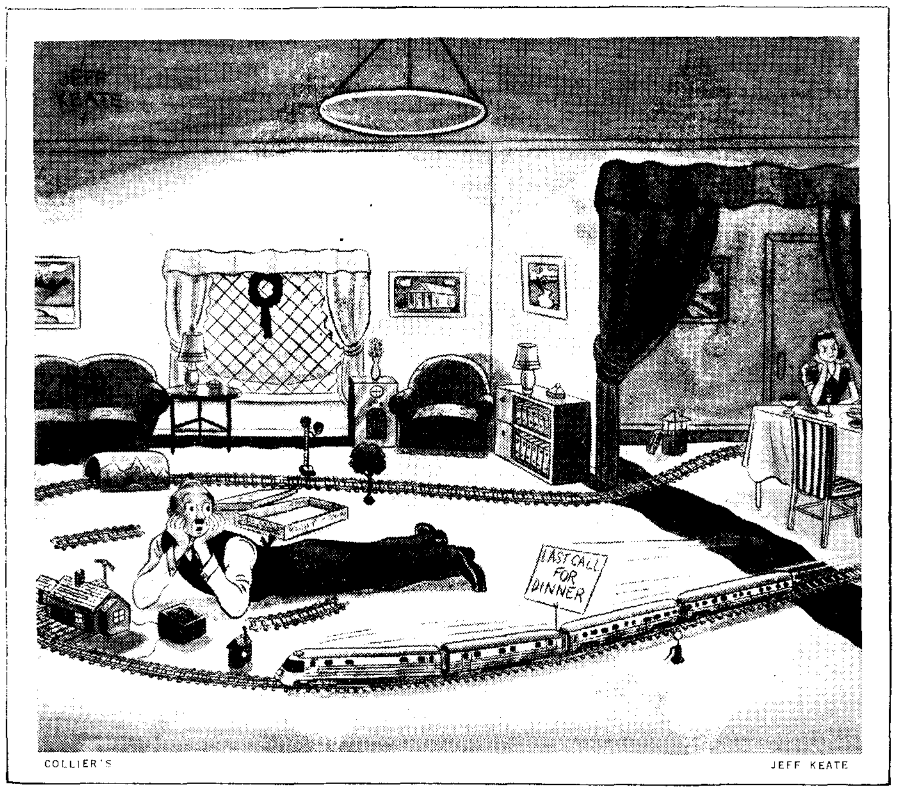
Jason wondered if Lorrin Grazzard was chronically disagreeable, or whether he was peevish at the moment at having found his fiancée talking with another man. He was inclined to suspect it was both. There seemed to be a tension, perhaps the result of an unresolved quarrel, between the two, and Jason had the curious impression that, although Luana Topping was in love with this darkly handsome young man, she either disliked him at the moment or was rebellious about something.

"You really must have her meet Mr. Amboy," she said. "And I'm sure Mr. Amboy would enjoy meeting her. They would get along like doves."

"Stop it, Luana." Lorrin Grazzard's face was red. He appeared to be losing his temper.

"By the way," she said. "I had to borrow a dollar and a half from Mr. Amboy to pay for my taxi. Will you pay him?"

"With pleasure." Grazzard took some change out of his pocket and held out three half dollars to Jason.



COLLIER'S JEFF KEATE

"Thank you so much, Mr. Amboy," the girl said. She was smiling at Jason and her green eyes were large and dark and bottomless. "Goodby," she said with finality.

"I'm apt to recall at any moment," he said, "where it was we met."

"Don't hesitate to give me a ring, will you?" she said, and laughed softly, as if they shared a joke.

JASON wondered if they did. He had been aware of strange undercurrents in that conversation. She and this dark, heavy-handed man to whom she was engaged either had had a bitter quarrel recently or were about to have one. It had almost come to that. And the crux of it all had seemed to be Lorrin Grazzard's mother. Jason recalled very little about Mrs. Hiram Grazzard except that she was a domineering woman, as all the Grazzard women had been since the first of them. Faith Grazzard, the wife of the dying Captain Ebenezer Grazzard of the brig Sweet Hope, had stepped ashore on the little out island of Kahuna, in her stout Massachusetts boots, some hundred and twenty years ago.

The Tasmania was passing under the Golden Gate Bridge. Navy planes were flying near by. Ahead, two small black trawlers, mine sweepers, were trolling a net.

Jason went below to his stateroom. The door was locked. He had, he was sure, left it unlocked, and he supposed that his room steward had locked it. He unlocked and opened the door.

Only one dim light was burning. It was shaded with green silk and it filled the room with a curious sickly glow.

The shadowed figure of a man seated on one of the beds lengthened as the man sprang up.

"I beg your pardon," Jason said, and laughed. "I seem to have fallen into the habit of opening wrong doors." He started to close the door, then glanced at the number. It was 327. It was his stateroom.

"This is your cabin," the stranger said, "if you're Jason Amboy. Are you?"

"Yes," Jason said warily.

"Will you please close the door, Mr. Amboy?"

Jason flipped the toggle of the wall switch near him, and a strong light in the ceiling glowed. He had been thinking of his brother, and the tall lean man standing between the beds reminded him of Wayne. He had a narrow dark mustache and that, with his height and leanness and the slope of his shoulders, created this illusion that was instantly gone. He had light blue eyes and sandy hair that was now disordered. There was a smudge of soot or black grease high on his left cheekbone. And he was pale and he looked frightened.

"Why?" Jason said.

"I must not be found here, Mr. Amboy. Will you please lock that door? I'm very anxious to explain."

Jason closed the door and put his back against it. The man was staring at him. He was trembling.

"I assure you, this was necessary, Mr. Amboy. I've got to throw myself on your mercy. There are two men on this ship who will kill me if they find me."

He stopped and stared rather wildly at Jason and Jason stared steadily at him.

"I was up on the boat deck when I saw the pair of them come aboard. They've followed me from Los Angeles and I thought I'd shaken them. After we'd sailed, I slipped down and saw them on deck. So I came down here and hid."

"Why here?"

"I saw you come aboard. I knew something about you. So I decided to take the chance and hide in here. I knew your room number and—"

"How?" Jason stopped him.

"I got it from the man who brought your luggage aboard. As you've probably guessed, Mr. Amboy, I'm a stowaway and—"

"How did you get on this ship?"

"I carried luggage aboard. I just stayed."

The man's voice was rough and jerky with nervousness.

"Who," Jason said, "are these fellows who are after you?"

"They're wearing shabby clothes. They must have got on as defense workers—at the last minute."

"But," Jason protested, "you can't get away with this. You'll have to explain yourself to someone."

The stowaway was stubbornly shaking his head. "No, Mr. Amboy. Now that we're under way, no one will question me. From now on, I'm just another defense worker."

The quick way the muscles about his eyes contracted and the expression about his mouth when he talked rapidly reminded Jason more and more of Wayne.

"I see," said Jason. "So you just came down here and walked in."

"Yes, Mr. Amboy. I had to hide in a hurry. I knew something about you and I hoped you wouldn't mind helping out a man in a very bad jam."

"Who are you?" Jason said.

"I'm Arthur N. Garson, Mr. Amboy. Perhaps you've heard about me. Until this recent election, I've been the assistant district attorney of Los Angeles."

ARTHUR N. GARSON was something of a comic figure in southern California politics; something of a modern Don Quixote who used newspaper headlines as lances with which to tilt at the southern California gambling ring.

"So you're Garsie," Jason said.

The man managed a feeble grin. "That's right, Mr. Amboy—I'm Garsie. As you know, my crowd was defeated in the last election. And as you may also have read, the gang of hoodlums I was fighting got into my office on election night, beat up a watchman and got away with all the records I've been collecting on them and other crooks ever since I've been in office."

Jason nodded.

"I've got enough on that gang—five of them—to hang them," Arthur Garson went on. "In my head. And no one else has it but me. You see?"

"I'm beginning to see," Jason said. "So now you're on a spot."

"I'm on a very hot spot, Mr. Amboy. Two attempts were made on my life before I left Los Angeles."

Jason said, "Well, what do you expect me to do about it, Mr. Garson? You certainly aren't planning to hide in this stateroom all the way to Honolulu."

"Why not?" the stowaway said.

"Because you couldn't get away with it," Jason replied.

"I could if you'd be willing to co-operate, Mr. Amboy. All I want is to hole up until we reach Honolulu."

Jason gazed at him steadily. "Are you dead sure—Mr. Garson?"

The man who reminded f his
brother met his eyes with
ness. "Yes, Mr. Amboy. D
Jason was still undeci
sorry for this man, and h
by his resemblance to

knew that the man was lying. He had once met Arthur N. Garson—"Garsie"—and the stowaway was not Arthur N. Garson. Jason was tempted to let him stay, at least for a while, at least until he found out why the stowaway had selected this stateroom as a hiding place.

Jason shrugged. "Well, all right," he said. "If you can fix it with the room steward, it's all right with me."

Arthur Garson took a deep breath. His face became red. He grinned with relief. "Thank you, Mr. Amboy. You can't realize what a relief it is to hear you say that. You've given me a chance at staying alive—and I'm not exaggerating. I'll never forget this. Some day I'll repay it."

The telephone rang. Jason started to answer it.

"Wait a minute!" the stowaway cried.

"You're having the jumps," Jason said. "Relax." He answered it.

A man's muffled voice said, "Mr. Amboy?"

"Yes."

"Kitchener reporting, sir."

"Who?"

"Kitchener, sir. Rodney K. Kitchener."

"Flack?" Jason cried.

"Kitchener, sir."

"Are you on this ship?"

"Yes, sir."

"HOW in—" Jason began. "So that's what all that mysterious talk was about! How did you get aboard?"

"I'm sorry if it upsets you, Mr. Amboy. At least five times I've been within a few feet of you, but you didn't recognize me." Flack chuckled softly. "I wanted to test my disguise, sir. It must be very effective. I've been circulating about in a quiet way and inspecting the groundwork, so to speak."

"For what?"

"For what's going to happen, sir."

"Is something going to happen?"

"I'm definitely sure of it, Mr. Amboy. Can you meet me at once at a rendezvous I have selected?"

"Where?"

"On the boat deck, sir. Just abaft the after funnel is a paddle-tennis court. It is reached by a short flight of steps on either the port or the starboard side."

"But how will I recognize you?"

"Mr. Amboy," his valet said stiffly, "I have something of serious importance to tell you."

"I'll be right up," Jason said.

The boat deck was a cold and eerie place. The fog drifted past in a swirling white mass. Beyond the second of the fat funnels Jason found the paddle-tennis court. He climbed a short flight of steps and opened a door of heavy steel net. A dim glow in the west gave the scene an appropriately dim and misty illumination.

A short man was standing near the net in the middle of the court. He wore a gray hat and a gray suit. He was gray-haired and gray-mustached. In the foggy twilight, he looked like a respectable middle-aged bookkeeper.

"Flack!" Jason said.

"Kitchener, sir."

"I'm sorry, Kitchener. I would never have recognized you. . . . How did you get on this ship?"

"I shipped as a defense worker, sir. You will recall that before I became your valet I worked for a time as an operating engineer."

"A rig operator," Jason corrected him. "A crane operator."

"Yes, sir. They need operating engineers in the worst way on construction jobs at Pearl Harbor and on the outer islands, Mr. Amboy. When I showed the personnel man at the contractors' employment office my union card and expressed my willingness to go anywhere, he secured me a 1-A priority without delay. It got me instantly aboard this ship, as I had hoped."

"Why did you want to be aboard this particular ship, Flack?"

"To be of service to you, Mr. Amboy. Look at you, sir. It's just as I said. The captain issued the most explicit instructions for you to wear your life preserver at all times. Supposing this ship were torpedoed now!"

"Do you mean," Jason said in a marveling voice, "that you went to all this trouble to get aboard this ship, merely to keep reminding me to wear my life preserver?"

"Not entirely, Mr. Amboy. After all, I am bound to you by law. I am still under parole to you. And I feel it my duty to see you through this present very dangerous situation. I am not referring now to the possibility of torpedoes from a wolf pack of Jap submarines, or a possible bombing from planes from a roving carrier. I am referring to the Grazzards, sir."

"All right," Jason said. "Let's have it."

"Yes, sir. I've checked up on all the members of the Grazzard party. I've had an opportunity to scrutinize them and to form an opinion of each of them. And I searched Mr. Grazzard's room, hoping to find those letters. There wasn't time to search the others. Incidentally, sir, all their rooms are on C deck."

"FLACK," Jason said with alarm, "you're going a little too far. There's a war on. The discipline on this ship is very strict. You're apt to land in the brig."

"I'm not afraid of landing in the brig, sir. I know my way around. And it's necessary that we have all the available information on these people. I've reached some important conclusions and I'm anxious to compare notes with you. The personalities of these five people are a very important part of the pattern that's taking shape, so, if you don't object, sir, shall we take things up in their natural order and begin with Miss Topping?"

"Very well, Flack," Jason said. He was impatient but he was delighted by these bold new blossoms that Flack's humble personality was putting forth. "Tell me about Miss Topping."

Flack coughed gently. "She is that rarest of all jewels—a truly beautiful woman with character, intelligence and cleverness. If you'll pardon me, sir, there's the girl for you."

"Well, I'll confess I've been entertaining that idea myself, Flack, but did you know that she's engaged?"

"If you'll pardon me again, sir—what of it?"

"Yes, I see your point," Jason said. "At least, you've given me something to think about."

His valet laughed. "I don't believe I have, Mr. Amboy. I've served a great many large and small dinner parties for you in my time, sir, at many of which beautiful women were present, and I've had an excellent opportunity to observe your reactions, but I've never seen the expression on your face I saw while you were chatting with Miss Topping on deck."

"Were you there, too?" Jason exclaimed.

"Yes, sir. To quote my own words, if you'll permit me, I think she has only to crook her little finger to lure you to your destruction. *She is a dangerous girl, Mr. Amboy!* I'm beginning to see a pattern—a bright dark pattern, sir, of intrigue and danger. And she's at the heart of it. I'm convinced she's up to much more serious mischief than we've given her credit for. I'm convinced she knows about the murder of your brother."

"Did you learn definitely that my brother was murdered?"

"No, Mr. Amboy. Not definitely. But I learned that this party of five people—the Grazzard party—left Kokala just two days after your brother was murdered—I mean, vanished, sir. He vanished on the night of December third. They left Kokala on the morning of the fifth—not quite two days—and sailed from Honolulu on the afternoon of the same day—two days before war started."

"What else did you learn?"

"That this same party—these same five people always make an annual trip from Kauai to the mainland early in June. They made their usual trip this year. They've been doing so for the past eight years. This present trip is unusual and exceptional."

"Yes, Flack, but let's not draw important conclusions until all the evidence is in."

"I have a curious sense, a sort of sixth sense, about such things, that has never failed me, Mr. Amboy. I am convinced that one of the five members of the Grazzard party killed your brother and that it all has to do with a plan of such intricacy, such terrifying cold-bloodedness—"

"Flack, you're running wild."

"I insist, Mr. Amboy, that these five people are sinister. I've seen and studied them all. Mrs. Grazzard is a woman of fifty-five—a grim, cold, formidable woman who rules those about her with a rod of iron. You've met her son.

"Next—the Maces—Mr. and Mrs. Channing Mace. Mr. Mace is the manager of Kokala plantation—a powerful man with tremendous shoulders, a cruel, thin mouth and eyes I would never trust. His wife is a very attractive blond young woman. She is possibly very treacherous. The fifth member of the party is Miss Topping. And I have the definite feeling," Flack said with a certain defiance, "that underneath what we know or suspect, there are the most sinister and ugly forces in motion. I have the definite feeling that these people are ruthless and dangerous and that they're at work on some black scheme. And I'll sum it all up by saying one thing more—your own life may be in grave danger. I mean, your brother may have been murdered by one of this party. If he was, they will not relish your investigation. Please be extremely careful, Mr. Amboy. And stop going about this ship without your life jacket, sir!"

JASON entered the dining room and found a table for six at which was an empty seat. He was hardly seated when a steward said, "Are you Mr. Amboy?"

"Yes."

"Mrs. Grazzard sends her compliments, Mr. Amboy, and requests that you sit at her table."

Jason was surprised and more than a little mystified.

The steward conducted him to Mrs. Grazzard's table. On the way over, Jason identified two of its occupants. The girl with the remarkable copper-colored skin was Luana Topping. And the man with the black hair, the thick black brows and the dark skin on her left was her fiancé Lorrin Grazzard.

Then Jason discovered a third person whom he had seen before—a blond girl who sat beside the empty chair he would occupy. She was the girl into whose stateroom he had walked by mistake. She was smiling slyly at him with just one corner of her mouth.

The man on her right was about forty with dark red hair, a narrow dark mustache, small gray eyes, a thin-lipped mouth. His ruddy face was square and his shoulders were those of a wrestler.

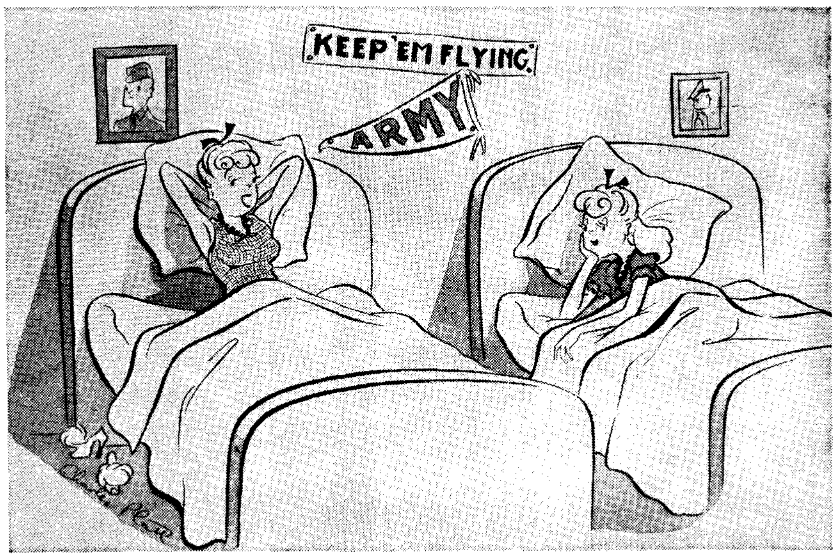
But none of them impressed Jason so much as the woman who would sit on his left. She was Mrs. Hiram Grazzard. Everything about her suggested strength—her large, slightly yellowish face with its firm mouth and its capable chin, her shoulders which were heroic, her deep, broad chest, even her thick black hair touched with gray at the temples.

Mrs. Grazzard was appraising Jason with dull amber eyes, coolly and thoroughly. She reminded him of portraits of Queen Victoria. There was the same solidity about her, the same confidence in her powers.

She tapped the arm of the chair beside her. "Sit here, young man," she said in a deep voice and with an authority that could not be questioned. She introduced him to the others. The blond girl was Mrs. Channing Mace. The man next to her was Channing Mace.

Miss Cudlip, who sat almost across from Jason, and was evidently not one of Mrs. Grazzard's minions, resumed what Jason suspected was a monologue about tennis. She was a homely, freckled woman, a strawberry blonde, with magnificent shoulders and sharp green eyes.

Jason seated himself between Mrs. Grazzard and Mrs. Mace, who was still smiling slyly. He glanced across at Luana Topping and met a green-eyed gaze



"Gee! I never thought I'd be going steady with a boy somewhere in North Africa!"

COLLIER'S CHAS. PLATT

that was steady and unfathomable. She wasn't smiling.

"I wanted to talk to you, Mr. Amboy," the formidable woman on his left stated. "My son tells me you used to live on Kauai. Just where on Kauai?"

"Kokala," Jason answered.

"Have you an older brother?"

"Yes, Mrs. Grazzard."

"And you are Jason?"

"Yes, Mrs. Grazzard."

"I shall call you Jason. Your father is my cousin. He was my mill superintendent for eleven years at Kokala. Your parents left with you and your brother for the mainland in nineteen-twenty-one. What is your father doing now?"

"He died less than a year after we went to the mainland."

The dull amber eyes, in their heavy dark pouches, were watching him steadily.

"Where is your mother now, Jason?"

"She died six months after my father did."

"Who brought you up?"

"I did."

"Where was your brother Wayne?"

"Wandering."

"H'mm," said Mrs. Grazzard. It seemed to Jason that her mental processes were slow but as sure as a heavy Army tank. She was a very formidable woman, but he had the feeling that she was not necessarily a cruel or even an unkind woman, at least according to her own lights. She might be merely a middle-aged white queen on a tropical island, strong of character, imperious in viewpoint.

"Where do you live, Jason?"

"In San Francisco."

IT WAS evident that she did not intend to ask him where Wayne was. With her penetrating curiosity, it would have been a natural question. Jason deliberated mentioning Wayne's mysterious disappearance—weighed the advisability of dropping it as an experimental bomb. He decided against it. If Mrs. Grazzard or any of her party had had anything to do with Wayne's disappearance, nothing would be gained.

She was playing with a long, thin gold pencil which she carried on the end of a long, rather heavy gold chain. She was tapping on the table with the tapering end of it and he saw that the top of it was crowned with a sapphire.

"What do you do, Jason?"

"I've been working for the past two years on an airplane engine."

"You mean, you're an engineer?"

"Yes, Mrs. Grazzard."

"Does your engine work?" she asked dryly.

"The Army's been testing it all the past week," her son said in his heavy voice, "and they rejected it."

She considered him. "What's wrong with it?"

"Bugs," said Lorrin Grazzard. "It's full of little bugs, isn't it, Amboy?"

"That means," Luana said, "he hasn't quite perfected it, Aunt Bertha."

"I know what bugs are," said Mrs. Grazzard firmly. "Two years should be long enough to perfect any airplane engine."

"My engine," Jason said, "is perfect except for a few very minor details. A child could get rid of them."

Mrs. Grazzard resumed eating. Jason supposed that he was, for the time being, dismissed. Miss Topping was gazing at him with dark and thoughtful eyes. Miss Cudlip was telling Mr. Mace about tennis. Miss Topping said, "Mr. Amboy, what do they do about stowaways?"

Jason glanced at her quickly, but her expression was innocent. He said solemnly, "They lock them in a dungeon and throw the key away."

"No, really," the girl said. "How do they find them on a ship as large as this?"

"The old-fashioned stowaway who used to hide in lifeboats and such places has gone out of style," Lorrin said. "And the war has put an end to stowaways."

"Has it?" Miss Topping asked innocently.

"There is a new law," Mr. Mace said, "under which a stowaway is punished for his sins with a six months' sentence."

"I suppose," Miss Topping said, "that also applies to anyone giving aid and comfort to a stowaway."

"It does," Mr. Mace agreed.

"Now, getting back to Tilden's backhand—" Miss Cudlip began determinedly, and Channing Mace gave her his attention.

"So you left Kauai when you were a little boy," Mrs. Mace said.

"I was ten," said Jason.

"Remember it much?"

"Not much."

"Well, it hasn't changed much."

She had her head turned so that she could see his eyes. For a moment, their eyes were mutually exploratory. Jason thought he saw shrewdness and liking in the blue depths. And he became aware that he had not really looked at Mrs. Channing Mace before. In her blond way, she was very pretty.

"I suppose," Mrs. Mace said, "you'll be going to Kokala sooner or later?"

"I may," Jason said.

"But you must!" She spoke very softly. "When you do, we'd love to have you stay with us. We've a perfectly huge house and we'd love to show you around. It would be fun to take you to the scenes of your childhood."

"I'm afraid I've forgotten most of them," Jason said.

"Even if you once lived there," said Mrs. Mace, still watching him with her shrewd, friendly eyes, "you'll still be a malihini."

"I'm afraid I've forgotten all my Hawaiian, too," Jason said.

"Malihini means tenderfoot," said Mrs. Mace. "And a tenderfoot in any language gets himself so easily into pilikia."

"Pilikia?"

"Trouble."

"But I'm not looking for pilikia."

"Aren't you?" she drawled. "I thought you said you were coming to Kokala."

"Does that mean the same thing?"

She laughed. "I don't know, I'm sure. I'm afraid I'm just fishing."

"And I," said Jason, "am just trying to find my way around."

She nodded. She said in so low a voice that it was almost a whisper: "I don't want you to be opening any more wrong doors. I think you need a friend."

JASON glanced quickly about the table Lorrin Grazzard was staring at him. Mrs. Grazzard was not eating. She had put her fork down and was tapping the edge of the table with her gold pencil. Miss Cudlip was talking with vivacity about the last match she had seen at Forest Hills. Channing Mace was gazing as Jason with gemlike eyes. And Luana was looking at Jason with dark, clouded eyes.

"Jason," Mrs. Grazzard said, "will you be going directly to Kauai?"

"I haven't decided that, Mrs. Grazzard," he answered.

"When you do," she said, "you're to be my guest, of course."

The strange air of tension about the table delayed Jason's answer a little too long.

Mrs. Mace's faint whisper just reached his hearing: "The queen has spoken. And you'd better acknowledge it, you dope."

Jason said, "Thank you, Mrs. Grazzard. You are very kind."

(To be continued next week)

Christmas Investment

Continued from page 8

anywhere they choose to send you, by anybody?" his mother asked in a challenging voice.

"Well, not quite that," Phil answered, troubled and yet amused. "It means that we don't have to do anything else to get him into the service, Mommy. He's *in*."

"I see." She was beaten and she knew it but she would not make a scene.

Two days later Sid's mother and Violet, the maid, put his room into perfect order, closed the windows, drew the shades, and went out of it, Adele Cazavant coming out last and carefully shutting the door. She made no comment to Violet, no complaint to any other member of the family. Outwardly she showed nothing. Inwardly she was conscious of a sensation as if her heart had swelled up and grown strangely heavy, but she did not speak of it. Life on Garden Hill must go on.

And immediately there was easement, if not relief. For presently Sidney was at home for a day and a night; gone but back again in ten days for another flying visit—Sidney enthusiastic and brown and well; Sidney very much humbled as to the services he might render the country, but confident and willing; Sidney dearer than ever to father and mother and sisters.

"There is no reason for us to get excited and change everything," Adele persisted. "Things in this house are going on exactly as if the world was not at war."

"BUT I honestly think that this whole family is going crazy!" she added in bewilderment, when Topsy, on a certain November morning, turned her about with a wild embrace, indulged in a gale of laughter, and asked if her mother had any objection to her announcing her engagement to Arthur Atkins."

"You mean the—the—that little—engagement—" Adele stammered. She caught Topsy's shoulders and looked into her daughter's dancing dark eyes. "He didn't have the audacity to—he wouldn't—he hasn't asked you to marry him?" she said.

"Oh, but he has!" Topsy chanted. "And I said 'yes!' I'm going to help him and his father with the horses, and his mother will teach me to cook, and I'm going to have babies!"

"That is ridiculous!" Adele said.

The bright eyes met hers; slim, small, red-cheeked, rebellious, Topsy looked like the child she had been only yesterday.

But it was not a child's voice that spoke. It was a proud, resentful voice: "May I ask why 'ridiculous,' Mother?"

"Because it is, dear." But this would not do; Adele supplemented it: "Why, darling, what will all the other girls

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For Instance...

... from Hawaii came news that Lieut. Gen. Emmons was to discuss maneuvers and defensive plans with officers and men by radio. ... Brig. Gen. Boyd commenting in a radio broadcast said: "The use of commercial radio by the commander to contact his troops spread over many square miles ... is a new and important means of communication." (news item)

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think? It means no graduation at Castilleja next June—it means—"

"Mother, it's my life!" Topsy put in passionately. "Do you think I'm going to tell Art that I can't announce my engagement because of what the girls at school will think?"

"No; but I would suppose it would matter what Dad and I think," Adele said, conscious of losing ground. "I am going to ask a promise of you, Topsy," she went on, as the girl sat grimly staring into space with half-closed eyes. "I want you to promise me that you will graduate before there is any talk of an engagement or any announcement of an engagement," Adele said.

"I know that Art is a very attractive fellow. Even I can see that. I mean he's clean and smart and amusing and friendly; I grant all that," she pursued. "But I am sure Daddy never would consent to it. And in time to come—"

"In time to come, what?" Topsy asked, as her mother stopped. "You mean if he's killed in the war!"

"I mean that *if* in time to come you changed your mind," Adele recommenced, more mildly than she had yet spoken, "it would be so much easier to free yourself. But I think we needn't consider that. All I want to impress upon you now—all I ask today is that you promise me to wait until you graduate. And then if you feel the same way, we'll see!"

"That miserable old 'we'll see!' " Topsy grumbled childishly. And Adele knew that she had won.

"Promise me, darling," she said.

"Oh, I promise!"

"No engagement, no talk of engagement, until after graduation?"

"Promise. Cross my heart."

"You see," Adele said, inwardly trembling at the magnitude of the triumph, "you see, I want to keep things here exactly as they've always been, for Daddy, and Sid when we can get him, and all of us."

"But, Mother," Topsy said, still smoldering, "everything has changed!"

"Everything elsewhere has changed," Adele conceded. "All the more reason why our home should not. I want this one little spot in the troubled world to be all family love and peace."

"Oh, *yeah?*" Topsy said under her breath. But this sauciness was so unlike her that her mother decided not to hear it.

IT WAS in mid-December that Philip told her seriously that he feared they would have to change their way of living. The manufacture of some of the staple articles in his business was no longer possible—priorities and WPB rulings. The handsome dividends to which they were accustomed were bound to dwindle in the coming years. Except for occasional glimpses Sidney was away; Diana stayed more and more often at night with her fellow airplane observer, Mary Clements, who had a small, romantic apartment hung like a nest above the docks and the shipping on Telegraph Hill. But Adele carried on, as did Wong in the kitchen, Violet upstairs, and Grace with her silver polishing, her progress with the vacuum cleaner through the library and dining room and halls.

"We could let Violet go," Adele conceded doubtfully, on this occasion, when she was momentarily impressed by Philip's anxious earnestness; "but putting one poor girl out of a position at this particular moment in our national affairs, does not seem to me economy. . . . Are things really very bad at the office?"

"No; things aren't really very bad at the office," Philip said. "They're not *really* very bad at the office because they've practically ceased to exist at the office. We're shutting down."

"You're—" Adele couldn't say it. "You're shutting down?"

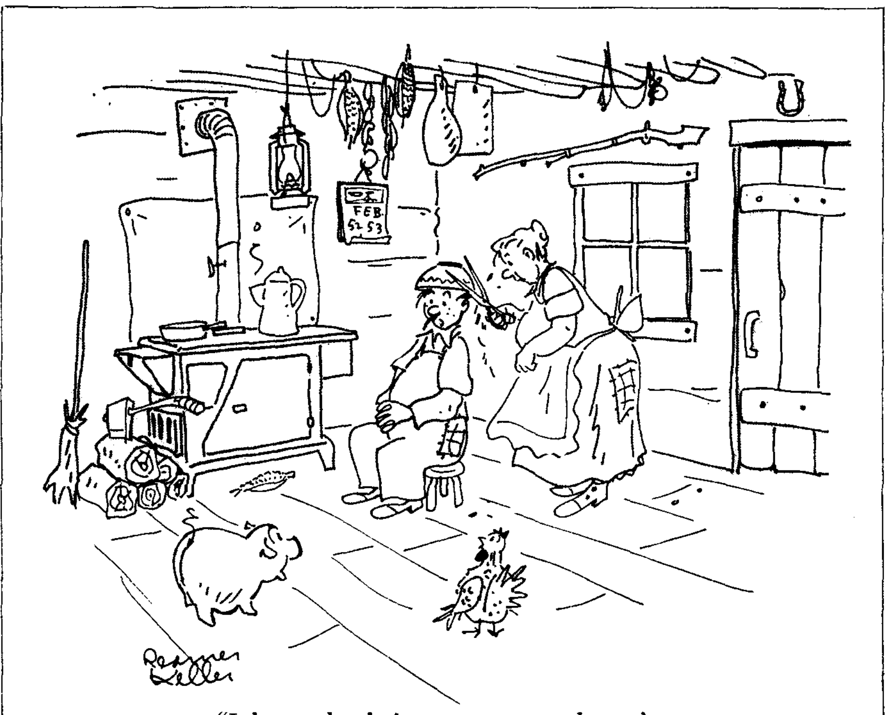
"We're closing the Petrero plant," he said, "and on the first of the year—*if* I get the Seattle order—I'm going to combine forces with Brandt and Tucker."

"CHARLIE TUCKER!" Adele cried. "Why, he was your office boy!"

"Same Charlie," Philip said. "He came to see me the other day—he knows how things have been going with us. He asked me frankly if we had the Seattle order. I said yes, it was in the bag. He asked how were we going to handle it, with so many of our men drafted and Davis sick most of the time—and unable to get the things we need."

"Nerve!" Adele breathed.

"Well, I told him I didn't know, but that I'd scare up some men somewhere, and then he put his proposition to me. There aren't any men to get; he knows that as well as I do. His plan was to have me see the Seattle people, shift that job to Brandt and Tucker, and go in with them."



"I hope the haircut turns out better'n the soup you make in this bowl, Bessie"

COLLIER'S REAMER KELLER

"As a partner. You a partner of little Charlie Tucker!"

"No; as manager of their shipping room."

"A clerk!" Adele gasped.

"Head of a department at three thousand a year."

"What utter nonsense!" Adele exclaimed, losing patience with the whole thing. "Why, we pay our servants more than that!"

"Did," Philip said, stressing the word.

"If things are as bad as you say, Phil," his wife began, after a pause during which she had looked at him steadily, with a faintly knitted brow, "there are ways in which we can cut down, and we will! Diana will have to give up that air-warden work of hers, and stay at home to help me. Wong and Grace can both go, after the Christmas excitement, and Topsy'll stop her riding lessons. I'll be glad of that, anyway. Violet and I'll do the cooking and Topsy can very well help; it won't hurt her socially.

"Now about Tony," Adele added, wrinkling her brow thoughtfully, "that's a problem. For do what we will, we can't handle a garden and grounds this size. He cleans the cars and brings in the wood. I'll tell you, Phil," she broke off to say hopefully, "you go up to Seattle next week and see what you can do about that order. Tell them your difficulties and see if perhaps one of them will make some suggestion that will straighten it all out. When's your lease on the city office up?"

"First of the year. We've told them we wouldn't renew."

Adele's stream of helpful suggestions was silenced. For a moment she wore a daunted expression. She had a disturbed impression that Phil looked not merely tired, he looked old. Philip old! Well, she would do something to cheer him up—have his favorite dishes on the week-end menus.

But Wong's famous crab creole and vanilla soufflé did not seem to have their usual effect, and it was a weary, quiet man to whom Adele said goodby when Philip started on the Seattle trip. She left him at the train and went home with a certain soberness of spirit settling upon her; her heart was heavy.

Well! There must be something to do about this! She would get the leaf rake and clear up under the oak trees. Hard exercise would be good for her. And at noon Topsy would come in full of school gossip, Diana would come down from town with a forty-eight-hour respite from lookout duties, and—who could say?—Sidney might have a few hours' leave. It would be silly to act as if anything disagreeable had happened, because it hadn't. Everything was exactly as before, except—

Except for possibilities and worries and fears, and in those she simply would not indulge.

And as if to reward her for her heroism, here was her sailor boy home for lunch, instantly stirring up an atmosphere of excitement and pleasure everywhere. Wong and Tony beamed at him; Violet and Grace went smiling about their work; Sidney was home!

ADELE telephoned the school to ask Topsy to be sure to come home for lunch. Topsy wasn't there; on her way home probably, Topsy's roommate Patricia Curran suggested.

"Didn't she sleep at home last night, Mrs. Cazavant?" asked Patricia.

"I don't—no, I'm sure she didn't. Unless she slipped out to an early class," Adele said. She turned from the telephone to see that Diana had arrived, and that she and Sidney were talking together with rather grave faces at the end of the long drawing room. They came toward her.

"Did Topsy go into town to stay with you last night, Di?" the mother asked, with her welcoming kiss. "Pat just told me she wasn't at the house."

"No; I know she wasn't," Diana said surprisingly. But Adele had no time to be surprised, for her older daughter went on with a little deliberate effort: "But I know where she was, Mom. She's coming here now, any minute. She wanted me to sort of break it to you. She's married."

"And what do you know about that?" Sidney said cheerfully. But he was watching his mother keenly. Adele looked steadily at her son. She swallowed once or twice, but she did not speak. "She beat us to it, Di," Sidney went on, with a grin for his sister.

"She certainly did!" Diana patted her mother's hand. "Don't you care, Mom; they love each other," she said.

"Oh, *please*—" Adele whispered, and for a full moment they were all still. "Who—who told you?" she said then.

"Topsy telephoned. They were married yesterday afternoon," Diana supplied, glad to end the silence. "She wanted me to get here first and sort of—well, break the ice!"

"BREAK the ice," Adele repeated automatically. Her baby Topsy, running away with a little jockeylike stableman, ruining her life, making it impossible for any really fine man to want to marry her—but no, it wasn't thinkable! "Your father will have it annulled," she said with white lips, "and—"

"Mrs. Arthur Livingston Stephen Atkins to see Mrs. Philip Jaynes Cazavant!" announced a joyous young voice, and following it, Topsy rushed in. She flung herself first into Sidney's arms, twirled from him to Diana, and ended by a revolving, dancing embrace of her mother that left her laughing, and her mother indignantly flushed, and both of them breathless.

"Topsy—" Adele began in an awful voice. But she could say no more. Sidney seated himself on the arm of the divan, put an arm bracingly about her shoulders, and said, "Now, now, now, Miss Adele!" in a half-coaxing, half-warning voice, and Diana, now in a deep chair with Topsy on a hassock at her knee, had opened a quite different type of conversation with her: "Tops, if ever anyone *didn't* look like an old married woman, you're it!"

Topsy needed no encouragement to rush into the story. She had promised Mom not to announce an engagement, but she hadn't promised not to get married, had she? A gale of giddy laughter here.

"Art's apt to be called any day, Mom, and he felt horrible about not even being engaged, and I was crying Tuesday afternoon, and his father said we oughtn't to see each other any more, so we just flew up to Reno yesterday and were married, and today we telephoned it into the papers, so it'll be in tomorrow—"

"Topsy," Adele said, faintly, "what your father will say I can only imagine, but as far as I am concerned you are *dead*—you are exactly as if you were dead—"

"Luncheon is served, Mrs. Cazavant," said Grace, at the door.

"Mother, cut out the drama," Sidney said. "Come on and let's have lunch.". . .

It was much later in the afternoon that Adele remembered that she had promised old Mrs. Mitchell that she would investigate the Kinney case—"In all this war work we can't let our regular responsibilities go," Mrs. Mitchell had said. "I understand the husband's been drafted or something, and the woman is expecting another baby—anyway, a neighbor made an application for some baby clothes, and I wish you'd look into it and report."

At first Adele, heartsick and dazed, felt that she could not possibly make a charity call this afternoon. But she had a certain pride in obeying orders from her superior officer, and Jones' Gully was not more than ten minutes' walk from her own home. It was merely a matter of descending the hill at the rear of the house, and crossing the bridge that in a social sense divided the desert from the sown. Garden Hill was the most aristocratic neighborhood in the town; Jones' Gully the poorest.

However, Adele knew fairly well the muddy little rambling lanes in which the big packing plants were tangled, and without too much trouble she found the Kinney house.

Children, dogs and goats were holding high carnival in the yard; Adele picked her way to the kitchen door, and found Kitty Kinney busy over her ironing board. A small child toddled about the floor, and a neighbor, seated, and nursing a baby, but still panting from some recent employment, looked on.

The woman of the house answered Adele's questions quickly and brightly; but that she was not asking any charity was evident from her first word:

"D'ye see my new washing machine? Isn't it a blessing itself that Tom paid for it before he went?"

"Your husband has been drafted? But with three little children and another coming—?" Adele left the sentence unfinished.

"Indeed, he wasn't drafted then!" Kitty stamped her electric iron on a child's small skirt. "He was in defense work, and there wasn't a week he didn't make upward of eighty dollars," she said. "But Tom's a master mechanic and he's a good shot, and he wasn't satisfied with staying out of it. He enlisted."

"But now—now," Adele said, in her gentle, deprecatory, how-can-I-help-you voice, "you'll not have very much money. Aren't there three children?"

"There are," said Kitty heartily, "and another little duck in the oven, as my good father used to say. But—Mrs. Vecchio and me were just saying, you can't expect to live in wartime the way you do other times. I've moved into my mother's place here, and I've two or three children I'm boarding. Their mothers work for defense."

"YOU'RE boarding children?" Adele asked faintly.

"The Murray boys and the little Muller girl. This is hers." The microscopic dress was finished now and hung up to air. "And they'll all be piling in for bread and jelly," said Kitty, "so I'll stop for tea and take a rest."

"But you had your own home?"

"Oh, I had a nice place. I had two bathrooms, and Tom had given me my stove and my machine here." There was no regret in her voice. "But it's little to do until it's all over," she said. "We know how it'll end, but we don't know how soon, and we've got to see it through. It was only Tom's goin'—it was only Tom's goin'—" Her voice thickened, and she went quickly into the pantry.

"No, I don't need baby clothes," she said, relaxed and resting, when the children had stormed in and stormed away again. "There's only one thing I'd like to have, and that, you can't give me. I wish—" And the young, thin, weary face wore a very sweet look as Kitty Kinney turned to Adele Cazavant. "I wish—sure we all do here in the Gulch," she said, "that we could give our children what yours have. We're all Americans, we know that. But when I went to the All American Exhibition you had last summer, and saw the Washington letter, and the samplers, and the Indian things, and the quilt Mrs. Anderson's mother made when she was crossing the plains in 'forty-nine, and the gray uniforms and the blue—those things made me wish that our men had had a chance to fight for America before—show her they knew what it meant—all that she's trying to give them. I don't mean washing machines and radios and movies, but them, too. I wished—and Tom wished—that he'd been at Yorktown—or his grandfather had, when Washington rode up—"

She stopped, dashing tears away from her smiling eyes.

"I say it so badly," she apologized.

Adele Cazavant, rising, for the afternoon was almost gone, looked at her steadily. She had to clear her throat before she spoke: "You don't say it badly, Mrs. Kinney. But whether you do or not, it's a good thing to say."

TEN days later, on a grim, cold, rainy Christmas Eve, Philip Cazavant, carrying his suitcase, descended at the station to find his wife and the old blue car awaiting him.

"Did you get the order?" she asked, after their greeting kiss.

"Oh, yes; there was nothing to it. I hope Charlie Tucker will be pleased. I know darn' well he will," he finished.

"But no kids?" he asked with his next breath, looking at the empty seats of the old car.

"No, no children," Adele answered cheerfully. "Di's on duty. Sid was here yesterday for an hour or two but he had to go back, and Topsy left me only an hour ago. We're dining with them tomorrow."

"At—at—?" He left it unfinished, his look trying to read his wife's face. "I didn't know how you felt about that Topsy business," he began again cautiously. "I—it makes me feel very badly. Seventeen, you know. Only a child. And I was afraid you—my first thought naturally was for how you'd feel—"

He stopped with an inquiring look. Adele, driving steadily through the rainy dusk, flashed him a quick smile.

"Why, Phil," she said, "she's mature for her age. She's always loved horses and the out-of-doors and that wild gypsy sort of life, and she really loves—Arthur. It isn't what I'd choose for her, but after all, if she'd married some impeccable youth in the real-estate business and settled down in a city flat with all her wedding presents, I'd miss her just as much. As it is, she flashes in on me every day—"

"Dell!" the man interrupted, in a sort of shout of relief, "if you feel that way, dear, I'm perfectly satisfied! The draft will get Arthur; we'll have her home again! We can't live their lives for them, after all."

"No; we can't live their lives for them." She had stopped before a broad, roomy old shingled brown house that stood beneath dripping trees. "Mrs. Pine wants to see you, Phil," she said. "D'you mind coming in a minute? No; bring your bag, we may have dinner here."

"Listen, Dell, I'm all mussed and dirty—" But as she did not appear to hear him, he followed her around a deep, dripping porch, and into a large room that had perhaps once been the dining room for a large family. It was a sitting room now; he recognized in a sort of dream the big chair beside a smoldering open fire, the painting of three children that hung above.

Adele did not speak or turn; she went to a door and opened it upon a comfortable bedroom with a glimpse of bath beyond. She put her hat and coat on one of the beds and reached her hand for her husband's hand, leading him back through the big room.

"Look in here, Phil, a nice little kitchen with a breakfast ingle; our own front door and our own scrap of back yard. Heat and hot water and gardener thrown in. This is all we have left, Phil. Sit down here—that's it. This is home."

"What are you talking about?" he said.

"About a man and woman whose children have grown up, Phil. About a nation at war. Last week," Adele told him, her face all smiles, but her eyes wet, "last week I saw Chet Miller, and rented the Garden Hill house for two years at two hundred and fifty. They keep Wong and Grace; Violet has gone to her brother. And we're here for the duration at forty-five a month. Ah, now, stop it!"

For he had bent his body forward and covered his face with his hands.

"Your home that you loved!" he said in a whisper.

"My home nothing!" she retorted. "My home is where you are. Our home is here, with your old first cook taking care of you!"

With a young movement that made her seem a girl again she was on her knees beside him, her arms about him.

"Look here," she said, "we're not young any longer. Our children are grown; they've solved their own problems! We've given them Christmas dinners and New Year's parties for twenty-five years—now let them give us some! Phil, do you realize what a relief it's going to be, just to have these snug little quarters, not to be *expected* to make an effort any more!"

"Relief!" he echoed dazedly. "Dell, you mean the big house is off our shoulders, and the pay roll—"

"And the gardener and the telephones and the furnace and the cars!" she supplemented it. "And, Phil, I feel so free. No housekeeping responsibilities! Tomorrow we're supposed to be lunching with Topsy and Arthur's family at the Riding Academy."

"Well, all right!" he said stoutly, his smile matching her own.

"TOPSY'S happy," her mother said, "and they adore her. You'll not mind. It's very funny, but you'll not mind. Then later we're to go into town, and Mary and Diana are cooking us a turkey, in the studio."

"On that two-burner stove?"

"I don't know how they propose to do it. I don't for one instant suppose there'll be cranberry sauce or dressing," Adele said. "But that Englishman Di met on the steamer years ago has turned up again, and I believe he's to help, and there's a chance Sid may be there."

"Sid?" The father's eyes brightened. "Well," he said with a rueful smile, "it isn't quite the old homestead with the snow fluttering down and the Yule log burning, is it? But it seems to me it won't be such a bad Christmas."

"Christmas is always Christmas," she said steadily. "You go have your bath now, and change, and get comfortable, and I'll finish up dinner. The children are all following roads we didn't plan for them, Phil, but at least they're *doing* things, they're living and feeling and glad to be alive, and that's all we ever wanted for them, isn't it?"

He caught her as she passed him and locked his arms about her, and they smiled at each other through a dazzle of tears. "That's all we ever wanted, dear," the man said.

"And it still seems to me—seems to me a good investment," said Adele Cazavant.

THE END

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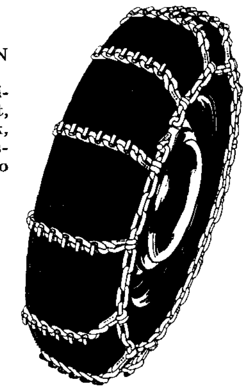

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Torment in Japan

Continued from page 13

Presbyterian missionary from New York City who had been in Japan twenty-eight years, volunteered to broadcast, "if the police will permit it." Walser apparently had failed to recognize that the East Asia War Relief Committee was nothing but a group of masquerading police and Foreign Office propagandists.

Walser was assured that the police had no objection, provided he followed instructions. He then addressed a statement to Americans in which he said that Japan and America were "too highly civilized" to be at war. He said peace should be negotiated immediately, implying that we should forget Pearl Harbor and give Japan the world domination she seeks. He obeyed the order to say he was being well treated.

Walser was among the 140 passengers of the Swedish evacuation liner Gripsholm, who were taken to Ellis Island and held for investigation by the Federal Bureau of Investigation immediately upon arrival in New York.

The newspapermen present, however, stated that they appreciated the opportunity to communicate with friends and relatives but added that it would be impossible for them to broadcast without permission from their home offices.

An embarrassing silence fell over the luncheon table. The faces of the Japanese flushed with a puzzled anger but they said nothing. Their program had not gone according to plan. We dabbled nervously with our dessert.

Finally the Japanese spokesman rose to his feet. He directed a menacing glare at each of us individually. Slowly, however, an actor's smile returned to his face. For the third time in as many hours, he recited word for word his speech on Japanese-American friendship.

"We know," he added, "that all of you are concerned about the Americans who must remain behind after the first evacuation ship leaves Japan. This relief society also is interested in obtaining better treatment for them. Unfortunately we are handicapped by lack of funds, but we know you will be anxious to do what you can to help us bring relief to your fellow countrymen."

An Assignment Declined

He then told us his scheme. This relief society, he said, had arranged with all newspapers under Japanese control in the Far East to buy articles which we newspapermen would write for them. The money raised would be used by the relief society to improve the treatment of the Americans remaining in Japan. Of course, the articles would have to be pro-Japanese, but the money paid for them would help Americans.

I replied for the correspondents after we had conferred among ourselves. Our answer was this:

"We, perhaps more than anyone else, realize the need for improving the treatment of Americans held in Japan. Therefore we are very anxious to do whatever we can to aid these Americans who will remain behind when we are evacuated.

"Unfortunately our writing services are exclusively engaged by our respective American companies. Therefore we cannot write for Japanese newspapers, but we would be glad to donate all our money toward the care of Americans not being repatriated with us. If given time and opportunity, we are certain we can raise as much money among the American community of Japan as we can by writing for the Japanese newspapers."

The Japanese chairman crushed out his cigarette and jumped to his feet. His eyes flashed angrily at me. He started to raise one of his clenched fists in my direction but dropped it when the head of the police, standing off in a corner, shouted an order at him.

After a few seconds of silence, the stage smile returned to his face. Again he recited the speech on Japanese-American friendship.

"And now," he concluded, "I want to tell you of the high light of today's program. I know all of you would like to take a good hot tub bath."

He was right. There was nothing we wanted more than a good tub bath. For six months, the fifty of us in the Tokyo concentration camp had been offered one bath a week in a single tub of water which had been used before us by thirty policemen.

"How far is it? They made a mistake and gave us an "A" card!"

COLLIER'S ED GRAHAM

"At considerable expense," the chairman continued, "we have arranged a private room and bath here in the hotel for each of you. You will please go to those rooms now."

He then detailed two policemen to escort each of us to our private rooms. Once in them, we heard no more of a bath. In the room, there was a typewriter and a stack of paper.

The chairman of the meeting came into my room with the remark that he wanted to "talk things over for your own good."

"There is no use being smart," the spokesman said. "Japan already has defeated America. You are at our mercy. Soon our troops will be in Washington. I would advise you to write."

I recalled for him the admission Kikuchi had made about the good treatment being received by Japanese in the United States.

"We don't care about that," he said. "Naturally you Americans will treat our people well because you know you have lost the war and are afraid to treat us otherwise."

He then leaned across the table and began shaking his fist.

"Your refusal to write," he shouted, "has become a political issue! You are trying to obstruct Japan's plans for a New Order in East Asia. We will have to turn you over to the military police for court-martial. You know what that means—the firing squad or the executioner's block. Think of what that would mean to your wife and children."

I was left alone to think it over. In two months, there had been sixteen foreign suicides. The newspapers had announced additional "natural deaths" among imprisoned enemy nationals—one of them in an insane asylum. The threat was something to think about.

But after an hour, I informed the chairman when he returned that I had decided I would not write. He did not say a word but left the room on the dead run. In a few minutes, he was back with the head of the foreign section of the Home Office—a shaven-headed, strong-arm type of Japanese in an artificial khaki uniform.

"You will not leave this room until you have written," he shouted. "You will not be allowed to sleep and you will get no food."

Calling for the room girl, he ordered her to remove the bottle of water and drinking glass from my room.

"And," he added with a smile, "you will get nothing to drink, either."

The chairman then drew from his pocket a handful of small slips of paper. He handed one of them to me. It said, "Sino-Japanese Relations." My name had been written on it in pencil.

"I don't see why you have brought us here and treated us this way," I told him. "Why don't you write anything you like to and just sign our names to it? Why torment us this way?"

"But that would not be honest," he said seriously.

The Home Office official, who obviously could not understand half of what we were saying, suddenly lost patience and went into a rage.

Threatened with Death

He started walking around the room, swinging his fists wildly and yelling repeatedly, "You'll never leave Japan! You'll never leave Japan! I am going to kill you! I am going to kill you!"

Suddenly he grabbed me by the necktie and jerked my head back so sharply that I thought my neck would break. Still clinging to my tie, he threw me against the wall on the other side of the room. When I started to get up, he and the spokesman slapped my face repeatedly. Then they grabbed me and threw me into the chair facing the typewriter.

"Are you going to write?" the Home Office man shouted.

I did not reply. I felt his clammy hands close around my throat. As hard as I struggled, I could not prevent him from cutting off my breathing. Six months on Japanese starvation fare had weakened me far more than I had realized.

Everything went blank. The next thing I knew, I was being slapped violently, apparently to bring me back to consciousness.

"You slapped the typewriter keys just as you were passing out," I heard the chairman saying. "I have saved you by telling this man that this indicated your willingness to write. Now write! Or do you prefer that we go ahead with what we were doing to you a minute ago?"

I could not see any good coming to anyone from continued resistance, but it occurred to me that definite good might come if I could survive this day and return to America to relate what had happened to us.

I said I would write. My plan was to make my article so violently pro-Japanese that anyone outside Japan who knew me would readily realize that I had not written it under ordinary circumstances. This plan I carried out, using as many Japanese *clichés* as I could recall—"sincerity," "the august virtue of His Imperial Majesty the Emperor," "co-operation with Japan," etc.

The Subterfuge Succeeded

When the spokesman translated the article into Japanese, the chairman beamed.

"I am glad we do not have to kill you," he said to me. To him, the article sounded like jingoistic Premier General Tojo haranguing the army.

Meanwhile, similar scenes were being enacted in the other rooms where the Americans were being held.

Joseph Dynan, of the Associated Press, had gone from his room to the hotel lobby when he was left alone to think over the threat of execution. In the crowded hotel lobby, the Home Office official stopped him and, without warning, struck him several severe blows in the face, knocking out Dynan's bridgework. He was then roughly hustled back to his room. There he was given as his writing topic, How Well I Have Been Treated by the Japanese in Wartime.

The Reverend Walser also was publicly humiliated in the lobby by the police who cursed him violently before a large crowd of Japanese. He was hustled back to his room and forced to write an article entitled, Japan, the Land of the Gods. In it, he was forced to say that Japan would supervise the religion of Orientals in the future.

Leo Chamberlain, manager for the National City Bank in Japan, was compelled to write an article recommending "close economic co-operation between Japan and the United States after the war."

When we were finally permitted to leave our "private rooms with bath," the hotel clock said 5:30 P. M. We had arrived at the hotel at 9 A. M. We were an exhausted group as we gathered in the lobby.

We were driven back to our concentration camp for a dinner of half-rotten whale meat and boiled alfalfa a few minutes later.

THE END

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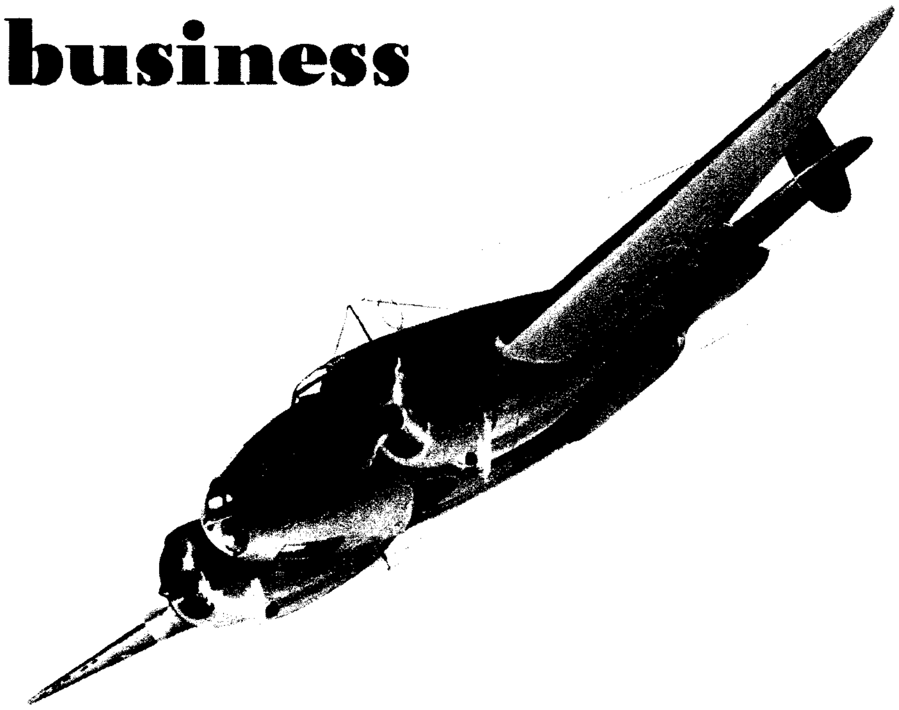

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The All-Navy All-America

By Grantland Rice

Former Minnesota gridder Bruce Smith, now with Great Lakes N.T.S. team, is rated by Col. Bernie Bierman as one of the greatest backs he ever saw or coached

Texas Tech gave Georgia Preflight School a tackle of All-America rank in Bill Davis

Buddy Jungmichel of Texas U. won high honors with San Diego N.T.S.

Jacksonville N.A.S. found former Duke and Bear ace George McAfee (below) very useful in its backfield

THERE have been seventy-three years of American football since Princeton and Rutgers gave the game its start in 1869. Thousands of teams, many hundred thousands of players and countless millions of spectators have helped to make it America's greatest game. But it remained for Commander Tom Hamilton and his assistants in the Naval Cadet Preflight and Naval Cadet Training schools to give a bunch of football players the finest competitive training ever seen.

Most of the Naval Cadet teams were drawn from professional ranks or from featured stars on college teams but many of them were young cadets with little experience. The big handicap was that football was only a minor part of a rough-and-tumble ten-hour training day.

In addition to football, they had to face the grind of boxing, wrestling, swimming above and under water, cross-country running with heavy packs, obstacle climbing and every detail that would have them mentally and physically fit for their great work as naval fliers.

The football players from these Naval Cadet schools had to carry an extra burden. Spared in no manner from their daily routine, they were called upon to play ten-game schedules against the pick of college teams—such teams as Ohio State, Michigan, Boston College, Wisconsin, L.S.U., Fordham, Missouri, Pennsylvania, Minnesota, Iowa, Notre Dame and Indiana being among their opponents. Facing by all odds the hardest schedule in the country, leading Middle Western teams still added Naval Preflight games to a hard season's play, knowing these Naval Cadets at their best were wrecking forces.

It was agreed that no Naval Preflight team could use more than five officers. The remainder of the squad were drawn from cadets who might be available for three, four or five games as they graduated and moved along to active war service. There were occasions when such coaches as Bernie Bierman at Iowa Navy, Jimmy Crowley at North Carolina Navy, and Ray Wolf at Georgia Navy would lose three or four men between games.

Weary Gridiron Warriors

There is no question that the pick of Preflight teams could have mopped up all college teams and beaten the best of the pros, which is all the strength any one would care to meet. They had the advantage in material, but they were handicapped by the almost body-wrecking physical program and the shift in men. As a rule, they were weary and battered, worn down, and far from any football sharpness at the end of a day's work. But in spite of this, they had enough left to beat such teams as Michigan, Minnesota, Missouri, Auburn, Duke, Illinois, Harvard, Iowa, Pennsylvania, Indiana and other strong outfits.

There were times when they had nothing left in the way of football, such as the Georgia Preflight and Iowa Preflight games against L.S.U. and Notre Dame—teams they could have wrecked under normal conditions. These were lapses that came from sheer physical and mental weariness, plus sudden loss of key men. When you consider the handicaps they faced, the showing of the Preflight and Navy teams was nothing short of phenomenal. Concentration, after all, is a major factor in any sport, and these Navy teams had their entire concentration on the much bigger job somewhere on ahead.

These men were not in any sense football specialists. They used football as a morale builder for their mates, and it was all extra work. There were no concessions to a fine ball carrier, a star passer or kicker, a famous blocker. Their playing officers were platoon or squadron leaders, who lived and suffered with their cadets, who shared with their men on an equal basis all the minor heartaches and heartbreaks a war can bring.

All-Army Teams' Fine Records

The selection of men for the All-America Navy ranking was difficult because of the wealth of good material. There can be no All-Army team, since this group finished its play back in September, after battling the best of the professional teams on even terms under the skillful coaching of Colonel Bob Neyland of Tennessee and Lieutenant Colonel Wallace Wade of Duke. Both All-Army teams, with limited practice, turned in excellent jobs against such teams as the Bears, Giants, Green Bay Packers and other leading professional opponents. Both Colonel Neyland and Lieutenant Colonel Wade, under rushed conditions, fought to a finish. But these games were only early skirmishes, compared to the Navy's contribution to condition and morale.

In selecting this All-Navy training team, I would like to make acknowledgment to all the head coaches and to Commander Hamilton's aides.

On the opposite page are the All-America All-Navy selections plus the All-America All-Navy Preflight Cadet team.

Each man named here has starred in college or professional ranks. Curly Lambeau, the Green Bay Packers' coach, rates Svendsen as one of the best centers of his time. Kovach from N. C. Navy Preflight wasn't far behind, a sixty-minute hustler.

The line strength of this squad from end to end was a striking feature, with Buddy Jungmichel, Steve Hudacek, Bill Davis and Joe Ruetz, flanked by such fine ends as big Jim Poole, late of the New York Giants, and Ed Frutig from Michigan.

Another feature was the wealth of backfield material that included Bruce Smith, George McAfee, Frank Albert, Dick Fisher, Frank Filchock, George Franck, Vic Bottari, Nello Falaschi and others, who combined hard, fast running, brilliant kicking and passing, plus terrific blocking.

Any defense called upon to stop only Bruce Smith and George McAfee would have a rugged engagement to meet. Bernie Bierman has rated Smith as one of the greatest backs he ever saw or coached, and no extended memory is required to recall McAfee's dazzling play with Chicago's Bears a year ago.

These are men who came from the professional and college ranks to get ready for war. They piled in to fight Germany and Japan, not to play football, which to them was only an extra duty—added work piled on long, hard days of war training. If the pick of this group had nothing but football to follow, here would have been the one team that could have been equal in might and speed to the Chicago Bears. You can understand the scoring force of a backfield that has Frankie Albert, late of Stanford, at quarter, with Bruce Smith, George McAfee and Dick Fisher; and men like Filchock and George Franck in reserve, as well as Nello Falaschi and Lennie Eshmont.

More than a hundred men from the Navy and Marine groups came from professional ranks; others from the colleges. The Army drew an equal quota that isn't included here, Standlee and Kimbrough among them. The Army list ran to over 1,200 football stars, a small part of the total consignment of football talent. But Army teams played no schedule to match the Navy's all-season play.

Most of the members of the first team are well-known to the football world. George Svendsen was a star center at Minnesota and later with the Green Bay Packers. Curly Lambeau gives him a high rating. That also goes for such entries as Jim Poole of the New York Giants, McAfee of Duke and the Chicago Bears, Bruce Smith of Minnesota, Ed Frutig and Frankie Albert. But who recalls the name of Buddy Jungmichel of San Diego and Texas, rated as one of the star guards of the year?

In the brief space of time they were given, there were few unknowns who could crowd out college and professional leaders, but it might surprise you to know how many could have made the grade with only a few weeks more in the matter of training and picking up a few fundamentals.

How would this team make out against Collier's college All-America? It would be a contest worth traveling a long way to see. ★★★

A fine pass-catcher, Jim Poole, ex-Giant and "Ole Miss" star, won All-America ranking at end with the Georgia Preflight team

Ginger Rogers presents a football to Ed Frutig (left) of Michigan, and George Franck of Minnesota—both members of Corpus Christi N.A.S. Comets

ALL-NAVY ALL-AMERICA FOOTBALL TEAM—1942

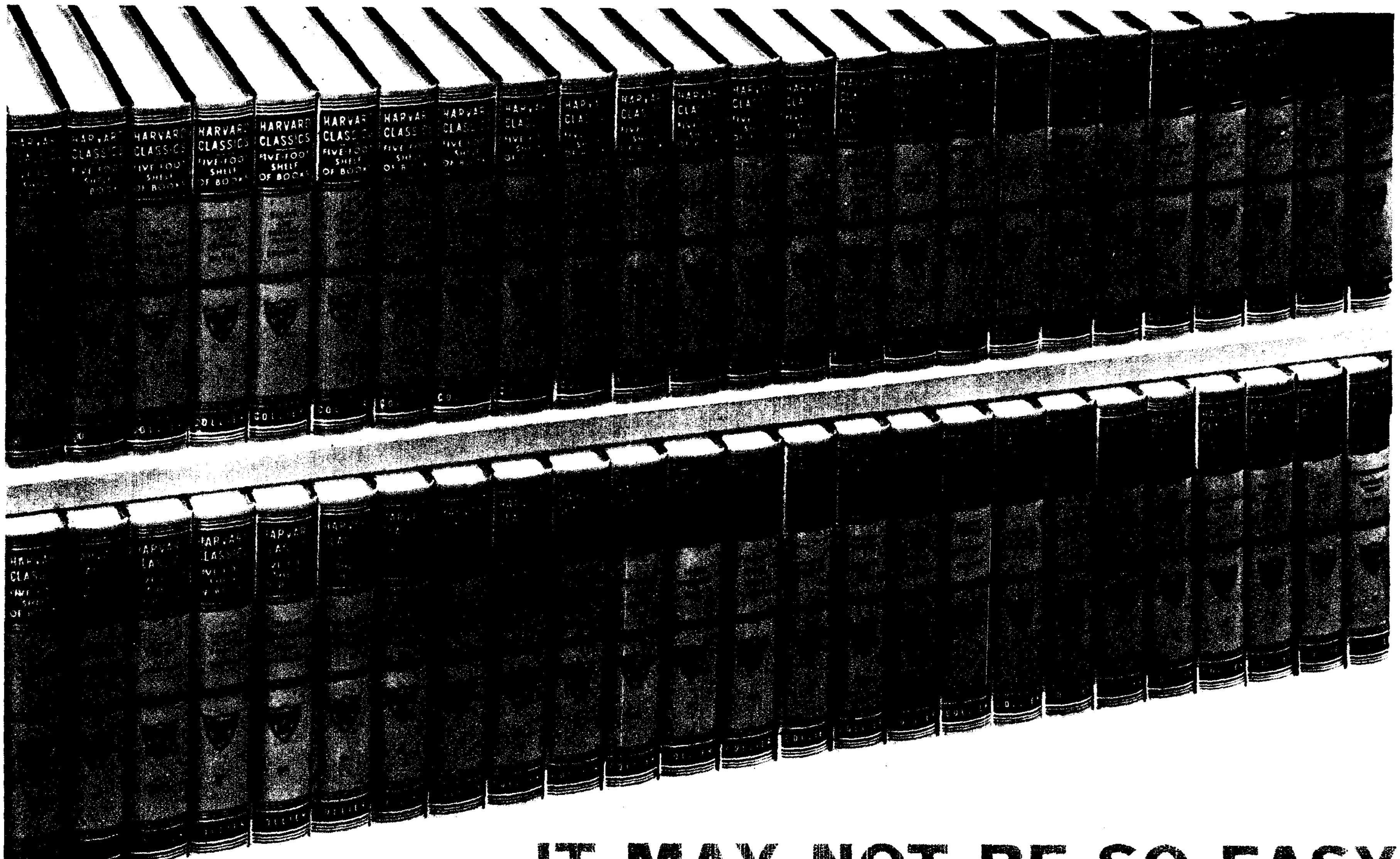
	PLAYER	NAVAL CADET TEAM	COLLEGE
L.E.	JIM POOLE	GEORGIA PREFLIGHT	MISSISSIPPI
L.T.	STEVE HUDACEK	N. C. PREFLIGHT	FORDHAM
L.G.	BUDDY JUNGMICHEL	SAN DIEGO N.T.S.	TEXAS
C.	GEORGE SVENDSEN	IOWA PREFLIGHT	MINNESOTA
R.G.	JOE RUETZ	ST. MARY'S PREFLIGHT	NOTRE DAME
R.T.	BILL DAVIS	GEORGIA PREFLIGHT	TEXAS TECH
R.E.	ED FRUTIG	CORPUS CHRISTI N.A.S.	MICHIGAN
Q.	FRANK ALBERT	ST. MARY'S PREFLIGHT	STANFORD
R.H.	GEORGE McAFEE	JACKSONVILLE N.A.S.	DUKE
L.H.	DICK FISHER	IOWA PREFLIGHT	OHIO STATE
F.B.	BRUCE SMITH	GREAT LAKES N.T.S.	MINNESOTA

ALL-NAVY PREFLIGHT CADET ALL-AMERICA TEAM—1942

Selected from the cadet personnel at the four Preflight schools by the members of the staff of the Preflight and Physical Training Section. The men who selected the team have seen all the Preflight squads in action during the 1942 campaign

	PLAYER	PREFLIGHT TEAM	COLLEGE
L.E.	GORDON ENGLISH	GEORGIA	TULANE
L.T.	STEVE HUDACEK	NORTH CAROLINA	FORDHAM
L.G.	FRANCIS CRIMMINS	GEORGIA	AUBURN
C.	JOE KOVACH	NORTH CAROLINA	FORDHAM
R.G.	TOM SMITH	ST. MARY'S	IOWA STATE
R.T.	BILL KOLENS	IOWA	ILLINOIS
R.E.	JUDD RINGER	IOWA	MINNESOTA
Q.	GEORGE BENSON	IOWA	NORTHWESTERN
R.H.	BOB KOCH	ST. MARY'S	OREGON U.
L.H.	BILL SCHATZER	IOWA	NORTH CENTRAL
F.B.	JOE MARTIN	NORTH CAROLINA	CORNELL

Stanford's standout Frankie Albert—one of the smartest of all college quarterbacks—now devotes his football talent to St. Mary's Preflight



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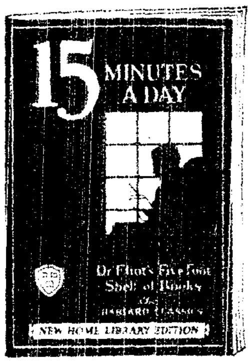

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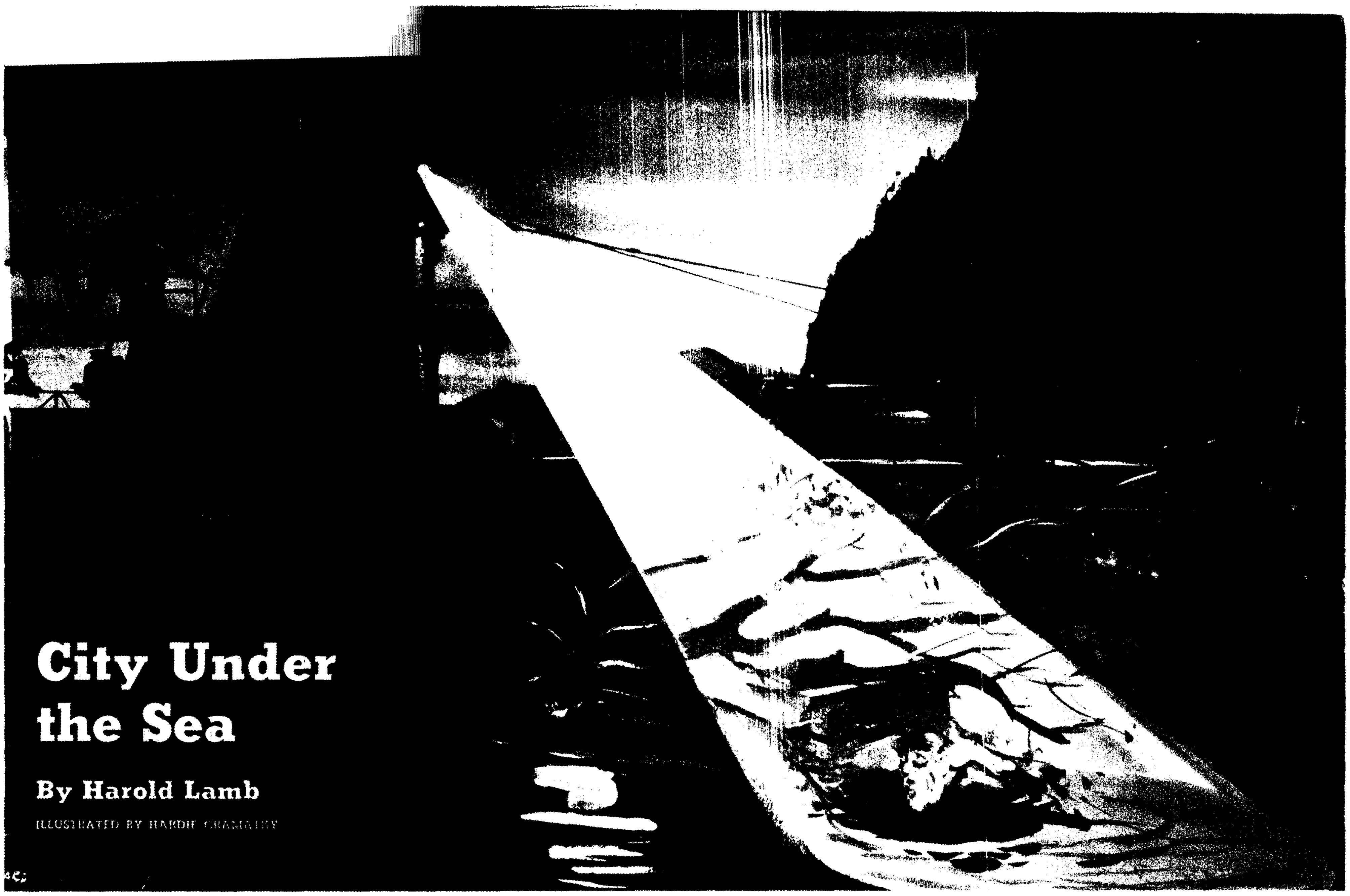

City Under the Sea

By Harold Lamb

ILLUSTRATED BY HARDIE GRAMATKY

The Germans had turned their searchlight on the driftwood. Yarak heard the crack of a shot. Water sprayed beside him

UNCLE YARAK sat on a sandbank overlooking a river that flowed into the Black Sea. Trouble lay heavily upon his Cossack spirit and he did not know what to do about it.

He had to think of something to do. A plan—that was it. But how could he think of a plan without lighting his pipe? To strike a match in that clear, starlit night might be to draw a shot from a German patrol along the opposite bank. A drink of brandy would be helpful in making a plan, but brandy had not refreshed his throat in the ten days he had spent wandering to this jumping-off place.

"Ekh ma," he sighed. "There's nothing to help."

A shadow appeared on the surface of the water, and he heard a humming sound above the rush of the current over the shoals. Abruptly he sat up, the wiry steppe grass cutting through his shirt sleeves. Something was coming up from the depths of the narrow river.

"The city—" he muttered.

Never before now had the old Cossack laid eyes on the long line of the sea, or the ships that plied the waters thereof. Yet he knew the legend of the city. In bygone days, on an island somewhere in this same Black Sea, good people had lived in a city that was attacked by pagan Turks. The people of the city prayed to the Lord for deliverance from their peril. And when the Turks swarmed over the island, it settled and vanished beneath the sea with all its people. Even now, on holy days, the bells of that city could be heard ringing beneath the waters.

Yarak watched the shadow in mid-channel hopefully for a moment, and then spat. *"Tfu!* There are no bells."

Luck, undoubtedly, had deserted him for these last ten days. All because he had spoken to a strange woman. The next time he would cross himself and spit three times before speaking to a strange woman. And he peered morosely at the woman curled up asleep in the sand beside him.

Her tawny hair stretched over her arm, her smart chamois jacket was wrapped tight about her small body. She breathed evenly, as if unconscious of hunger and danger.

"Shepheardsismailiahaleptaganrog," Yarak repeated softly to himself. That was where she said she had come from. It didn't make sense. She couldn't speak intelligently—not a bit of Ukrainian, the Cossack speech, and only enough Russian to ask for things like water and watermelons and the sea. She had been able to make Uncle Yarak understand that she wanted to go down to the sea.

Be-ty she called herself, when the sergeant of the guerrilla patrol had turned her over to Yarak, explaining that she was dumb, being a foreign woman. She had lost her way, getting around the Kharkov lines, and she said her car had broken down. The sergeant, who had other matters to attend to, had made Yarak promise to take her where she wanted to go.

Well, he had done that. He had brought her to the sea, because she wanted to go to the sea. It had not been easy, because German forces happened to occupy that section of the coast through which the Cossack had had to make his way at night, scavenging food where he could, with the foreign woman following obediently behind.

And when, at last, he had shown her the dark line of the sea above the sand hillocks, she had sat down suddenly, not smiling any more. She had wiped at her eyes. Something had gone wrong. Be-ty would not follow him any more. Probably she was sick, and possibly she might be dying. Yarak did not want that to happen. The dumb woman was young, and lovely when she smiled.

But what was he going to do with her here in this sandy waste, without food, with only German patrols watching the empty river?

YARAK chewed his cold pipe, peering into the haze of starlight. He heard a splash upstream that might have been a fish. Up there something moved, looking like a pair of tree trunks, drifting. It did not, however, swing out with the current when it approached the sand bar. Yarak's eyes, accustomed to darkness, were keen.

"Ghar," he whispered at the blond woman. Then, remembering that ordinary speech meant nothing to her, he laid his fingers against her throat, waking her quietly.

"Whatstheshow?" she whispered, her eyes opening. With his hand on her mouth, he pressed her head back into the sand. Then he started down to the water's edge.

Bending his six-foot-three of height, to keep himself below the skyline, he made his way out to some rocks in a clump of rushes, without a sound. For a moment he studied the drifting logs which had navigated the point upstream. Two and perhaps three men lay stretched on the raft, and the starlight above picked out a rifle barrel.

"U-u-haa!" he called softly, close to the water, watching the rifle. The logs hesitated and turned in, with a faint splashing. "Eh, rivermen." Yarak grinned at the clumsy way they handled their raft. "Eh, say."

"You say," a voice grumbled.

The men on the logs were investigating the river. They wanted to know where the German posts were. Yarak explained that a field hospital had been set up three versts away at Chovno village, and that the Germans patrolled the vicinity on foot. "Where are you heading?" he asked, hopefully.

"None of your business, Cossack."

The men on the raft would only say that they had holed up along the river. They were trying to observe what the Germans were doing. Earlier that night they had found a foreigner.

Yarak pricked up his ears. "What kind of a foreigner?"

"How do we know what kind? A foreigner."

"I thought you were *burlaki*—rivermen."

"Sure we're from the river. The Amur, brother."

"Where's that?"

"District of Siberia."

Yarak swore. He did find out where the stray Siberians had their quarters—in a ravine behind the third point, upstream. There they had left the foreigner.

When they had floated on, Yarak

(Continued on page 58)

Picture of a Railroad

Believe it or not, this is a railroad going full speed ahead—for Victory.

Inside that brightly lighted "factory"—the Erie locomotive repair shop at Hornell, N. Y.—tomorrow's transportation is being made ready tonight.

The Erie and other American railroads own and operate 416 such "war factories" plus over 1100 smaller shops, which were in "full production" long before Pearl Harbor.

Railroad workers were then busy improving the whole railroad "plant"—terminals, yards, tracks, and equipment. And, for that purpose, an average of $1,402,000,000 a year was spent.

Now these men are on the job night and day keeping *existing* equipment rolling. For it takes all of America's 44,300 locomotives, 45,200 passenger cars, and 2,000,000 freight cars to move our war materials, consumer goods, service men and other *must* travelers.

That the increasing demands of wartime transportation have thus been met without confusion or delay is a tribute to these railroad workers. They are doing their job well, with practically no new equipment. What's more, they'll still be on the job when peace comes—to help make this world a better place to live in.

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AMERICAN RAILROADS AT WAR

ERIE

ERIE RAILROAD

Mexico Pitches In

Continued from page 35

forces, and a clause in their contracts requires volunteers to agree not to marry while they are in the army (they used to sign up for three years, now it's for the duration), and not to set up any permanent extramarital relationships.

It is no military secret that the Mexican army is both small and badly equipped. Its size has now been increased from fifty thousand to seventy thousand. With a coast line of some 5,000 miles to guard, that means spreading the men out rather thin. Even if the United States were prepared to assist in the defense of Mexico by sending troops across the border, the Mexicans would never agree to such a step. This has been made very clear both by the military authorities and by the people themselves.

At present the army is made up entirely of volunteers. Military conscription was decreed some two years ago but has not been put into effect except in the state of Jalisco, where boys of 18 have been called up. Mexico cannot afford the armed force of two million men which could be raised. The country's trained reserves number 65,000 armed peasants and militia. In the Federal District, there are about 20,000 army-trained militarized workers; in Michoacán, the peasants have formed fifty-seven battalions of civilian militia, and in the northern states, men of military age are forming more battalions. They have to train with broomsticks, and a cry has gone up all over the country: "Give us arms! We know how to use them!"

A Lack of Munitions

That is where the big hitch comes. There aren't enough arms. The factory which manufactures pistols, Mauser-type rifles, and machine guns is already overtaxed trying to produce enough weapons for the regular army. Above everything else, Mexico needs planes for coast patrol and big guns for use against submarines and possible enemy ships. The small navy certainly can't do that work. Even with Lend-Lease facilities, Mexico is not going to be able to order necessary modern equipment. Working with a national budget of one hundred million dollars, the president refuses to plunge the country into ruin by contracting a debt that couldn't be paid off for several generations.

There are three hundred pilots in the Mexican air force (mostly trained in the United States), one hundred cadets in the Aviation School and three hundred commercial pilots who wish to join the air force. They want one thousand planes. According to General Fierro, some of these planes could be built in Mexico with money donated by the various states, and with the assistance of American industry, which would sell Mexico planes and motors to be used as models. The general figures that heavy bombers are not within Mexican means; what are needed are light bombers for reconnaissance.

General Gustavo Salinas has taken over a small factory where he builds patrol planes of his own design. The model, which has been thoroughly tested and has met all requirements, is made of wood and is fitted with two air-cooled Franklin motors. It costs between seven and eight thousand dollars. Due to the limited facilities of the factory, the parts are farmed out to small carpenters. Even with that system, an output of twenty planes a month could be averaged. It isn't an impressive total but it does show what can be done in Mexico with very little.

What it boils down to is that some way must be found of equipping the Mexican forces without bringing financial ruin on the country. That, more or less, puts it up to the United States. If American weapons couldn't be spared, it might be possible to provide the necessary capital to set up arms plants in Mexico, sending technicians at first to teach the local men how to operate them. Most of the raw materials are available, labor is cheap, and the workmen learn quickly. It is worth an effort, since Mexico doesn't lack human material for a good army. The soldiers could be counted upon for courage and endurance. Anyone who saw them in action during the revolution can testify to those qualities.

In the meantime, the best is being done to put the country in a position to defend itself with the facilities on hand. Use is being made of every man with military experience, even including three ex-presidents and one defeated presidential candidate: Cárdenas, Rodríguez, Calles and Almazán. There have been rumors that Almazán had been put in charge of an important zone in the southeast, but so far there has been no way of verifying these reports. No announcement has been made of the position Calles will occupy. The return of Mexico's former strong man from exile caused little excitement, and the stories in the newspapers were devoted mostly to amusement over the fact that the man who led the religious persecutions was celebrating his saint's day and that he was dyeing his hair to conceal the passage of the years.

Abelardo Rodríguez, who has been put in command of the Gulf of Mexico zone, began his career in 1912, as a second lieutenant, fighting in a battalion led by Obregón, which had been sent out to put down a revolt against Madero. One year later, he was a captain serving in the same battalion which formed part of Carranza's guard. Later, he distinguished himself in the campaigns against Villa and rose to the rank of colonel. By 1921, he was a general and became governor of Lower California.

The fact that he served ably and gained his experience with Obregón—one of the most brilliant commanders Mexico ever produced—would indicate that his training fitted him for a big command. Aside from this, his record shows him to be a shrewd and efficient businessman.

The Spot for Invasion

From the American point of view, it is, of course, vital to have Mexican defense well organized in the Gulf zone because of the submarine menace, but as far as the United States is concerned, the Pacific Coast is the real Achilles heel of the American continent. It is there that the enemy would be most likely to try to effect a landing to set up bases uncomfortably close to our territory.

It wouldn't be easy to invade Lower California as there are few good harbors and the coast line is precipitous, but it would be possible. At that, it would serve the Japs right if they were to land on the peninsula; it is barren, dreary and thinly populated. Even the parts that aren't mountainous or deserted are arid and uncultivated. There are no rivers worth mentioning—which means a scarcity of water—and most of the food has to be brought from the United

States. A careful check is kept on all imports and their distribution to make sure that no enemy supply depots can be set up there.

There is just one road running from Tijuana in the north to La Paz in the south. It is narrow and rutted as far as Ensenada. After that, it grows worse and there are sections where it is nothing more than a dirt track. It takes eight days to cover this road in a car. In this case, poverty has turned out to be an asset, since those are scarcely ideal conditions for an invasion.

The Pacific has been divided into seven zones, with a general heading each one and Macías Valenzuela in supreme command. Macías Valenzuela, who until just recently was secretary of defense, is about fifty years old. He began his military career with the Fourth Battalion of Sonora, which was organized in 1912 by the then Lieutenant Colonel Obregón, to fight the Orozco revolt against the Madero government. By 1913, Macías Valenzuela was a captain, and in the following years he took part in the battles of that epoch in Sonora and the northwest, steadily rising in rank. Just before being named secretary of defense, he was chief of operations in the state of Jalisco with the rank of general of division.

West-Coast Defense

The defense of the Pacific coast was organized by General Lázaro Cárdenas, who has just been named secretary of defense. The people, referring to the agrarian reforms he carried out while president, used to make jokes about him when he was in command of the Pacific zone. The two favorites are: The west coast is safe now; we have sent the biggest destroyer in the world there." And, "Let the Japs land. It won't matter. Cárdenas will immediately expropriate them."

Now that the defense of Lower California has been organized, the commander's headquarters have been moved from Ensenada to Mazatlán. Offices have been set up in the hotel annex, a thick-walled building with rooms facing onto a big whitewashed patio. The atmosphere is very informal, as the small desks of the top-ranking officers have been placed in the colonnade around the patio.

When I visited Mazatlán a short time ago, Cárdenas was still in charge there, with a naval officer as chief of staff, Commodore Gomez Maqueo—who bears an amazing resemblance to Supreme Court Justice Murphy, both in appearance and manner. The assistant chief of staff was Colonel (now General) Alamillo, who has since been named military attaché at the Mexican embassy in Washington. Alamillo is alert, intelligent and marked out by those in the know for a great future. He graduated from the French *Ecole Supérieure de Guerre* and was military attaché in Paris at the time of the fall of France. He told me that what he saw then convinced him that one of the principal reasons for the French defeat was the lack of complete trust between England and France.

"That is the one thing that the United States and Mexico must avoid," he said. "We must have absolute co-operation."

Much has been accomplished already in this line. American ships have been given permission to use Mexican waters and harbors, American planes may land on Mexican fields, American troops may pass through Mexico in case of necessity. There is now talk of arranging for an exchange of officers for training in the different tactics and for knowledge of the territory and conditions in both countries.

According to a new decree, all Mexican officers must learn English. When I was in Mazatlán, the classes were already organized. Most of the men were doing pretty well, as Mexicans have a facility for languages, but I met one poor lieutenant who, though struggling manfully, was waging a losing battle.

"Your spelling makes no sense," he said. "I have had five lessons and I still cannot learn to count. My teacher gets furious because I always start 'oh-nay.' That's the way o-n-e is pronounced, isn't it?"

One great service being rendered by the army in force along the coastal regions is promoting civilian interest in the war. The attitude of the people in places like Ensenada and Mazatlán is entirely different from that of the inhabitants of the central regions, who are apathetic, to say the least.

In Ensenada, for instance, where there is a population of six thousand, one thousand men of all ages have volunteered to serve in the civilian defense corps.

After working hours, groups can be seen in the public squares learning to march under the instruction of an army officer and trying hard to stick out their chests instead of their stomachs. A great number of young men have signed up for flying lessons and, while I was there, money was being raised to buy a training plane.

Everybody in those regions talks about the war and the role that Mexico will be expected to play. "Everybody" includes the soldiers. When General Rico assured me that his men really understood why Mexico had declared a state of war and why they would be fighting if they should ever go into the field against Axis troops, I was frankly skeptical.

I was remembering the revolutionary days when a soldier, if asked "For whom are you fighting?" more often than not replied quite simply, "For Captain So-and-so." But now things are different. By making the requirements for entering the army more stringent and by teaching the soldiers the three R's, illiteracy among the troops has been reduced to ten per cent. They can read the newspapers and get an idea of what is going on in the world.

They Know Why They're Fighting

Aside from that, the officers give their men weekly talks on the world situation and international affairs. At other times, they are invited to listen to debates between officers, which they later continue spiritedly among themselves.

Going about on my own and talking to some thirty privates, I discovered that the general had not misinformed me. All of them knew what the war was about, what the Axis stood for, and for what the democracies were fighting. They expressed indignation over the sinking of the Mexican ships and said, "We are ready to fight for freedom and liberty."

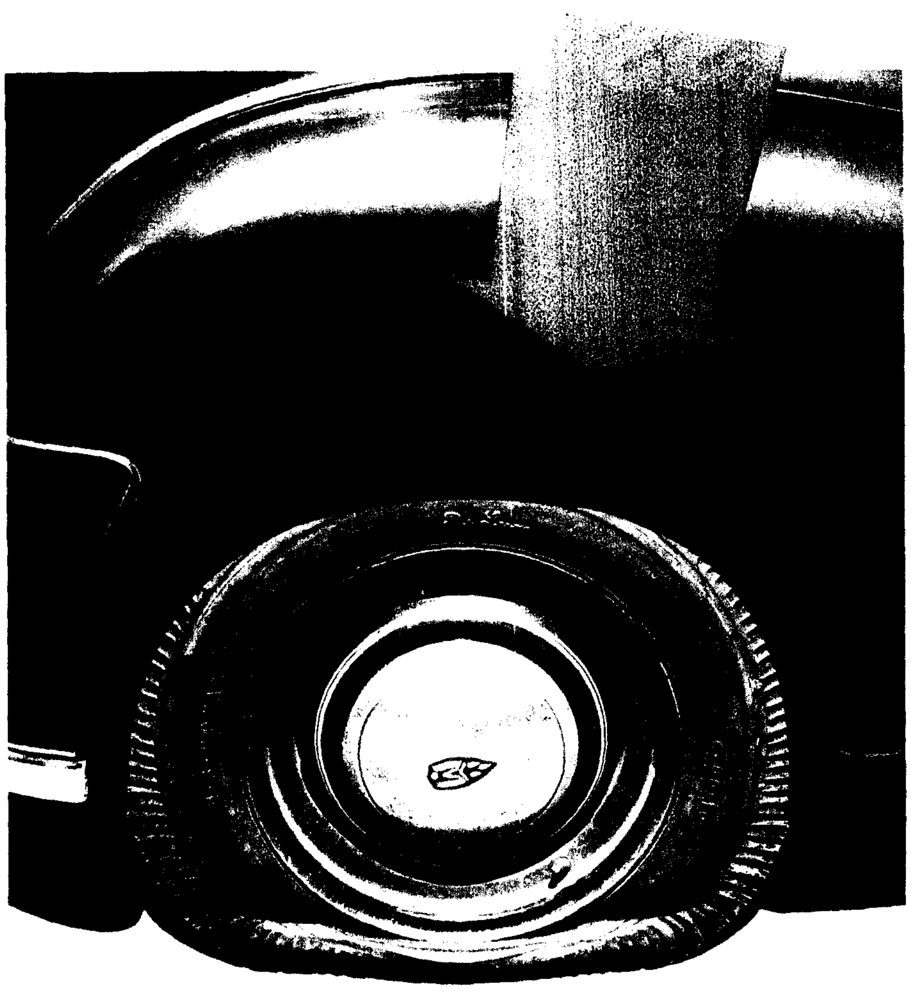
One whom I spoke to while he was trying to buy some fish off one of the boats that had come in that morning with its catch, showed the admirable realism which characterizes his race.

"For a soldier," he said, "war is the best condition. Our job is to fight, and besides we get better pay."

I asked him if he thought there would ever be a Japanese invasion of the peninsula.

"Oh, no," he answered. "The Japs would attack us only if the United States were licked, and we know that could never happen."

THE END



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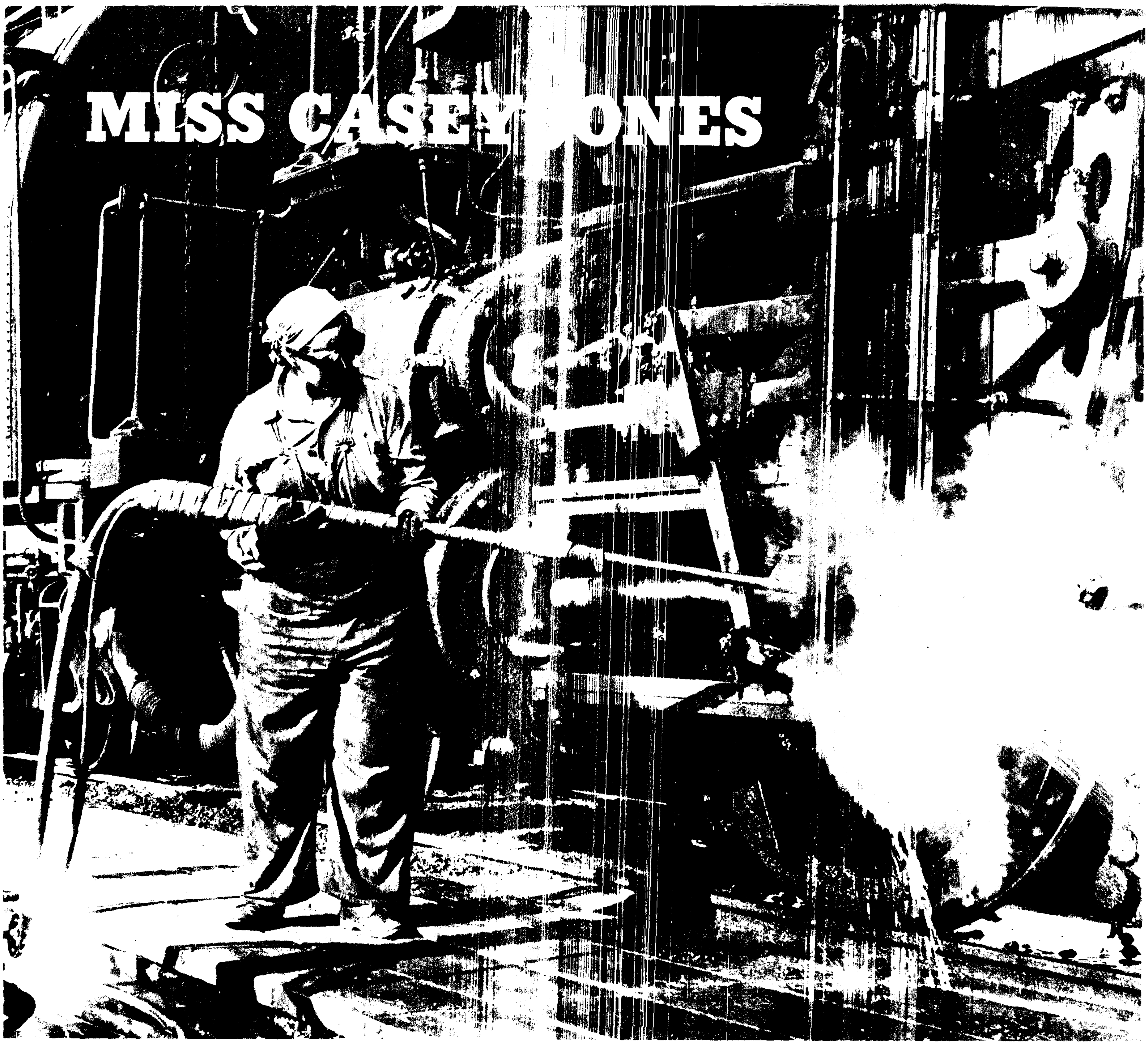
MISS CASEY JONES



"I've done housework in my time," says Miss Edna Keepers, above, "and that's all this really is, except it's on a much larger scale." She's shown here using steam and a chemical solution to clean the moving parts of a locomotive preparatory to an overhaul job in the Southern Pacific shops at Eugene, Ore.

Miss Alta Lee, below, likes her job of sorting used spikes in the S. P. scrap yard at Sacramento. Straight spikes are stocked for immediate re-use, and crooked ones are straightened and put back on the job. This is part of an extensive salvage program

THEM dames in airplane plants, bending them little tubes, fiddling with them tiny wires, playing with them puny riveters and doing that dainty welding—phooey on them! Let 'em come out to the roundhouse and manhandle a two-hundred-ton freight hog and find out what work is!"

That's the sort of talk you get from thousands of railettes who are running steam hammers, wrestling locomotives, helping blacksmiths, operating turntables and doing fifty other tough jobs to keep freight and passenger trains rolling to victory. They think the girls in airplane plants are all right, you understand, but just a bit ladylike.

On some roads, notably in the West, on the Southern Pacific, crews of girls have taken over train inspection and servicing at division points. Since the war started, this one road has hired more than a thousand women, in addition to those it already employed. In most cases, they're wives or sisters of railroad men, and often a girl has stepped right into the job vacated by father, husband or brother.

Railroads for years have employed women as clerks, telegraph operators and station agents. Now the girls are taking over tougher jobs. They aren't firing locomotives yet, but they may be if the war lasts long enough. . . . J. M.

PHOTOGRAPH FROM SOUTHERN PACIFIC COMPANY

Mrs. Lily Hill, who learned blacksmithing from her father when she was a girl is Henry Kohl's helper. She says it's fun to swing an eight-pound sledge. Kohl says she knows her job

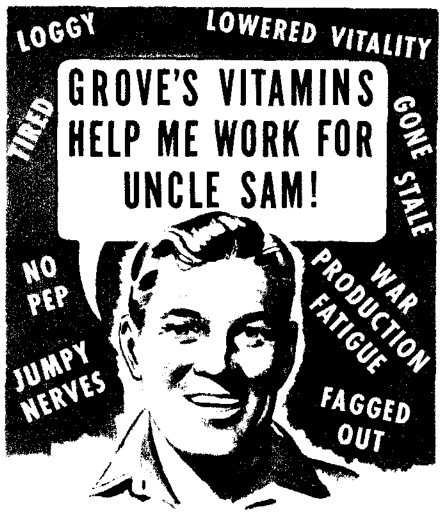
This attractive railroader is Mrs. Grace Black. She just filled the tank of a Pullman car with water and is closing the valve

One of the important jobs which women have taken over [illegible] the Southern Pacific is that of fire-lighter. Mrs. Vivian Gatherer, above, is demonstrating how it's done in an S. P. roundhouse

Packing journal boxes is pretty messy if you're not expert at handling oily waste. Mrs. Pauline Schaffer, above, shows the proper technique

Mrs. Elizabeth Barnes, below, handling the controls of an 1,800-pound steam hammer. Her partner is Blacksmith Mike Puga, who signals her how hard and fast to hit a white-hot piece of steel

Cutting scrap with an acetylene torch is hot and difficult work, but Miss Joyce Ennis, below, seems to know what it's all about



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The Turn of the Tide

Continued from page 12

Pindar looked around. The few stars that had been in sight were blotted out. Alone in the blackness, he kept moving automatically, rising and falling on the deep sea swells, streaking a path of phosphorescence behind him in the warm water. Gradually he was tiring. His arms were beginning to feel heavy, his legs had lost their snap and vigor. Tingling cramps swept across his back and shoulders. Hopelessness overpowered him. What was the use? Exhausted as he was, he'd never be able to swim back to land against this current.

How easy it would be to stop now, sink down, down, into those dark blue depths. All the struggle, all the heartaches, all the striving against life would be over. And then he gritted his teeth with a grim determination. The spark of life burned hot in him, and hope was a flame that urged him on. With but the fierce power of his will, he drove his aching arms up and back, kept his head above that warm, briny water that seemed to be sucking him down.

It seemed ages later when, low down on the horizon, he fancied a faint gray streak smeared a smudge against the curtain of the night. That streak lightened, started to turn pink. Daylight would soon break. But John Pindar never saw the sunrise that morning, never saw the round hot rim push its edge up over the horizon.

DIMLY and half unreal, a sound rose above the regular slush and hiss of the waves. It was the hollow thump of water striking solid. He turned his head. There, not over a hundred feet away, something rose up and then sank into a valley between the waves. Perhaps it was but born of his own imagination. Perhaps—but then he saw it plainly. Wet and dripping, a big gray mass emerged from the gloom of daybreak, emerged to the splash of running water pouring into the sea. John Pindar never remembered dragging himself toward it, never remembered his hands feeling the wet wood as with the last desperate ounce of his strength, like a wounded seal crawling onto a half awash rock, he feebly hauled himself out of the sea.

Hours later, a sound hammered at his consciousness. He opened his eyes. He was sprawled out on the deck of a vessel. The sun was halfway up to the zenith. A loose block hanging from a rope, bumped against the rail just above him. He propped himself up on an elbow, looked around. He was on what was left of a two-masted schooner. The foremast was gone, cut off as clean as though a cleaver had done the job twenty feet above the deck.

Her bowsprit was broken off short at the stemhead. A bundle of sodden canvas draped over her forward. The forecastlehead was a litter of splintered wood and a snarl of steel cables, above a yawning hole. The mainsail swayed in bagging folds, the peak of the gaff hanging down along the mast banging monotonously. The peak halyard was adrift. The mainmast had a big chunk torn from it just above the deck. The cabin top was a mass of jagged plank ends. From overside, the broken foremast, held by its shrouds and stays, bumped heavily against the hull.

John Pindar wiped the back of his hand across his eyes, stood up looking around him. He took a few tentative steps. All one side felt stiff and sore. From his knee to his shoulder, his body was marked where he had lain on the rough deck. From beneath him came hollow rumblings and gurglings. He realized that this must be the vessel he'd heard about. A week ago and a hundred miles to the eastward, she'd met a raider during the night. The crew had deserted her, had been picked up by a steamer next morning.

The raider had put a couple of shells into her, then, certain that she would sink, had steamed away. But the schooner—the Mary Jones—had not sunk. He looked down through the hatch, the cover of which had been torn off and was gone. Her hold was packed with seasoned lumber. His gaze swept all the far horizons. East and west, north and south, there was no sight of land.

He had no idea how far he had been carried out. As he looked at the stump of the foremast, at the loose rigging and spars that swayed and groaned at every roll, at the splintered decks, suddenly an idea was born in him. He'd wanted a ship. He had one now. But single-handed and alone, could he bring her into port? The salvage, aye, it would be no small sum. The salvage on that load of lumber—he put that from his mind. If he planned to save her, he'd better get at it while the weather was good, for he had heavy work to do.

Just aft of him, the doghouse where the cook had once held forth was lashed to eye-bolts in the deck. John went in. On a shelf behind the stove in the rack, there was a row of screw-top tins. As he opened one after another, his eyes lighted. Enough provisions were here for a man to make out with: rice and beans, sea biscuits and flour, dried fruit, sugar, salt and matches. A barrel in the corner proved to be almost full of water. That was a welcome find as were a few tools he discovered when later he waded through the flooded cabin and felt a chest on the floor in the corner.

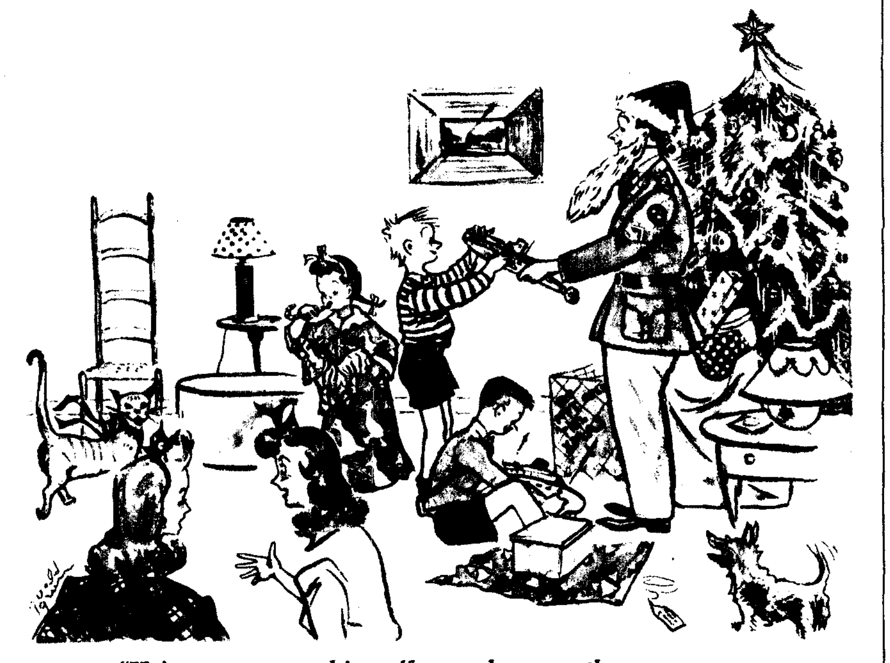
He dragged the box to the companionway stairs, hitched the end of the main sheet through a handle and hauled it up on the ragged beams of the cabin top. The saw, the planes, the chisels had already begun to rust. But they were serviceable. He reached over, turned the wheel. By its tug, he knew the steering gear was undamaged. Now to get rid of that trailing mast held by its steel shrouds alongside. It would smash against the hull like a battering ram and hole it again if a storm should arise.

That day John Pindar began cutting loose the mast. When the sun went down in a riot of color and was quenched by the sea, he had the satisfaction of seeing that jagged-ended spar drift slowly astern.

He slept that night on a pile of old canvas and when morning came, he was awake before daylight broke over the dark waters. A steady southwester sprang up at sunrise, scarce a ten-mile breeze that barely rippled the sea's face and made but little pocket handkerchiefs to crest the blue of the waves. He was being set farther and farther away from land.

His next job would be to clear away the hurrah's nest of tangled shroud and stay, sail and rope up forward. They covered a gaping hole where rail and deck and part of the planking had been torn away. Before the day was over, his hands were cut and bleeding from the sharp ends of the plowshare steel wire. When night fell, he seemed to have made little impression on the wreckage. Next morning with hammer and chisel, pinch bar and ax, he again hacked and cut and pulled. The throat tackle on the mainmast furnished the purchase by which he dragged the foresail out of his way. The staysail followed, then the jib was hauled dripping out of the water and spread on the deck.

NIGHT followed day; a week passed, a week in which the wind gradually worked the Mary Jones to the north and east farther and farther offshore. Finally he uncovered the vessel's bow. Close below the stub end of the bowsprit, he could now get to the place where the planking was torn away in a jaggd hole. Working with pieces of decking, he framed that hole, got a soft patch of canvas over it. Then he labored at the handle on the suction pump that was set on the deck just forward of the mainmast. A big stream of water gurgled out as the diaphragm rose and fell. He knew there was many a gallon in that hold. Perhaps she was leaking in other places besides the hole he'd closed on her bow. He'd soon find out.



"He's got to wear his uniform whenever there are more than three people present. Army regulations, you know"

COLLIER'S GERALD GREEN

Perhaps this job was too much for one man. He had food and water aboard. Sooner or later, he'd be sighted. The regular southeaster that prevailed in these latitudes would make up and drift him back into the steamer lane. His hands were stiff and sore. The salt water had inflamed them. His calloused palms were cracked till he could scarcely clench his fists. When his day's work was done, he would fall asleep like a dead man and barely stir till morning broke.

One day, after two hours' work at the pump, his eyes lit up. He fancied the water in the hold was lowering. That night he was certain of it. He'd gained a few inches. Naked and sun-varnished, he was tanned the color of old mahogany. Driven on by a fierce urge, he did not take the time to prepare proper meals. He became lean and hard; the corded knots of muscles on his shoulders and back rippled with every movement of his powerful body.

After each spell at the pumps, the ship rose a few inches more out of the water. She'd come up till the lower edge of the soft patch on her bows was scarce immersed a foot. The timber below no longer rolled and bumped around in the hold. He had hitched several of the steel cables together, run one from the mainmast head over the stump of the foremast and down to the stem. Another ran from the main to the foot of the foremast. That would keep the mainmast from going over backward.

ONE by one, he bent on the torn sails to stay and spar, a crazy-looking rig of staysail and reefed foresail sheeted loose-footed to the rail, since the foreboom was broken. In the small triangle between the broken foremast and the stemhead, he set a jib on the wire stay. If he'd had a dead run back to Abaco he might have saved himself a lot of work. The mainsail alone would have been sufficient off the wind. But he knew he had been set to the northward by the southwesterly and he'd need headsails on her to work up to windward. The regular southeaster would soon set in.

Awakening one morning, he felt a gentle breeze blowing. It was out of the right quarter for him at last. With a tackle shifted alternately from peak to throat halyards, he hoisted the deep-reefed mainsail. The Mary Jones was no longer a thing of splintered wood and ragged canvas, a derelict floating aimlessly on the ocean, but a buoyant vessel capable of directed movement. With her makeshift canvas drawing, she headed off to the southwestward.

For the first time since he had come aboard, John Pindar had a square meal. Down in the cabin aft, uncovered by the water that had lowered to the suck of the pump, he opened a locker. Here was the captain's private store of canned goods. With the wheel lashed to hold the vessel on her course, Pindar started a fire in the galley stove and boiled a handful of rice, dumped it into the big pot on top of a couple of chunks of corned beef, adding enough water to keep it from burning. A can of pork and beans followed, another of corn. He thickened it with broken ship's biscuits, sprinkled on salt and pepper and could scarce wait till the whole was heated. With his back against the wheelbox and a big bowl of his elaborate lobscouse before him, he sighed contentedly as the Mary Jones jogged along toward the setting sun.

Night fell and John Pindar dozed in cat naps beside the wheel, steering by the stars. The soft patch he had put on the bow was holding. There was only a small leak in her now. By working but an hour or so twice a day, he could keep her free of water. The warm night passed.

When morning broke, he looked around him. Low down on the horizon astern, a faint smudge of smoke showed. That was the first sign of a steamer he had sighted since he had come aboard. The Mary Jones was sailing back into the sea lanes. He had but a vague idea how long a time had gone by since that evening when his dinghy had smashed and he had been thrown into the water. What mattered it now? The sea was calm. The steady southeaster blew a gentle fair wind as the schooner forged along breasting the waves. The little flap of water striking her bow, the small rumble of it sliding along her bilge, the faint rustle of the wind on the sails, were as music to his ears.

COLLIER'S "All I got this year was neckties!" BILL KING

He drowsed half asleep, keeping her on her course automatically. Then he jerked wide awake as he became aware of an alien sound, an ominous clumping that seemed to be growing in intensity. He turned, looked astern. The steamer whose smoke he had seen on the horizon was coming up on him, coming fast, and had laid her course to pass close to. Inside of ten minutes, the rust-streaked tramp lay a hundred yards off to starboard. Evidently her captain had noticed Pindar's jury rig and the splintered foredeck and had seen the name on the stern. In all likelihood he had heard of the Mary Jones. The crew lined the rail. The officers stood on the wing of the bridge deck, gazing curiously at the sun-bronzed man, his sole covering a piece of frayed canvas held around his waist with a belt. One yelled through a megaphone, "We're coming alongside! Get ready to take a line!"

John Pindar shook his head vigorously, motioned them off. Either they did not understand him or did not want to. If they towed him in, they'd claim the greater share of whatever a prize court awarded. He did not need help and he told them so in no uncertain terms. The steamer moved ahead, crossed in front of his bows, swung in a circle, came up alongside again. A heaving line sailed through the air.

"Take in slack!" someone bellowed.

John Pindar grabbed the line, flipped a few quick coils in it, slung it into the sea and again told them to be on their way. They were reluctant to leave, however, and kept pace with him for several miles before they speeded up and drew ahead. He knew they'd report him. Even now their wireless was probably crackling out the message.

THE steamer dwindled into the distance off to the southard. He saw her change course and make the turn to round Abaco. Her superstructure, then her funnels eased down beneath the sea. The gray plume of her smoke dissipated and John Pindar was again alone. He knew his position now. The tramp had come from Europe, was heading up for the south end of Abaco and the Northeast Providence Channel bound for the Straits of Florida. He was not far from shore. By midafternoon, there were other signs that he was closing in on the land. A flock of sea pigeons went past him, winging their way low and fast over the water. A couple of sooty terns flew close overhead making toward the westward. And then a little shadow appeared, a shadow that darkened and slowly rose on the sky line.

As he sailed along at a four-knot clip, the familiar contour of his home island began to etch itself against the pale blue of the sky. He saw other things. Off to the southward, a sail, a little triangle of canvas showed above the horizon. It grew larger till he could make out a three-masted schooner that changed course and headed directly for him. Just astern was another vessel, a two-master that followed in its wake. As they approached, he recognized them, a couple of ships engaged in hauling lumber from a sawmill on the western side of Abaco. The operator at the wireless station there must have picked up the message the steamer sent, and these schooners had immediately set out to intercept him.

He was not long in doubt about their intentions. With their booms broad off and sailing fast, they headed at him, swung up into the wind one on either side. The falls creaked as each lowered a boat. Their sculling oars flashed in the sunlight. The small boats drew up alongside the Mary Jones. A man stood in the bow of the nearest one, leaped, scrambled up on the rail. As he jumped down, John Pindar wasted no words on him. He grasped him around the waist, heaved him up and overboard, ran across the deck and treated another fellow who had come from the opposite side the same way.

Then he jerked an iron belaying pin from its rack, stood on the wheelbox, brandished the weapon and threatened to use it on the next man who boarded him. The bobbing dinghies dropped astern. The crews fished the two men out of the water and the boats went back to their respective vessels. The sun disappeared into a thick bank of clouds over the land. The southeaster began to go fluky. The wind took on a body. The mainmast on the Mary Jones trembled at each succeeding puff, the rigging creaked ominously. She was straining at her sheets, coming up fast on the fringe of cays off the coast of Abaco.

Just astern, port and starboard, the two schooners kept pace with him. Occasionally a yell would echo across the water. John Pindar soon realized what they were up to. When night fell, and there was no chance of their being seen from shore, they'd board him in force. He wouldn't stand a chance of keeping them off. This vessel was his by rights. He'd found her deserted; he'd brought her in this far. If they took her away from him, he might argue the matter out before a prize court months later. The case might drag on for a year. It would be his word then against dozens of others. They'd all swear they found him helpless, that he'd asked for assistance. They'd claim the prize money. It was little that he'd receive then. She probably was insured and if he brought her in himself, he could settle with the insurance company in short order. He must elude his pursuers somehow.

THE edge of the reef was close to, the grumble of the surf plainly heard. In the twilight, John Pindar passed a rock just awash off to starboard. He noticed by the level of the swirl around it that the tide was coming in fast. This was almost the peak of the flood. Just ahead of him the island made up into a steep rounded hill with the little tower of the beacon on its crest. When that bore due west, the deep water of Ragged Channel would be abeam. His pursuers would think he was heading around the end of Abaco. They'd never suspect he'd try to take this vessel through the reef.

The twilight deepened. The light on the hill winked into being. The wind was coming in gusts now, each a bit harder than the preceding one. If John Pindar knew how deep this craft was in the water, there might be a chance for him. He had a way of finding out. He rolled the wheel up. Slowly the bow turned and the Mary Jones headed into the wind with flapping sails.

Evidently the crews on the two vessels near by thought that he was stopping for a parley, for they swung and hove to. Slowly the Mary Jones drifted along. In the fading light, a dark green patch showed in the blue of the sea. She was easing over a shoal. John Pindar dove overboard. He swam down below the hull, felt his way to the keel, grasped it with one hand, groped with the other. He did not have far to reach. His fingers touched the slimy rocks hardly a foot below. Bobbing to the surface, he swung himself over the rail, ran back to the wheel, got her on her course again.

He was certain now of what he wanted to know. That rocky shelf he had just crossed was a foot or so deeper than the shoalest bar in Ragged Channel. With the incoming tide helping him along, he might make it. No easy job, that, to take a vessel through the dog-leg turns with the sharp rocks close abeam on either side. Few men would attempt it in daylight save with a fair wind, fewer in the night under any circumstances. The gray clouds overhead turned to black shapeless masses and night shut in. The passage of Ragged Channel lay scarce a mile ahead. It wouldn't be long now before they closed in on him. But how could he keep them off till he got there?

A SLOW smile crossed his face. They were too certain they had him trapped. He slipped a loop of line over a spoke to hold the wheel, went down the companionway stairs into the cabin. A lantern hung on a hook to the wall. He'd examined it before. There was hardly a spoonful of kerosene in it. But that was enough. Up on deck again, he hurried to the galley. The matches were in a glass jar. With work-stiffened fingers, he fumbled with the lid, got one out, lit the lantern.

The schooner was off her course, dangerously close to the reef before he had the wheel again. The lantern burned dimly on the deck in front of him. To the eastward, he could see the lights of the two other schooners although the vessels themselves were lost in the gloom. He knew they were even now preparing to board him. The wind had hauled east and was blowing harder. It would take them but a few minutes to run down on him. He'd have to work fast.

He dragged a section of the broken foreboom across the deck. With a piece of line, he hitched a length of old anchor chain to one end. To the other, he lashed the lantern. Raising the weighted end of the spar, he lifted it over the rail, gently slid it down. He had scarcely gotten it overside when he saw the lights on the schooners change direction and head toward him.

He glanced back. The chain had hit bottom. The lantern held six feet above the sea by the floating spar was anchored, swaying back and forth. Ragged Channel was less than a half mile ahead. Would he make it? Astern, the lights were nearing the bobbing lantern. A howl, the sound of many voices yelling came wind-borne down to him. They'd discovered his trick but not before he had gained a little time. They no longer were up to windward of him, but dead astern.

A few minutes later, he glanced back again, fancied a dim shape was taking form in his wake. Then he was certain of it.

The Mary Jones was sailing hard, her canvas bulging with the weight of the wind. The mainmast head was swinging in a five-foot arc, taking up on the slack rigging at every roll. It wouldn't stand the strain much longer. From the place where the chunk had been torn, long cracks were running upward. The jib popped. Then with a noise like a shot, the canvas went streaming from the bolt ropes. With its going, the wheel tugged hard as the schooner tried to head into the wind. Up to windward, the loom of a ship increased and the three-masted schooner, the white of her sails plainly visible, swung, headed toward him.

John Pindar gritted his teeth. The light on Conch Cay was almost abeam. Another few hundred yards and he could turn and drive through Ragged Channel, but the big schooner was angling down toward him. Quickly he rolled the wheel up and headed directly at her as though he intended to ram. He heard a startled yell from her decks and she sheered off.

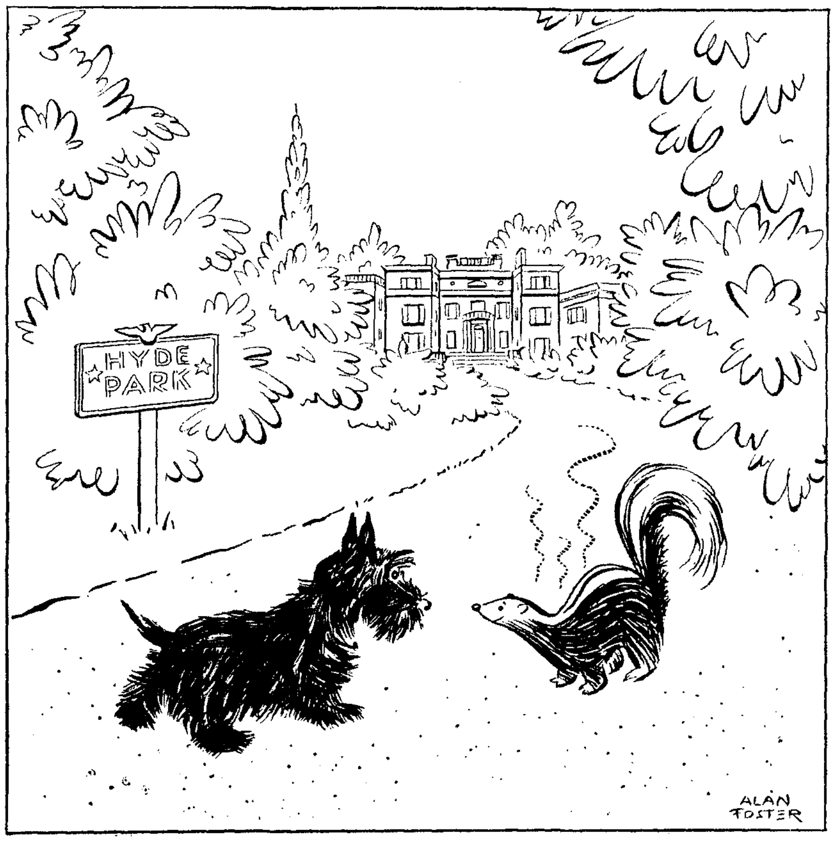
John Pindar rolled the wheel down hard, slacked off his main sheet. The light on the hill was dead in line now. Barely hearing the lurid curses and baffled cries from astern, he listened for another sound. It came, the sickening crunch of coral under the keel. His ship humped her back, hesitated. He held his breath. Her bow went down, her stern arose. The ominous gurgle of water pouring into her hull up forward grew in intensity. He'd washed off the canvas patch on her bow.

But with the wind shoving hard against the mainsail broad off, she slid over the bar, gathered speed and ran down the deep-water channel that was marked on either side by gleaming lines of breakers. Just as the Mary Jones rounded the point that made out from the pond before the village of Conch Cay, a heavy gust struck her. With a loud crack, the crash of splintered wood, the ripping screech of torn canvas, the mainmast pitchpoled over the side. Coasting on her momentum, moving slower and slower, she carried her way across the pond and grounded on the sandy beach just before the little group of houses under the clashing coco palms.

JOHN PINDAR glanced overside. The white tip of the mainmast was inching back along the hull. The tide had turned and would be running out like a mill race through Ragged Channel now. He'd made it to safety with little time to spare. Ashore the sight of many bobbing lights, as they converged toward the place where the schooner was aground, caused his grim, lean face to wrinkle into a grin. He hoped that crowd on the vessels offshore would try to come in with their small boats. He'd have plenty of help to handle them now.

THE END

MR. FALA OF THE WHITE HOUSE by **ALAN FOSTER**



COLLIER'S "I don't think it will come to gas warfare" ALAN FOSTER

City Under the Sea

Continued from page 51

started upstream along the bank. He thought: If these Siberian soldiers had a foreign man, and he, Yarak, had a foreign woman on his hands, he could lead the man to the woman. The man would know what to do for her. Then the blond woman would get over her sickness, and what was more to the point, Yarak would be relieved of his responsibility. . . . At the edge of the upstream ravine, he went slowly, calling "U-u-haa!" No answer came.

At once Yarak stopped, pulling out the Turkish knife that he had acquired in his wandering. Carefully he listened to the faint humming that was made up of the murmur of the river, the buzz and chirping of insects. He caught a *swish* of the air, and ducked. Something rattled against the slope above him, and he heard the sharp thud of feet.

The Cossack rolled over on his back, kicking up and slashing with the knife. His booted foot jammed against the hurtling body, but his knife blade cut only air.

Rolling to his feet, Yarak prepared to strike again. Something harder than a fist smashed against his cheekbone. Flashes of light spurted before his eyes, which watered, blinding him. "Dog's tail!" he yelped, startled.

Nothing more hit him. Instead, after a moment's silence a voice spoke curtly:

"You're Russian?"

"No—Cossack!"

By now Yarak could make out his assailant—a shorter, slender man holding a cudgel. This foreigner spoke Russian quick enough, but with an accent. He kept his distance from Yarak's long arm.

"Who are you and where are you from, brother?" Yarak asked, quieting down.

"Did you see the sun set, Cossack?"

"Yes."

"Well, that's where I'm from. Part of my name is Jan."

Evidently this foreigner did not want to say much about himself. So Yarak explained how he was in trouble with a woman. "She's a foreigner like you. Maybe she's dying. How can I tell?" And he added craftily, "She's pretty as a sunflower—a regular girl!"

The stranger listened without any emotion. "Sounds fishy. What's she carrying?"

"Carrying? A handbag. And a handkerchief."

"What color's her hair?"

"Like ripe wheat."

"All right. Hand over that butcher's knife."

JAN, the foreigner, would not move until Yarak laid down the curved knife. Picking it up, he reached under a bush and pulled something out. Yarak caught the *clink* of glass. "Vudka?" he cried.

"Cognac." Jan put a bottle in each pocket of his tunic without offering the Cossack a swallow. "Good French cognac, fresh from Chovno. Take off!" He picked up something else, resembling a sledge hammer. "And if you're taking me anywhere except to that *dushenka* you describe, Cossack, you'll feed the birds."

Yarak felt both thirsty and angry. "*Hei!* I'm not lying, Jan. I'm Yarak—in the last war *essaul* of the Terek Division. The Savage Division."

For the first time the stranger laughed. "The Savage Division of the last war would be the school children of this one."

Morosely, Yarak stepped out. He recognized what Jan was carrying in his hand. A German stick grenade, undoubtedly looted with the good liquor from the stores at Chovno. Jan had a hard soul—he had a devil in him.

To his great relief he found Be-ty sitting alone in the waste of sand, waiting patiently.

At sight of her Jan stopped instantly. "Marya!" he breathed. He said something. Yarak did not understand, while the girl only stared up, puzzled.

Certainly these foreigners had a strange way of greeting each other, with Jan trembling as if he were stepping on a grave, and the girl as silent as a statue. Presently they began to talk, but not in Russian.

"What is she?" Yarak asked curiously.

Jan kept staring at her hair, until she brushed it back with her hands uneasily. "A nurse," said he. "An English nurse, named Betty. But she can speak some German." He had ceased to think about Yarak. "She came from Shepheard's, in Cairo, through Ismailia, by Halep to Taganrog, last winter—or so she says."

"What kind of sickness has she?"

"No kind. You've walked her for a week, with only black bread and barley to chew, down to this wilderness."

"It's the sea where she wanted to go."

"Not much it isn't. There's more than one sea, Cossack. She wanted to go around the Kavkaz, to the Caspian."

The muscles twitched in Jan's face, as if he were frightened. The girl watched him quietly. When she spoke and touched his arm, he pulled away.

Be-ty smiled and drew a cup from her handbag. And Jan uncorked one of the bottles, to pour into the cup. The sharp odor of strong cognac struck Yarak's nostrils, and he moved over. Jan pushed him away. "Not for you, *stiepnik*. The lady needs it."

He called her lady, now, and not *dushenka*. "But there are two bottles." Yarak's throat felt dry.

And plainly Jan thirsted for the good drink as much as Yarak.

The girl seemed to know that, because after she sipped at the cognac she held out the white cup to Jan. He took it, hesitating. "Captain Jan Slowycky," he muttered, "escaped from Czersk prison. The forehead to you, lady."

GIVING up hope of the bottles, Yarak wandered off toward the river. This Jan, he reflected, who was no older than Be-ty, had a black devil in him. It happened that way with men who had been in prison. Jan's mind was sick, and Yarak did not know what he could do about that—

Suddenly he stopped and spat. The river beyond the sand bar had changed. The shadow along the surface was rising, coming up.

Something like a house took shape, with a cannon on top of it. Then out of this house the figures of men climbed.

"Ekh!" Yarak muttered, the back of his neck feeling cold. Mirrored above the gleam of the water, the monster of the unknown, vasty deep drifted closer to the steep bank opposite, and stopped.

The men on it lowered what seemed to be a mattress to the water, and four of them climbed into it, rowing into the loom of the land across from him.

Fascinated, the Cossack watched, at the end of his sand bar. If these specters rang bells, they must be denizens of the city under the sea. Instead of bells, Yarak heard Jan's voice. Singing.

As he scrambled back, he heard the words: "When the bread is hot from the oven, dear girl . . . you will burn your fingers. Wait!"

Within the screen of grass, Jan was emptying the cup. "When the kiss is hot on your lips, dear girl . . . you must never wait. Hurry!"

Beside him Be-ty sat silent.

"Shut up and listen, Jan," the Cossack exclaimed. "In the river a city is coming up, with men climbing out."

"In a pig's eye!"

Jan laughed and poured himself more cognac from a bottle that Yarak judged to be more than half empty already. "Ghosts on the water," Jan said. "Cossack, I used to sit like this on the stone steps, while Marya made tea. At her house, you know—or you don't know. To the devil with tea! She had hair like gold, and she looked into my eyes—not afraid. I'd kiss her hand. Like two kids."

"Stop licking the drink. It's the girl's."

"Not this girl's. She's alive, isn't she?" Jan filled his cup carefully. "When I was out of Czersk, I got down to the Tatras to look for her at the old place. The farm people told me about Marya. She'd had typhus, and before she was well, she had been sent with the family out of their house, north to the swamps. For the water sports, the Nazis said. You know, cutting timber in the bogs, poling rafts. I didn't find her. It was like chasing a ghost over the swamps—"

The girl Be-ty had been watching his face in the starlight, and she took the cup away from him. Jan stopped talking.

"There's a gun on the river now, Jan," Yarak insisted.

He took Jan's arm, leading him down to the sand bar. For a long time Jan stared at the shape on the water. "Undersea boat," he said. Leaning close to the water, he listened. "It's not Russian they're speaking over there."

"Four men rowed ashore. Without a boat." Yarak pointed to the far bank, hidden in the murk.

"They're Germans, all right. Probably going to communicate with Chovno."

The thing out of the sea was an enemy warship, Jan insisted.

"Impossible," Yarak grunted. He knew that ships sailed on top of the water; they did not emerge from the depths like a sturgeon coming up to feed.

Jan peered at him curiously. "You believe in a city of dead people coming up out of the water, but you balk at a submarine."

"Oh, crickey!"

Quietly the girl Be-ty had come up behind them. And she knew more than Jan about the black shape moored in the river. She said it would have a searchlight and machine gun on the little house that she called a conning tower, and a small boat made of rubber, blown up so it would float. In this berth at the river mouth it could lie hidden for the night, and it would be off by daybreak. It showed no lights, to prevent observation from the air.

"Tfu!" Yarak shook his head. A *machine* such as that to swim around in the water like a fish. It could not be.

Jan, squatting down close to the water, did not move. He was like a man bound tight with wire cords. "There are only four of the water sporters on deck," he whispered, "and, I think, two on shore over there."

THEN Yarak heard a sound that sent him crawling back hastily through the grass. Heavy feet were moving in the dry growth about the camp site, and his sharp ears caught the *clink* of a glass bottle. As he suspected, he found the Siberian guerrillas there, nosing about. They had found the cognac and the girl's bag.

"Hi, *kunaks*," Yarak hailed softly, "those are the foreign lady's bottles. Look here—there's a German *machine* lying like a fish in the shallows of the river."

Invitingly he pointed down at the bank. A short, stocky figure stepped up to him. "We aren't blind, Uncle. Sure it's there. Only we haven't any *kriga*—any net traps big enough to catch that fish."

Those Siberians had the bottles, and Yarak counted eight men with four long, old-fashioned rifles among them. He did not argue with the stocky man, the section leader called Kem by the others. Then Jan appeared with the girl, and Jan picked up the stick bomb from the ground. He spoke with the ring of command in his voice:

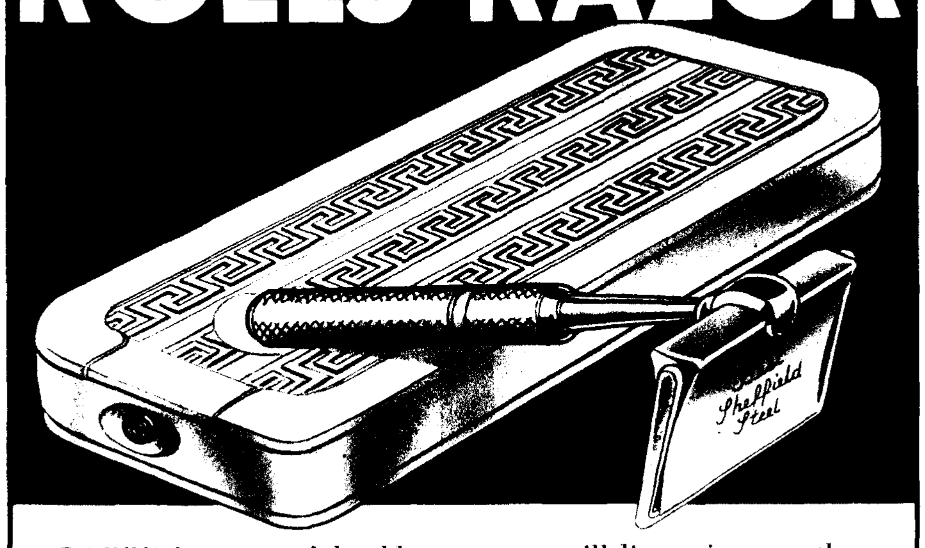
"Army men, can you find your way through to your lines?"

"Yes," said Kem, "when we're ready to go."

"Well, it's time you took off, with this lady. She's a nurse and she'll end up by getting killed here. See that she's put on a train to the Kavkaz, to Tiflis. There'll be other English people in Tiflis. You won't want to stick around here."

"Why not?" demanded Kem. "And

ROLLS RAZOR



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what makes you think you can give the orders?"

"It will be too hot around here for you, after an hour. I'm through giving orders. I'm going over to the other bank to give them this cocktail."

Jan's voice was flat, as he showed Kem the stick bomb. The Siberians crowded around, muttering. No use throwing one bomb. The Germans had sentries on shore, and a party coming back from Chovno. And their searchlight could show up all the bank there.

Kem hesitated, and put down the cognac. "We have some dynamite, from Chovno, but we couldn't find any detonators. We're keeping it for the roads."

"Well, you can't worry a submarine by exploding dynamite in the open air—if you could explode it."

"I know that." The Siberian seemed angered. "Didn't I graduate at the Ural Kuznetsk chemico-metallurgical combination?" He laughed. "For cultural upliftment."

"May the dogs bite your cultural upliftment!" Yarak pushed up to them, snorting. It had taken a long time to convince him; but if the soldiers also believed the leviathan from the deep to be a warship, it must be so. Although it seemed to him something of a miracle that such a ship could be. "You didn't learn much on the Amur. You've got a raft, haven't you, Kem? Then hand over the dynamite and I'll take it down alongside that *machine.*"

"The forehead to you, Yarak! So you'll cripple the submarine by yourself."

"*Tfu!* I was doing things like that when you were still wet behind the ears." Yarak felt provoked. First the officer Jan had slighted the Savage Division of the real war, and now this man from the Amur made a jest of him. Yarak felt hot under his skull. "I've taken a log down a river at night with Tatars watching. And they don't need searchlights to see at night."

HE EXPLAINED how it was done. Not by splashing around like the men from the Amur, but by drifting with the current. Not by lying on the logs but by swimming behind them.

"Only one thing is needed," he added. "A diversion. If you Siberian fly killers can get up on the bank over there, throw in a stone for the boat boys to look at."

"What did you say?" Kem asked.

"A diversion. To make them look the other way."

For a moment the officer and Kem stared at the gaunt Cossack. They seemed to find much to think about in what he said. Jan shifted the bomb in his hand, and Kem breathed hard through his teeth. "Uncle," he said, "will you try your luck like that?"

"Stop talking, and fetch the dynamite."

They were starting up the river, when Jan put out his hand. The girl was waiting there, not knowing what they meant to do. Yarak saw the officer go up to her and talk, strained. It was as if Jan had been pulled toward her.

"She wants to come with us," he explained quickly. "She says she wants to share our luck."

His voice was glad, and he took the girl's hand, bending over to kiss it. Be-ty moved unexpectedly. She brushed back the tangle of her hair and she smiled at Jan, putting her arms around him. Tight she held to him, whispering.

When he lifted his head, Jan's face was not hard as before. He looked like a boy, troubled and determined. His fingers held to the girl's hand.

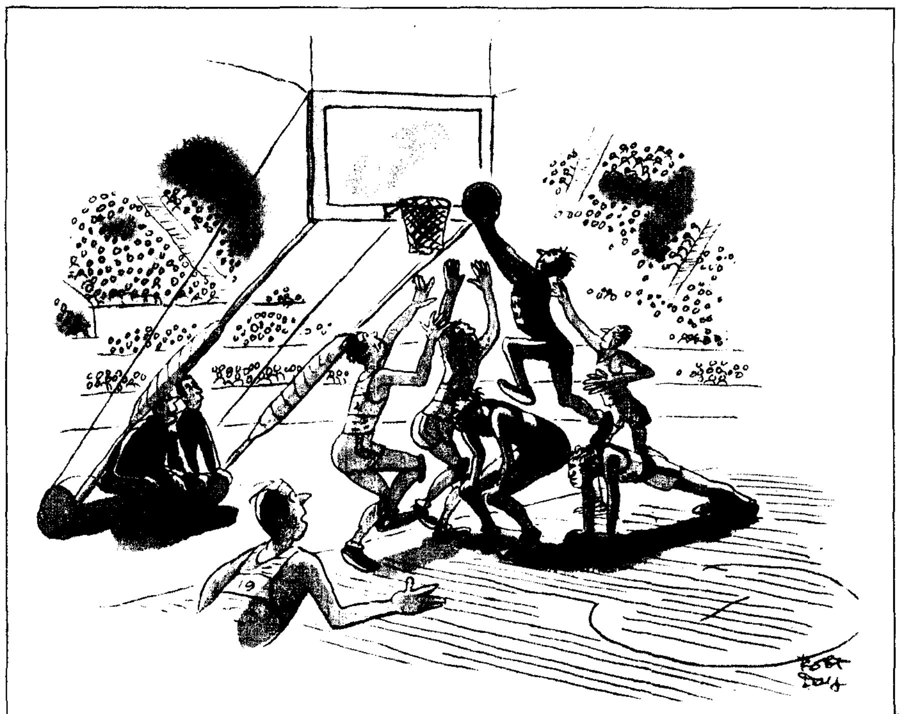
Yarak thought that Jan was no longer afraid of a ghost. This girl had somehow driven the black devil out of him. Well, that was how it happened, with a girl.

The Pole held his body straight in the torn tunic. Taking the lead, he walked fast, motioning Kem to keep up with him. Yarak could hear them talking, low-voiced, up at the guerrillas' hideout.

And there they lost no time rooting heavy boxes out of the brush. Lugging the boxes down to the shore, they worked over them, while Yarak inspected the log raft. Not satisfied, he searched out a dead branch and pulled up rushes by the roots. Kem came over to watch him curiously, while the others laid a half dozen dynamite boxes close together on the two logs of the raft.

Over these boxes, Yarak wedged the branch, and stuck rushes in between the logs. He noticed that the wooden boxes bore numbers and marking.

The others were wading across the river from shoal to shoal, Jan carrying the girl. Some of the Siberians seemed to be carrying packs.



COLLIER'S "Boy, talk about teamwork . . . !" ROBERT DAY

"Wait for as long as it takes to milk a cow," Kem explained. "Then shove off." He calculated a moment. "That gives us time to get around to the bank."

"Don't forget to make the diversion," Yarak warned. Then he thought of something. "How will the dynamite go off?"

He did not know much about the explosive qualities of dynamite, but Kem understood such chemicals. "Don't worry, Uncle. It will go off, at the submarine." He hesitated, watching Yarak. "Only you'd better get away from the raft before then. Understand? Well, that's all you need to know."

And he ran after the file, now lost in the gloom of the opposite bank.

STRIPPED from his shaven forehead to his toes, Yarak shoved his driftwood raft out into midcurrent. When he felt the tug of the current, he spat three times and crossed himself, to ward off bad luck. After a while he let himself into the water, holding on to the end of a log, guiding it.

With his head screened by the branch, he watched the outline of the high bank, and peered ahead for the little house on top of the boat. He only moved his legs to guide his floating bomb.

When he lifted his head he sighted the leviathan of the deep closer than he had expected. From the water it loomed up, high. He caught a faint humming and a clank of metal as men moved about the house.

The current, he calculated, was taking his float near the outer side of the monster, and he did not dare, now, to change its course. Lowering himself down, he waited for the splash of a stone, or some diversion from the bank. Surely, he thought, the *kunaks* up on the bank, twenty paces away, could spot him by now.

BUT no diversion came. Yarak could make out the rubber boat tied to the shore ahead of him, and hear men moving there. No other sound broke the quiet of the river. And he was bearing down steadily upon the giant from under the sea.

"The brothers of a dog!" he thought bitterly, trying to swing the logs closer to the submarine.

Suddenly a flashlight blinked at the water. Then a glow of light dazzled Yarak. The Germans had turned their searchlight on the driftwood, now only a stone's throw away.

Yarak kept his head still, swearing silently. He heard the crack of a single shot. Water sprayed beside him. A second shot from the conning tower ripped through one of the boxes. Yarak wondered again what made dynamite explode. And, hastily, he released the logs, letting himself sink into the water. Then he turned to swim against the current.

The glow faded from the water around him, and he came up to breathe.

Twenty feet away, the searchlight held on the logs, now almost at the submarine's bow. Its glow showed a man in a jersey out on the runway aiming a rifle at the suspicious floating mass. An officer climbed out of the tower, and shouted as if angry. The rifleman held his fire, while the others clustered around him, peering at the boxes which they could see plainly now.

Then the quiet of the river was shattered. Four shots flashed from the bank above the submarine, and Yarak recognized the roar of the heavy Russian Trokhlini rifles. Another volley cracked down, bullets whining off the steel decks, and some of the crew tumbling down where they stood.

The survivors jumped away from the light, and again the officer shouted. The searchlight swung around and up, across the face of the bank. Nothing showed there except brush.

From aft the conning tower, a machine gun rattled and spat at the bank, following the finger of light. The Germans, Yarak thought, were quick as devils to shoot. And by now his dynamite would be drifting harmlessly out to sea—

He caught the splash of paddles coming out from the bank before he saw, in the glow under the light beam, the rubber boat drawing near the submarine. Four men were hunched over in the strange craft, racing toward the iron ladder under the conning tower. Yarak wondered if the officers had returned from shore. Then he stared, fascinated.

The men in the boat were not Germans. When they grasped the ladder, two of them went up with knives in their hands. The machine gun stopped, and the sailor with the rifle jumped for the ladder. At the same instant Kem jumped for the rifleman, and the two of them splashed into the water.

The two guerrillas following Kem swung heavy packs over their heads. The packs dropped down the hatch. Another sailed in after them.

At the rail of the conning tower, the German officer stepped into the light, firing a revolver. Beneath him Jan held to the ladder with one hand. The other hand swung the stick bomb up. It dropped after the bundles into the steel hatch. And Jan let go his hold, to drop back into the water.

"Ekh ma!" Yarak breathed. The machine gun cut loose again. And with it the water shook around Yarak, and a blast shot up from the conning tower.

THE submarine swayed, and vapor boiled around it, coming out of the hatch and the seams of the deck. The searchlight dimmed out, and smoke smoke spread over the water.

Yarak found himself clawing toward the shoal across from him, shaking his head, to clear it. Looking back, he caught the splash of paddles, where the rubber boat was again in motion toward the high bank. Some of the boarding party, then, had got away.

The smoke closed down on him, and the reek of oil made him cough. Shivering with the chill of the river, the Cossack climbed out on the shoal. At once, his bare legs laboring through the grass, he made for his camp site.

There lay the two cognac bottles where they had been left. Yarak shook the one that felt half empty. He took a long swallow, to drive the chill out of his body. "Eh," he muttered, "I was the diversion."

Immediately he felt warmed inside, but not outside, so he took another long swallow. "Eh, the firing from the bank was the diversion for the boat."

He felt comfortable, now that he understood everything. The dog brothers, he thought—they bit hard. They left him the boxes and took the dynamite with them.

Upstream, when he sat down to put on his clothes, he saw the guerrillas making back across the ford. He counted nine, with the Polish officer and the wandering girl among them. He heard Kem telling the survivors to get their rolls together and start east to the next post. "Brothers, soldiers," Yarak called after them, "that was done like Cossacks."

Overhead the finger of a searchlight probed the sky to the west; a patrol hurried down the far bank. Yarak felt a glow of contentment, and, crawling back into the rocks, he wrapped himself in his coat. Putting the remaining bottle in a convenient pocket of the coat, he dozed happily.

THE END

All or Nothing

Continued from page 25

she were not really with him—as though he were speaking to shadows.

"I knew she'd go sooner or later—I don't know why she stayed. But I don't understand her—I thought I did. I never did anything to her—never. And before God, if I had I'd have been down on my knees swearing I'd never do it again!"

Brigid tried to make things as they had been with Rory, but she could not. On Friday of that week she did succeed in getting him to the club for dinner. But that night she was never to forget.

Through the meal he was the old Rory, teasing her, gay, but while she was eating dessert he excused himself. He did not come back. After twenty minutes she went to look for him. She did not want to sit alone for fear Phil would come by and try to talk to her.

RORY was in the men's bar. He called to her, waving a glass. "Be right with you, Brigid," and she went back to the table and signed the check. She took a magazine to a dark corner of the lounge and waited. Half an hour. An hour. She grew nervous and an odd apprehension filled her.

She went back to the doorway of the bar and looked in. Rory was leaning over, talking to the bartender.

"D'you have devils, Joe?"

Another man was trying to draw him away. "Come on, Rory. We all have them, man."

A tight lump came to her throat. Shame flooded her.

"He's drunk," she thought.

She did not know what to do. For a swift moment she wished desperately that Helen were there. Helen, who always knew what to do.

A cheerful voice said beside her, "Hullo, there, Circe."

She turned and saw Gordon Baird smiling down at her. "Hello—"

His eyes searched hers. "Is anything wrong?" he asked quietly. His cool eyes were suddenly a haven and a relief.

"Rory—my father's in there," she said low and quickly. "I—he—"

His eyes went past her and understood her need at once.

"Wait a minute." He walked into the bar and up to Rory. She could not hear what he said, but Rory clapped him on the shoulder. Gordon signaled to the bartender for a drink. Brigid was worried—he seemed to have settled down near Rory. She went back to the lounge.

In a few moments the two men came out together. Rory walked steadily enough, but when he looked at her his eyes were queer. "Honey, I'm sorry—forgot you were waiting for me—we're going home now—Baird's coming with us. D'you know this fellow, Brigid? He's a great boy—we'll have a drink, Baird—my wife's away—we can do what we damn' please." He laughed, and instinctively Brigid drew back.

They went out through the lounge and down the wide front steps across the gravel drive to the parking space. Gordon smoothly said, "I'd like to try your car. My tires are gone and I'm afraid I'm out of luck for the duration." Without a word, Rory handed over the keys.

As Gordon was unlocking the door, Phil came running from the direction of the tennis courts.

"Brigid—hey!"

Then he saw Rory stumble as he climbed into the rear seat of the car. "What's the matter? Is he tight?"

Gordon said, "Shut up, Phil."

Phil looked at Brigid's stricken face. "Well, ye gods, don't look like that. My old man gets tight every Saturday."

Brigid climbed in beside Gordon without a word.

When they got to the house, Rory got out first. "I tell you what I'm going to do, Baird—I'm going to ride. You wait for us—Brigid, we're going riding. Tell Morse to saddle up."

"It's late to ride," Gordon said. "How about that drink you promised me?"

"All the fixings are there—or you can ask the maid. We're going to ride, Brigid. We're going to drive out the devils." He laughed, that harsh laughter. He was soberer now, but there was a light in his eyes that frightened her.

"No, please, Rory."

"You can do what you like. I'm going to ride."

Morse had come out and stood in the stable door. Rory put a hand on his shoulder.

"Saddle Mona for me, Morse, I'm going out."

"Mr. Carr, you can't ride Mona tonight. You rode her too hard yesterday. She's been limping on that right foreleg all day."

"Her leg be damned! She puts it on. You know she does. She's just trying to get out of exercise."

Rory pushed past the man and went into the stable.

"Don't, Rory, don't!" Brigid cried. She ran after him, Gordon and Morse close behind.

But they were too late. There was a loud whinny in the barn and Mona plunged out, Rory astride her bare back, riding her with just the lead rein Morse had been using. The two men grabbed for the reins, but Rory struck their arms away with a whip he had snatched from the wall and kept on across the stable yard and through the gates to the pasture. In a moment Morse was back in the stable, leading out the roan.

"I'll get him, Miss Brigid. Don't you worry. Mona can't take him far with that leg."

THE tears were streaming down Brigid's cheeks though she did not know it. There was nothing she could do but lean against the pasture fence, watching Rory on the mare, laughing back to Morse. She was conscious that Gordon had put his arm across her shoulders and the warmth of his hand steadied her somewhat.

She said, needing somehow to tell him, "Rory's not like this—he isn't like this at all—he's so swell—"

"I know, Brigid."

Then to her surprise, Rory wheeled as he came up to the road end of the pasture, and turned the mare back. At once she saw what he meant to do. He was going to put her over the jump on which Morse had that day been training Lucky Boy. But the bar was set too high for Mona. She'd never make it.

Again Brigid cried, "Rory! Don't do it!" And Morse shouted.

Rory was coming straight at the fence. He was urging on the mare; Brigid could see he was talking to her. She was all right on her leg now. Rory was still laughing.

They were at the jump. Brigid held her breath, praying. The great muscles of the horse rippled, gathering under her glistening hide for the spring. Rory touched her lightly with the whip and she left the ground.

They arched in the air against the twilight sky for one flashing second. Up,

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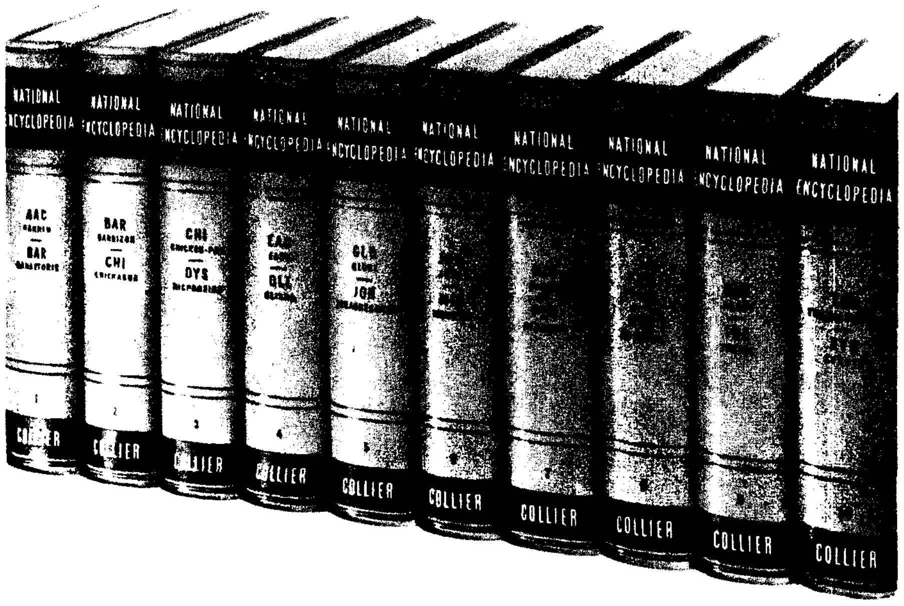

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up. . . . Her forelegs cleared. But Rory was sitting too loosely. Too far back.

They were over. The heels of the mare just cleared.

"Lord, that was beautiful," Gordon said and Brigid heard Rory shout with pleasure. Her breath came out slowly—and was caught again. The mare stumbled on the bad foreleg. She righted herself. And stumbled again, knuckling under.

Rory was off, crumpling in the aster-starred grass.

When they came up to him, Morse was already on the ground beside him. The mare was trying to struggle to her feet. There was blood around Rory's mouth and his face was paper white.

"He's dead," Brigid whispered, falling to her knees.

"No, he ain't. Just busted something," Morse said quickly.

Gordon said, "Don't move him. Help the mare. Brigid, go call the doctor. No, don't lift his head."

Rory's eyes opened. "What did I—do to Mona?" he asked with difficulty. Then he shut his eyes.

And Morse said. "He's gone off again."

"I haven't," Rory said in a hoarse whisper. "I'm thinking—Brigid—call your mother—tell her—I wouldn't have the nerve—to pull a deathbed on her—I'm not dying. But—damn it—it hurts."

BRIGID came slowly down the stairs. It was late now, crickets singing somewhere. . . . The clock on the landing was whining in its gears, its hands poised before the hour, like hands palm to palm in prayer. The doctor had come. And Helen.

She had come, pale, her hair wildly blown (the first time Brigid had ever seen it out of place) running up the stairs.

"He's *all right*, Doctor?"

"Oh, he's right enough, Helen, child. Just a broken rib and he's done that before. But he keeps asking for you."

Helen didn't see Brigid in the shadows of the hall. Brigid heard her low cry as she went into Rory's room. "Rory—Rory—you poor idiot—"

Rory said, "I didn't know whether you'd come—"

"You knew I would. Oh, Rory, why do you have to do everything the hard way?"

"I didn't mean to—Helen. I've been crazy ever since you went—I've been trying to get away from myself. I couldn't—I wanted to hide from what I've known all along— What have I done to you?"

"Nothing, nothing. Don't talk, Rory. Does it hurt much? Oh, my poor boy."

"Yes, it hurts. But I'm not a boy, Helen—I hope to heaven I'm not— Forgive me, can you?" His voice sounded as though he were crying.

"It's better if neither of us does any forgiving."

Strangely, she seemed to be laughing, and Rory was, too. There was hurt and bewilderment in Brigid's heart.

"Forgive me," he had said. But her mother had been the one who had hurt him. And still he asked for her. He hadn't wanted Brigid at all.

She stopped on the stairs. She could see through the arch into the library, and Gordon was there, smoking a cigarette. He glanced up and saw her. He crushed out the cigarette and came into the hall.

"I didn't know you'd stayed." She came to meet him. "You needn't have."

He smiled at her. "I wanted to. I wanted to see you again before I went."

She said, unexpectedly, "I'm glad. I didn't thank you."

"I didn't wait to be thanked. I wanted to see that you were all right," he said.

"All right?"

He put a hand on her shoulder. "You're a funny kid. You take everything the hard way."

That was almost exactly what her mother had said to Rory.

He was *still* smiling at her. "You know, you're a lot like your father."

"But tonight my father—"

"I know what he's like. I think he's really quite a guy."

She was grateful for that.

"And I think you may be swell—when you grow up."

There was a look in his eyes she had seen in eyes before. She knew what it meant and knew, too, with a flash of insight, *that he did not intend her to know.* With simplicity she put her hand out and lifted her face, and he bent and kissed her. She had not expected it to be the kind of kiss it was. Her fingers tightened on his arms.

But he disengaged them. He said only, "Good night, Brigid," and was gone.

She remained standing there, increasingly amazed at the unlooked-for emotion of the kiss which she had offered.

"Brigid." Her mother was at the stairhead. "Rory wants to see you."

When she went in he was lying back against the pillow, his face the color of the linen, and a bruise purpling along his cheekbone. But he grinned at her in the familiar way.

"Well, Brigid, I caused you a lot of trouble tonight. You, and that young fellow."

"I guess you did," she grinned back at him. He was close to her again.

He took her hand, his fingers hard around it. "Brigid—don't live one half of your life before you learn how not to be a damned fool. Let that boy of yours tell you he's sorry." He looked up at her. "You've got to start some place—the sooner the better. We're selfish, you and I, Brigid—we've got to own, we've got to hold on, we've got to be always right. But it doesn't work out. We think we're on the side of the angels, but we're not. We're the devils in ourselves. Remember that. And call up that boy—"

"I will, Rory," she promised—and was amazed at the lightness the promise gave her.

AFTER a moment she went out. Her mother was still in the hall. "We'll let Rory sleep, Brigid. Let's get ourselves some iced tea and sit on the porch."

She smiled, and her smile was the answer to what Brigid wanted to say: "I never hated you—I missed you so—it wasn't any good with just Rory and me."

"Who was that boy downstairs, Brigid?"

"His name is Gordon Baird."

And when she said his name, something happened. Gordon. The way it used to be Phil. But different. She thought, "I *needn't* forgive Phil now."

Because she knew now. She wasn't in love with him any more. He hadn't wounded her because she loved him. Only because she couldn't bear to share him. Tonight—he hadn't understood that she was hurt about Rory—

"So I needn't."

But she did. There was something with which she wanted to go on, but she had first to be reconciled with Phil. Rory wanted her to do that. She had to be kind to Phil first. It was too easy not to be kind. It was too easy to be right.

Someone—like Gordon Baird—would have to know she could be kind, before he would come back.

"But I can never tell him."

Her heart said, "He'll know."

THE END

Deep Winter

Continued from page 19

first crop as a demonstration that he was able to provide for her. He was that way. But when she thought of how close they were, and how many good days they were missing, and of how much she could do for him, she had an instant when she wanted to cry.

She looked at him and he saw something of what she felt, for he drew a long breath. "We'd better get out of here before I—"

"Why shouldn't you?"

FOR a moment they stood staring at each other. Presently he dropped his eyes. "I think," he said, "we ought to start back." Once more on the sleigh seat he paused to fill and light his pipe and he brought the scene to safer ground. "Dirty weather coming. I wish the people on the flats had better shelter."

Going back down the road, her own thoughts still confused, she realized how natural it was for him to worry about the homesteaders; he had a streak of responsibility in him that people felt, and because of that he had come to be somewhat of a leader on the flat, without his asking. They followed the waggling ruts of their previous trip as far as the Lowe shanty and turned into the yard.

Mrs. Lowe opened the door for them, a heavy, shapeless woman—unkempt and complaining. She made an ineffectual swipe at her hair and invited them in, using half of the same breath to condemn the weather. "Nobody can do anything. It ain't any use even to try. We've all got chills."

The four children, from three to nine, were underfoot in the single room of the shanty and the place was a complete confusion. A stove and table crowded one side, a bed occupied most of the other—and Lowe lay covered with quilts on the bed, smoking his pipe. A doorway without a door led into a tent which formed the second room. Mrs. Lowe's eyes saw at once that both Letty and Kertcher were unfavorably impressed with Lowe's idleness and she sprang to her husband's defense: "He ain't been well all fall. He never got over a sprain to his back durin' the summer."

"You ought to put a door against that tent," said Kertcher. "You're burnin' wood to heat the whole outside world."

"I'll get to it," said Lowe and seemed contented enough with his pipe.

Letty's quick glance meanwhile noted the cupboard and saw nothing much in the line of food. She turned to the door with Tom Kertcher, speaking casually to Mrs. Lowe:

"There's always a few neighbors in at Mrs. Rand's during the evenings. Come over."

"If I can get my chores done we may come," said Lowe.

Kertcher spoke with an irritated disgust when they drove away: "Too lazy to get up and walk half a mile to get his kids warm."

COMING into the hotel that evening, Kertcher found the usual roundabout group gathered—the Brewertons, Mrs. Rand and her daughter Tara, old Solomon who had recently built the store, the Swensons and Judith Prescott—the teacher who boarded with them. The Jacksons had come in from the schoolhouse section, riding with Curtis Kilrain and Elizabeth Marsh. Andy Pierce had made the trip from his Oxhead ranch, and Charley Graves was just in with mail from Virgil, five hours late on the trip, bringing the sheriff with him. The Lowes came in with their children shortly after Kertcher arrived.

The sheriff, going his rounds of duty with an eye for new friends as well, was an excellent storyteller, and the sharpness of the weather put everybody in excellent spirits. The men more or less grouped together while the ladies went into the kitchen to help Mrs. Rand, who presently came out with a tray of sandwiches and a pot of coffee. Kertcher noticed that Letty made a point of serving the Lowe youngsters; and he noticed too, how Ben Lowe's eyes came over to observe that. When Letty offered Lowe a sandwich, he refused it. "Just ate—not hungry," he said. The man was lying, of course, yet Kertcher saw something in Lowe then he had not seen before, which was pride. Meanwhile, the talk went on, weather and crops and roads and politics and babies. During the tag end of the evening the sheriff drew Kertcher aside.

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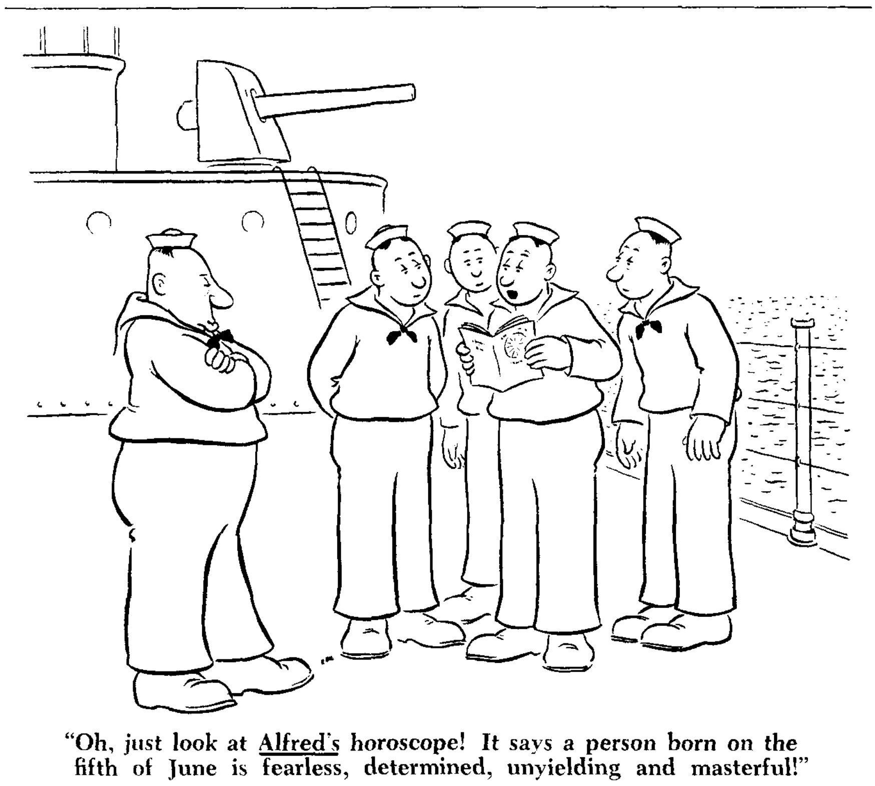


"Oh, just look at Alfred's horoscope! It says a person born on the fifth of June is fearless, determined, unyielding and masterful!"

"I can't cover all this county," he said. "Should be a deputy down here. It's only worth thirty a month, but among you homesteaders that's helpful money. I thought of you, naturally."

"I don't need it."

"Then I give you the disposal of the job," said the sheriff. "You pick the man."

"I'll get you somebody," Kertcher said.

"Done," said the sheriff, and moved toward the ladies, having some sort of a word for each of them. The Lowes, late arrived, were first to go; and as they moved toward the door Kertcher caught an expression from Letty. She came by him, murmuring, "Give him some kind of work, Tom."

Being a hard-laboring man, Kertcher had no stomach for the suggestion. Nevertheless he walked toward the doorway, stopping Lowe. "Ben," he said, "I could use some help tomorrow. I've got some timbers to fit in the barn."

Lowe studied it. "I got a lot of chores of my own," he said. "But maybe I can do it for you."

He walked into the night, leaving the plain intimation that it was he who conferred the favor.

Kertcher expected Lowe by eight in the morning, but it was beyond nine when the man showed up in the barn. "Long walk," he explained, "and I had some chores to do first." He was prepared to spend another half-hour in conversation, but Kertcher gave him an adz and set him to the chore of dubbing the end of a six-by-six timber; all this was indoor work, in preparation for springtime when the barn frame would be lifted into place. Promptly at noon, Lowe dropped the adz and followed Kertcher into the house, sitting by while Kertcher turned out a bachelor's meal. There was no end to the man's self-esteem or his assurance. He had a firm opinion on any subject; and one by one he brought these subjects up, settled them and went on to another. At one, they returned to work; at four o'clock Kertcher said, "That'll be all, Ben," and found three dollars in his pocket.

His temper was sorely strained by the manner in which Lowe accepted the money. "I've made better wages, Kertcher—but if that's all you feel you can give I won't argue."

"Fine," said Kertcher, and watched Lowe depart. The man, he thought, had no knowledge of his own failure.

THE following morning was biting cold, and the air had an extreme thinness but the woolly clouds remained low, obscuring that monument of outlawry half a mile across the river—Brazil Mullan's long cabin and barn. Kertcher thought, "Storm around the corner," and spent half a day bringing water up from the river, two buckets at a time. He cooked himself a noon meal and began to think of his neighbors, most of whom were city people with no knowledge of real bad weather; and around three o'clock he hitched and started for Ingrid. He dropped a warning at Swenson's and touched as far as the Jackson place. There was a dull streak in the north and the air, damp as it was, had an electric feel. When he got as far as Mrs. Rand's he observed Ben Lowe coming from the back of the hotel. "Ben," he said, "watch out. Storm coming."

"Been through a lot of them," said Lowe and moved homeward.

Kertcher noticed both Harriet Rand and Letty at the back door, and left his sled to join them. There was a pile of wood scattered around the doorway, recently chopped. Mrs. Rand said uncertainly: "Is that as much as a man should chop in a day?"

Kertcher said, "You hired him to do this? How much did you pay him?"

"Four dollars," said Mrs. Rand. "Was that about right? He needed the work."

Kertcher studied the pile of wood, holding himself strictly under control. "Harriet," he said, very quietly, "better to feed him outright than be bilked like this."

"He has pride," said Letty. "He wouldn't stand charity."

"He'll stand that before he'll stand starving," said Kertcher. He thought of his original purpose in coming here, warned the two women of the storm and turned back to his sled. He caught up with Lowe at the latter's front door.

"Ben," he said, "you figure that a day's work you did for Mrs. Rand?"

Lowe gave him an affronted glance. "She didn't have to hire me."

"Well," said Kertcher, "that's pure gall. You sting a woman hard up as you are and then you stand there and say it was her fault. What's the matter with your mind?"

MRS. LOWE flung open the door and stood behind her husband. "You stop talking like that to my husband, Tom Kertcher!"

Lowe reached around with an arm and pushed his wife into the house. He reared up and tossed his shoulders back. "If that's the way you people think about a few stinkin' dollars—" he yelled, and clawed his pocket, brought out the four silver pieces and flung them into the snow. He shouted, "I don't need the dirty stuff!" and wheeled into the house.

Tom Kertcher went down the road, half ashamed of himself. He thought, "Darned fool really believes he's a big man stoopin' to small chores." He looked back, and at the moment saw Mrs. Lowe on her hands and knees in the snow, digging for the money Lowe had thrown away.

Mrs. Lowe found three of the four dollars and went back into the house. "Ben, you shouldn't of done that," she said. "We won't find the other dollar until spring."

He had put himself on the bed; he lighted his pipe and slapped out the spilled tobacco burning against his clothes. "She didn't have to hire me."

"We need the money," said Mrs. Lowe in her complaining voice. She lighted a lamp and set about dinner. The young ones played around the cramped quarters, behind the stove and under the bed.

"Pete," said Lowe to the nine-year-old, "go bring some wood into the tent."

"Never mind," said Mrs. Lowe, "I'll do it myself later. Come on to supper."

He got up, moved two paces and sat down to the table, the youngsters crowding around him, Mrs. Lowe standing. The meal was bacon, beans and coffee; even the youngest one had his share of the coffee. Lowe ate what he wanted, and drank his coffee and lay back on the bed, smoking. "Libby, help your ma with the dishes."

"Libby, go to bed," said Mrs. Lowe. "I can't be wipin' your nose all winter."

Lowe watched Libby go through the blank doorway into the tent. He said, "I'll put up a door tomorrow. Maybe bank a wall of snow all around the tent. That'll be warm—way the Eskimos live."

"Don't hurry about it," said Mrs. Lowe. "Spring's only four months away."

She finished the dishes, chased the children to bed and undressed by the stove. She fed the stove a last time, turned the damper not quite shut and blew out the light. The weight of her body, when she settled into bed, lifted Lowe's side a full six inches. He got up and took off his shoes and pants and shirt; he sat crouched on the bed's edge, smoking his pipe in the dark. "I always had a fine pen hand. I could put Solomon's books in fine shape. Or I could run for sheriff. I could beat that fellow. I'm the only man with an education around here."

She reached out with a rough but affectionate arm and pulled him flat. "Get under the covers, you fool."

He ate his cornmeal and drank his coffee at breakfast. He went outside and circled the house. He yelled, "Pete, bring in some wood for your mother," and he came back to the kitchen. Mrs. Lowe said, "Keep out of my way this mornin'. I got to wash."

He stood still in the front room, watching her. "Emma," he said, "you think that's what people think about me?"

"I know all your old tunes, Lowe. Don't start no new ones and upset me."

He got his rifle and sat on the bed and oiled it; he put four cartridges into his pocket and struggled into his big coat. Mrs. Lowe gave him a sharp look. "What you got on your mind now?"

"I hear there's antelope down by the river."

"Ah," she scoffed, "you couldn't hit a barn."

"But," he said, "I can provide for my family. They can't say I can't."

He went out the door and slammed it behind him.

KERTCHER stood in the yard and studied the morning sky and saw the sheet of blackness in the north; the wind, also from the north, would be bringing that blackness on. The air was perfectly still, and as thin as he could ever remember it being. Turning into the barn, he hitched the sled and threw in such rope as he could find and drove it to the front yard. He got all his blankets off the bed, he put on an extra shirt and an extra pair of socks; he took a bottle of whisky from the cupboard and he slid a compass in his packet and started for Ingrid.

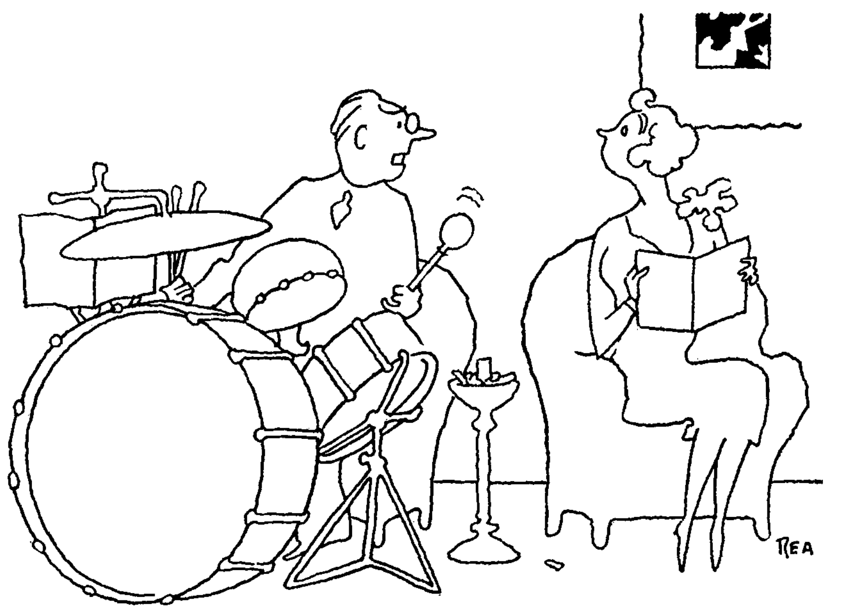
All of the homestead shanties were flimsy enough, but some of them were so loosely thrown together that a seventy-mile wind would tear them apart unless they were guyed to the ground; and that meant a family wiped out within half an hour of exposure. He turned immediately east. He stopped at Pilkington's, Rath's and McCory's, saying the same thing each time: "Real blizzard coming. Pile wood up against the side of your house for an anchor. Get some water inside in case your chimney catches fire. If you burn out you're helpless. Don't try to go anywhere once it hits. You couldn't walk a straight line and you couldn't see. Warn your nearest neighbor."

He circled Charley Morlett's place, a mile east of the school, and went on to Parch Cobbin's, with the black wall of weather bearing down fast.

"Get your place tied down," he called to Cobbin, and headed for Ben Lowe's.

Half a mile from Cobbin's, he felt a warning breath of wind; and then the silence broke and he heard the distant rumbling and sighing and shrilling of the blizzard. He had the horses pointed straight upon the small vague shape of the Lowe shanty; in the semidarkness closing around him he took out his compass and got his bearings on the Lowe place. Half a minute later he looked up to see something lift and sail like a giant section of paper through the sky. That would be the Lowes' tent.

The horses veered from the wind and in one great transition from half-light to smothered dark, the Lowe shanty faded from sight. He was then less than a quarter mile from his target and by instinct he pulled the team constantly to the north but even so, when he looked at his compass he found he had drifted.



"You mean to say you didn't recognize Good King Wenceslaus?"

COLLIER'S GARDNER REA

He said to himself, "Bad night," and listened to the words rip away from his mouth. "If I miss the place—" He caught it as a shadow on his right and swung the sled hard by the door. He yelled at the door and saw Mrs. Lowe open it. He said, "Get in!"

She was a shapeless, frightened woman with her hair blowing over her face, her children crowded close around her. "Lowe's gone! I got to stay and keep a light burnin'!"

He jumped from the sled and seized the children one by one. He pulled at the reluctant woman, one eye constantly on the restless horses. "Your house won't be here in half an hour!"

She fought with him and she began to cry. "I told him not to go! He'll die!" When he drove away he had to hold her from jumping out. She was a big, loose woman and hard to hold; so that he finally had to beat her will down with strong language: "Don't be a fool! You want the kids to die?"

He pulled the team into the drive of the blizzard and held them into it, searching for Ingrid's lights. He tried his compass again and saw the vague swinging of the needle. He heard Mrs. Lowe cry something at him and afterward she climbed back into the wagon box with the children. Forward he thought he saw a wisp of a gleam to the left, and the sled runners grated over some kind of metal. He turned left, caught the light a second time and used it for a beacon, drawing up before Mrs. Rand's hotel. Lowe's wife climbed out with her children and hurried inside. Kertcher swung the team between the hotel and the store and beat his way back to the hotel.

Half the settlement had collected here and Mrs. Lowe was crying out her story, her big face homely with despair: "Lowe's gone—"

Kertcher said, "When did he leave—which way did he go?"

"Nine o'clock. He said there was antelope by the river."

Andy Pierce and Charley Graves, both cowmen who knew the country well, gave Kertcher grave side glances.

"He'd follow the road," surmised Kertcher, "because it is easier walkin'. He might have smelled trouble and ducked into my house."

Andy Pierce used that as reassurance for Mrs. Lowe. "Sure he did."

But Kertcher doubted it. He drew Pierce and Graves aside. "The fool's lost. I've got to go look."

"Don't be a sucker," said Pierce. "It'll blow your scalp off in another two hours."

"I can get as far as my place," said Kertcher. "Might find him on the road. He'll walk until he's all done in and he'll drop."

"Thin chance. How you goin' to get home?" Pierce asked.

"Wind at my back. Five miles exactly. Straight south and use a compass."

"That's two men dead instead of one. I'm telling you."

Charley Graves said, "Half an hour out in that stuff and you'll lose the ability to calculate distance. On top of that your horses may refuse to face the weather."

MRS. LOWE saw them standing together. She searched them with her eyes and seemed to see an answer, for suddenly she spoke at them in a dull, small voice: "I know what you think of him. But he's my man, isn't he?"

Nobody said a word. Kertcher looked at her and suddenly he smiled at her and turned toward the door. Pierce and Graves followed him and Letty Brewerton said, "Wait," and came up to him. There was a kind of hardness on her face, made by fear. She wanted to hold him back, she wanted to tell him of her fear. But all she said was: "Are you warm enough, Tom?"

"Yes," he said, and smiled again.

Charley Graves said, "Longer we wait the thicker it gets."

"Who's we?" asked Kertcher, and then noticed that Charley had borrowed Pierce's huge buffalo coat.

"Two fools are better than one," said Charley. When he opened the door a great wind and a great crying rushed in. The two men bent against it, closed the door and beat their way to the sled and team parked between the two buildings. The wind's terrible force keeled both men on the seat when they swung out of that shelter and turned south. Charley Graves yelled, "Now, ain't this silly?" For a moment Kertcher saw Mrs. Rand's hotel lights dancing in the flitter of snow; twenty feet onward he looked back and saw only blackness. Charley Graves shouted: "Keep the wind centered on your tail bone—that's north kickin' at you."

The storm was a hard, steady push on Kertcher's shoulders. When he turned his head, wind drove breath into his nostrils, making him open his mouth to catch air, and the drive of snow stung his cheeks like small buckshot. It was, he guessed, two o'clock in the afternoon with the blizzard's darkness pressing down and the tumult of the blizzard making its wild, polar confusion all around him. He tried to sight Lee Gantry's shanty, slightly short of the schoolhouse turn-off, and found nothing; and then, looking upon the smothered blankness in front of him he felt the complete futility of seeking one man in a blind area of perhaps fifty square miles.

Charley Graves cried, "That big off mare of yours has got a longer reach than the other mare! Pulls you to the left!" Kertcher felt a sharper bite on his left cheek and headed the team rightward. The sled's runners scraped metal and bumped against wood. "Fence!" whooped Graves. "Still on the road!"

KERTCHER bent over to take the pressure from his shoulders. He had a scarf wound around his face, but the wind got beneath it and crashed into his ears. Working with the wind in this manner he felt as though team and sled were coasting down a steady hill and the feeling tricked his judgment of distance. The horses were going at a boosted walk, better than three miles an hour, at which rate he should reach his shanty in about an hour and a half. He pulled out his watch and handed it to Charley. "We left Brewerton's at ten minutes of two. What time now?"

Graves put his nose against the watch. He held it a long while. "Looks like a quarter after. Don't seem that long. You're swingin' left again!"

Kertcher pulled right. Snow began to build up a drift in the fore part of the wagon box, chilling his feet. He stamped his feet and he thought of Ben Lowe, visualizing the man's heavy, self-satisfied face; and irritation built a heat in him. The sled runners sent back a different sound and the horses fiddled as they walked. "What's that?" yelled Charley Graves.

Kertcher stopped the team, and Charley Graves cautiously left the sled. There was a steady crying roar over Kertcher's head, a vast dismal yell coming out of upper emptiness. He boxed his hands together and felt coldness move through his clothes and through his bones, like oncoming sleep. Charley Graves came back. "Somethin' on the snow, like canvas! Petered out in my direction!"

Kertcher handed over the reins and went off his side of the sled. He dug his feet into something half solid and he got down and crawled; he struck a rope and he sat still a moment, trying to figure it, and then remembered Lowe's tent that had blown away. He turned back at a slightly different angle, still crawling, and reached a rolled-up section of the tent; something gave beneath him and something moved. He dug into the roll, found a loose edge and put his head beneath it. A hand came up and struck him across the face and a voice said: "Who's that?" That was Lowe's voice. Then Lowe said: "Pull down that edge—you're lettin' cold air in."

Kertcher stood up and jerked the covering away, bringing Lowe to his feet, vague in the black. Kertcher pushed the man onward toward the sled. He yelled at Charley Graves: "Here's Lowe! Drive up a few feet!"

He heard Charley Graves' cussed-out astonishment as the latter drove the team on; he turned back, intending to salvage the tent, but as he dropped to his knees the wind lifted the canvas and he saw it lift into the air, like a giant bat, and vanish. He crawled back to the sled and took the reins. The wind had gotten thoroughly into him and he was chilled through and began to shake; when he swung the sled around into the full beat of the blizzard he felt a kind of strained rigidness in his muscles. He knew then all three of them were in danger.

Lowe crouched in the wagon bed behind Kertcher's back. Lowe yelled: "Mighty foolish thing for you to do! I was warm in that tent! I could of stayed there all week!"

Kertcher restrained his answer; he heard Charley Graves yell back at Lowe: "How the hell did you find the tent?"

"It just sailed through the air at me! I grabbed it and rolled into it!"

The Lord sure protects some people!" howled Charley.

"No use my gettin' cold!" said Lowe. "I'm goin' to roll up in the blankets!"

The blast was hard to take, but Kertcher had to keep it directly against him to be sure he was traveling north. When he felt the force of it drop off from one side of his face he knew he was veering and pulled the reluctant team around. In this blackness it was impossible to read the compass.

"See anything?" yelled Charley Graves. "My eyes are full of ice!"

"No!"

The snow whipped against him, knife-like as it struck his exposed face skin; and sleet formed on his eyebrows. He stamped on the wagon bed to bring feeling back to his dead feet. There never was a moment when he didn't have to wrestle the horses back into the wind; they were taking a beating and they didn't like it. He got to thinking of how small a target Ingrid was—just a spot a hundred feet wide in a hundred-mile distance—and he felt the runners scrape across metal again.

"Road fence!" said Charley Graves. "We're on the track!"

He wasn't sure. The constant flicker of mealy snow threw his vision off; it gave him a feeling of unbalance, and the constant rush and roar of the wind disturbed his judgment. He had, he realized, lost his sense of direction completely. That was probably why so many men died when they got caught in a thing like this. He thought he saw the shadow of a shanty on his left and he pulled over and found it only an illusion. He straightened again, but he felt the growing weakness of the horses. If they stalled on him there was only one thing left—tip over the wagon box and crawl beneath it with the blankets and hope to live out the storm. It wasn't much of a chance.

THE horses stopped and refused to go straight on, as much as he urged them. He hauled them half around, and got them started, but Charley Graves called, "Wait!" and slipped from the sled, disappearing. When he came back he yelled, "That was the big survey post! We've overshot Ingrid! Turn left! Half a mile to go! Feelin' a little cool?"

"Sleepy!"

Charley Graves hit him a heavy blow on the back. "Wrong place to sleep!"

The horses were half-heartedly pulling; wind carried them sidewise steadily, so that Kertcher was pointing them back at every short distance. He closed his eyes to visualize the movement of the sled across that half-mile; far off he heard a sound, and then he felt a great wallop on his back, and opened his eyes to hear Charley Graves speaking: "I think there's a light off to the right."

He looked and saw no light; the constant lacing of the snow made a thousand vague points that looked like distant flashes. But he pulled to the right, and stood up to slash the rein ends down on the horses; they stopped on him and then he realized the wind no longer blew against him. It was a howling behind him and a roar ahead of him but here in this spot was a strange calm. "Must be losing my head," he thought. He gave the reins to Charley Graves, left the sled and walked straight into the black side of a building. He stood against it and he yelled; he pounded his fist against the building. A door came open and he saw Brewerton in the light—Brewerton and Pierce and other people suddenly behind these two. It occurred to him then that the team had cut a complete circle around Ingrid and had drifted between the hotel and Solomon's store.

Graves and Ben Lowe came up. Brewerton said, "I'll take the team. You get in the house."

"Wait," said Graves. He bent and caught a handful of snow. He shoved it against Kertcher's face. "Feel that?"

"Yes?"

"Then we can go in," said Charley. Ben Lowe had gone ahead of them, lugging something in his arms. When Kertcher got into Mrs. Rand's kitchen he found the settlement group gathered there and he saw Ben Lowe standing before his wife with a quarter of beef. Lowe said, "Here's some meat, Mamma."

There wasn't a word in the room. Lowe's wife looked at him, long and straight and affectionate and it seemed to Kertcher she was a younger woman than he had guessed her to be. She said, softly, "Put that down, Lowe," and when he put it down she threw out her heavy arms and hugged him. "You're a fool," she said. "Such a terrible big fool. You caused so much trouble."

Lowe said, "I'm all right." He gave Kertcher and Graves a self-assured grin. "I'm warmer than those fellows. Think I can stand weather better than they can. Foolish of them to come after me. I was comfortable and in no trouble at all."

Charley Graves had been studying the quarter of beef. "Where'd you get that?"

"Shot it," said Lowe, and grinned at Charley Graves' shocked face. "But that's all right, too. I got to thinkin'. Here's people hungry and there's Brazil Mullan across the river—a thief and a rustler eatin' well off beef that ain't his. So I went over and shot one of his cows. He heard the shot and came out with a couple of men, but I drove them back just when the storm broke." He had an audience. And he felt big about it; he was the same old Lowe again and he spoke to Kertcher with his egotism beginning to show: "I don't know why people should be afraid of that crowd. I'd take my chances against 'em any day." Having said it he took his wife's arm and moved on into the big room.

He felt a relieved and exasperated group behind him. Charley Graves shook his head, repeating a former observation: "The Lord sure protects some people."

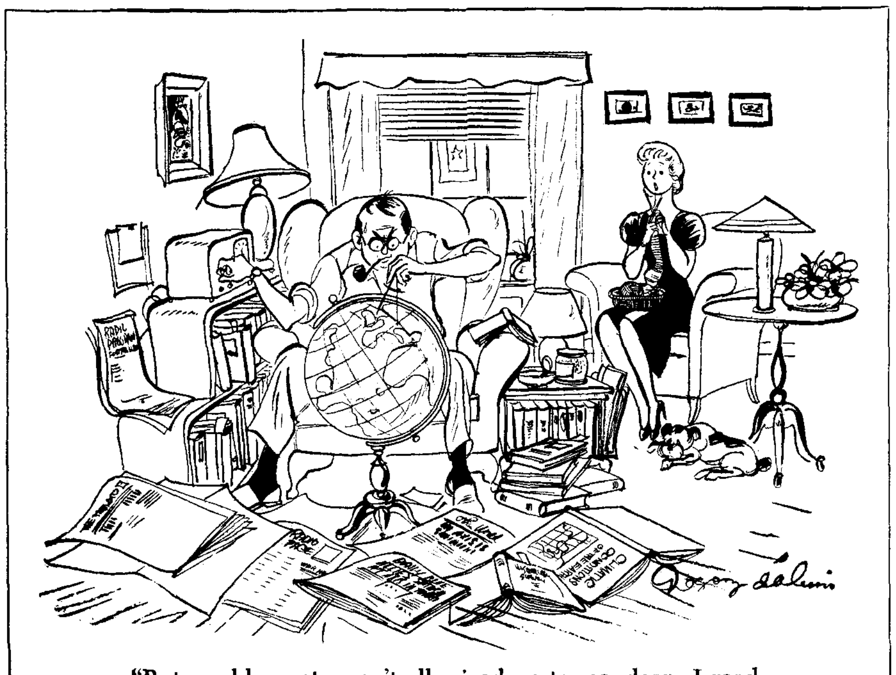
"Well," said Kertcher, "he believes he's as tough as Mullan—and I sort of think he means it. He's no good for some things but for some things he might do well—particularly the kind of a thing in which he feels big, and has to live up to it." He grinned at Charley Graves, at Andy Pierce. "There's your deputy sheriff. The thirty a month will keep him from starvin' and I believe he'll do all right."

LETTY was near him, watching him; and now he looked at her and forgot there was anybody else in the kitchen. But the others understood about this and somebody started for the big room so that presently Letty and Kertcher stood alone. He had some trouble getting his pipe out of his pocket because of the stiffness of his hands. He packed and lighted it and the smoke burned his wind-blistered skin. Letty stepped nearer him, looking up with her sweet, grave expression. He saw the warmth in her eyes and he felt the warmth of her voice: "A little bit cold outside, Tom?"

"Somewhat chilly."

That was the end of it, neither of them being of the talkative kind. He pulled his pipe down, cast a quick glance at the doorway, and bent and kissed her.

THE END



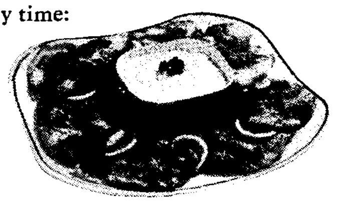
"But world events aren't all mixed up to me, dear. I read only one paper and listen to only one commentator!"

COLLIER'S GREGORY D'ALESSIO

WARTIME COOKERY

Fish...for Protein...
A·1 Sauce for Flavor

MEAT RATIONING doesn't include fish. Try this easy recipe, and nobody'll mind *two* Fridays in a week. It's quick, too! Takes only 10 minutes of your war-busy time:



A·1 PAN-FRIED FISH

2 lbs. fresh or frosted fish fillets
3 tbsp. A·1 Sauce
1⅓ tbsp. salt, pepper
1 cup yellow cornmeal and white flour, half and half
4 tbsp. cooking fat or oil

Rub outside of fillets with salt, pepper and A·1 Sauce, then roll in the flour mixture. Heat fat in skillet until it begins to smoke, place fillets in hot fat and brown about two minutes on each side. Then cover and cook over very low flame for five minutes. Time may vary with thickness of fillets. Serve with lemon wedges, or sliced pickles.

●

Most everyday dishes...like hamburgers, hash, meat loaf, beans, cheese and egg favorites...become *SOMETHING SPECIAL* when A·1's dashing flavor is added in the cooking or at the table.

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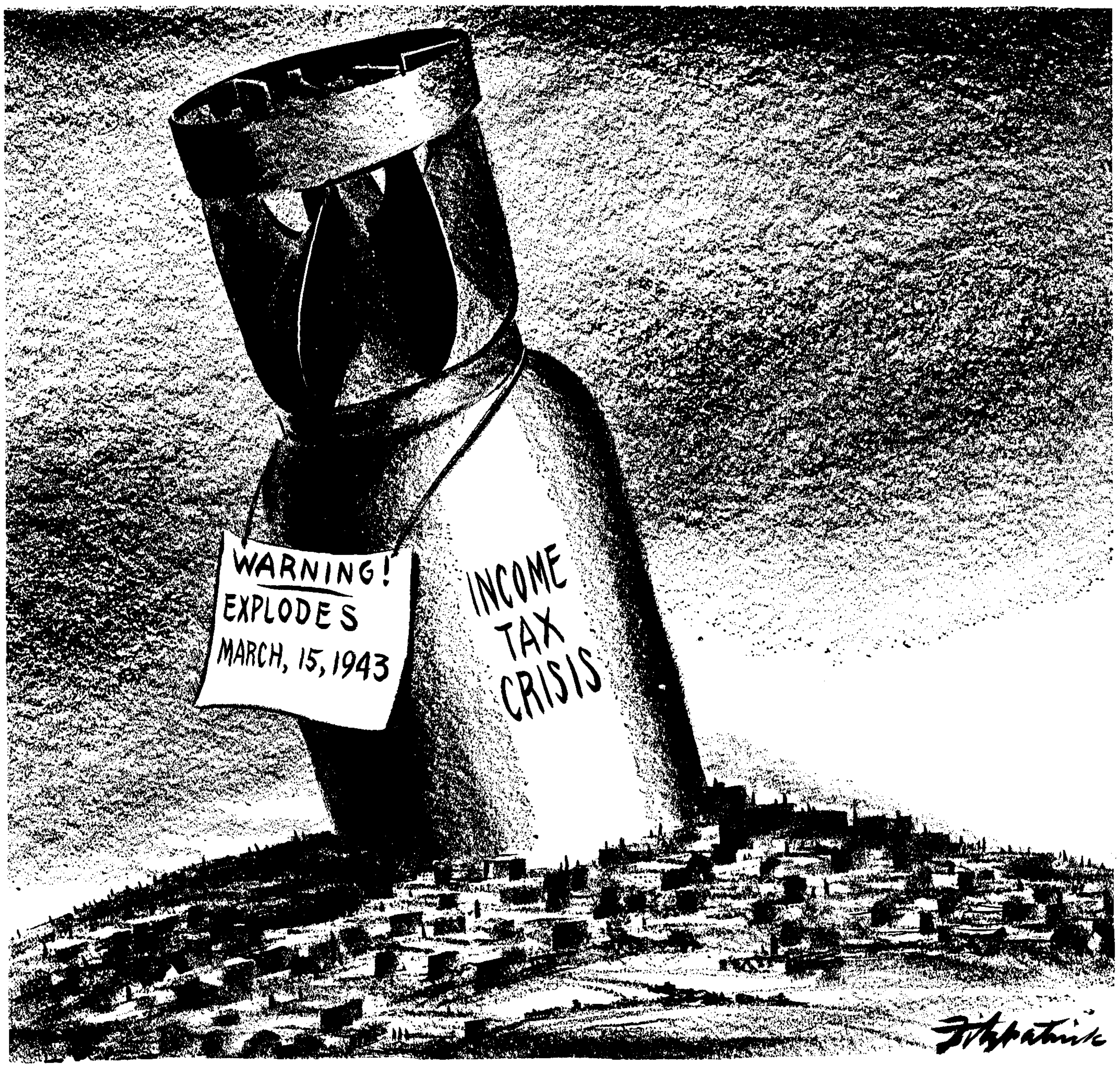


Danger: Time Bomb

SENATOR WALTER F. GEORGE (D.-Ga.), chairman of the Senate Finance Committee, says that he can see no reason why Congress should not put some pay-as-you-go income tax payment plan into operation before next March 15th.

That impresses us as a masterpiece of restrained statement. A statement closer to the facts in the case would go as follows: If Congress does not put some pay-as-you-go income tax payment plan into operation before next March 15th, there is likely to be a nationwide explosion which will punch at the foundations of our entire federal income tax structure. The present income tax collection system has become a time bomb of block-buster proportions, and it is set to go off next March 15th.

The main reason for this situation is that the new tax laws raise to about 50,000,000 the number of persons who will have to pay federal income taxes next year, and that 33,000,000 of these have never paid federal income taxes before. Many of these people, having only the vaguest notions of what their taxes are going to be, will be unprepared when the tax collector sends out his love call. In consequence, many of them will be unable to pay even the first quarterly installment due on March 15th.

It will do little good for the Treasury Department to make soothing sounds about how lenient it intends to be with persons caught unaware. When you haven't got it, you haven't got it. That many people won't have it is obvious from the stiffness of the new rates and the widespread American habit of never troubling trouble till trouble troubles you. The effects can be anything from numerous simple tax defaults to organized taxpayers' strikes. This, in the middle of a most serious war.

The only hope for snatching order out of the oncoming tax chaos lies in the Ruml plan or some variant thereof. This plan, advanced by Beardsley Ruml, chairman of the New York Federal Reserve Bank and treasurer of the R. H. Macy department store, calls for putting federal income tax collections on a businesslike basis at one swoop.

Next year, we would all pay taxes on next year's income, not on this year's. This year's would be sponged off the record, except in the few so-called windfall cases. There is no other workable scheme for squaring the new tax rates with the American wage and income earners' ability to pay. Anybody who says we can successfully temporize with or dodge this issue is being blind or demagogic or both.

The thing to do is to adopt a pay-as-you-go plan without delay—as long before next March 15th as possible. If we had the arranging of the incoming Congress' calendar, we'd put this reform at the top.

But Can We Lose?

RECENT developments in all theaters of war persuade us that the country has now heard enough of the "We can lose the war" line of talk.

Have a look at labor and management all over the country and the way they are slugging away together at the job of keeping the Armed Forces supplied—Kaiser's shipyards breaking records about as fast as they make them; the great automobile and airplane and locomotive companies slapping out weapons of such power and quality so fast as to have given Hitler a standing headache that began showing up in his speeches along about last August; farmers, railroad men, truck drivers and factory workers slaving and sacrificing and buying bonds.

Certainly we can lose the war, if we lose our character as Americans, our centuries-old qualities of determination and courage and refusal to admit that anything is impossible, our insistence on running our own country to suit ourselves.

But we are going to lose none of those things. Which is to say that we cannot lose this war.

Don't Ration Common Sense

WE'RE all dividing up the scarce commoditi —gasoline, rubber, coffee, meat, etc.—via rationing systems, and the list of rationed items is sure to grow, as a part of the war effort.

There is one commodity which we wish sundry bureaucrats would quit rationing so severely among themselves. That commodity is common sense.

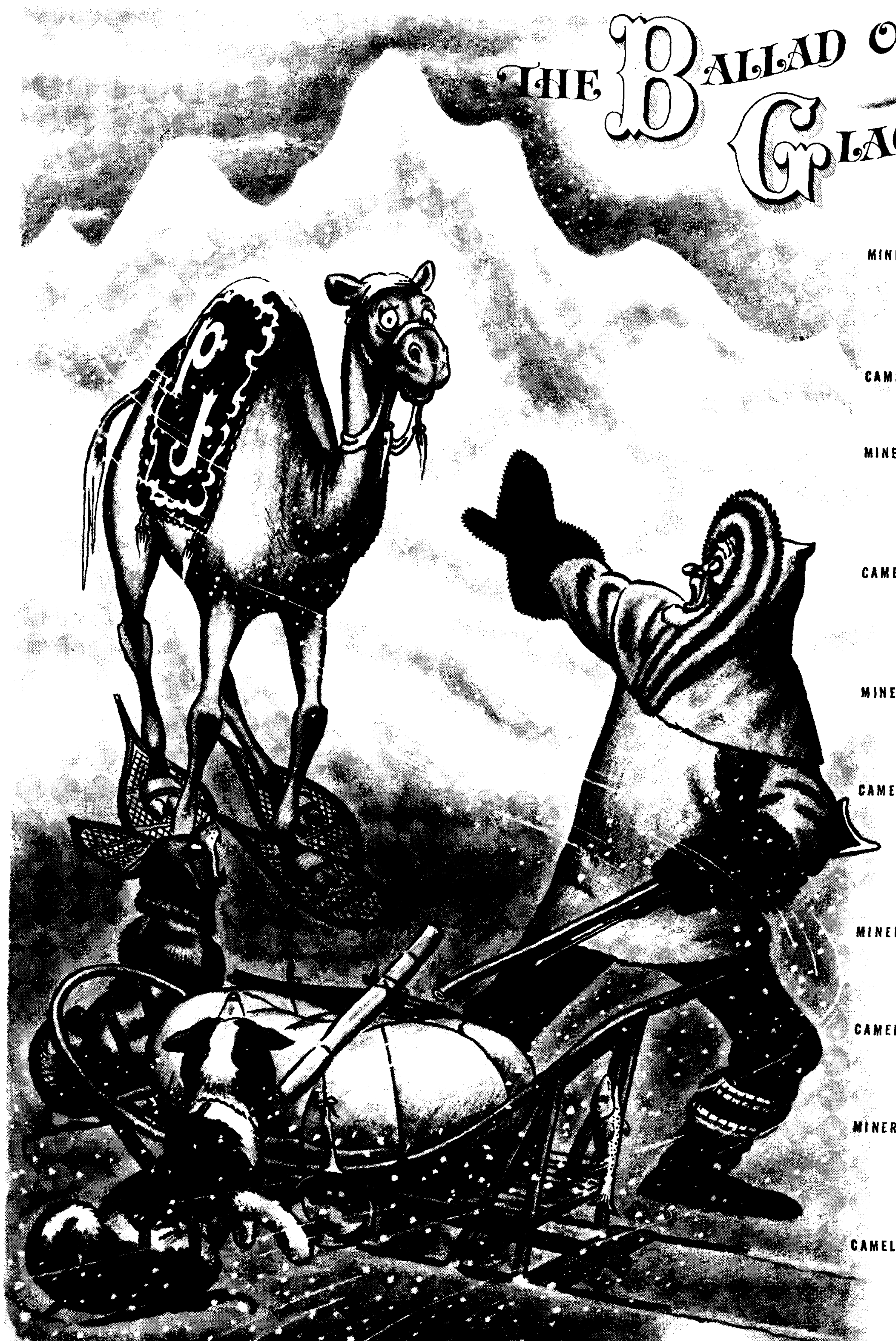
For example, it grows very tedious to keep hearing from these people that if you make a misstatement on any government form, you'll draw a $5,000 fine or some fantastic jail sentence or both.

Everybody knows that 999 out of 1,000 juries would refuse, with Bronx cheers, to soak some fellow citizen in this fashion for a slip of the pen or a little miscalculation of needed auto mileage or house space that has to be heated. Everybody knows that practically no judge would have the gall to impose such a sentence. Assorted attempts to enforce the late federal dry laws by cruel and unusual punishments are fresh in most memories. For those who came in late, we'll state that those attempts fell flat, with repeated dull thuds.

Why not, then, a change in the bureaucratic tone of voice when that voice discusses *rationing*? We mean a change to common-sense explanations of the need for rationing, and to candid, good-natured requests to an intelligent, adult American public to co-operate. We mean an end to attempts to bully Americans with threats that cannot and will not be carried out.

Administer these things through officials who have some sense, and the great bulk of us will go along sensibly. Try to administer them through doctrinaires, windy Willies and born bulldozers, and we'll react like bucking broncos, as Americans always have done—praise the Lord!—whenever their leaders have insulted their intelligence.

THE BALLAD OF GLACIER GULCH



MINER: *I ain't set eyes on a city since*
I cremated Sam McGee.
And, my knock-kneed Arabian Husky, you're
A mighty strange sight to see!

CAMEL: A thousand salaams, O Singer of the Snows. But I really *must* get to Nome. I'm lecturing there on . . .

MINER: *I'm only a miner of Glacier Gulch,*
And not very bright, to boot.
But when you tell me you're givin' a speech,
I don't smile, pard—I shoot!

CAMEL: Effendi, you would not shoot if you knew who I am. I have the honor to be the *Paul Jones* camel—the living symbol of a whiskey's most prized quality—*dryness.* Surely you . . .

MINER: *Camel, I'll give you a minute or four*
To explain yourself to me.
So tell me why dryness *in whiskey is*
Such a wonderful qualitee.

CAMEL: The information you desire, Hermit of the Glaciers, is easy to give. You see, whiskey connoisseurs know that dryness . . . or lack of sweetness, as some put it . . . lets the rich, magnificent flavor of Paul Jones come through . . . *to the full.*

MINER: *That's all very fine, my Arabian friend,*
But my pockets ain't lined with gold.
And I'm pretty certain I can't afford
The price at which Jones is sold.

CAMEL: You're wrong, Sahib. Paul Jones—for all its magnificent flavor—is *not* an expensive whiskey. It sells for a truly moderate price.

MINER: Effendi Camel, you have shown me the greatness of Paul Jones whiskey. Thank you, O Noble Salesman, and permit me to drive you into Nome . . . Doggone it, Camel, now you got me talking like *you!*

CAMEL: *I'll be happy to drive to Nome with you,*
My pal of the icy waste.
And since we're heading for dry
Paul Jones
Come, my friend, make haste! ***Mush!***

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IS THE WHISKEY THAT'S DRY

PAUL JONES

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A blend of straight whiskies—90 proof.
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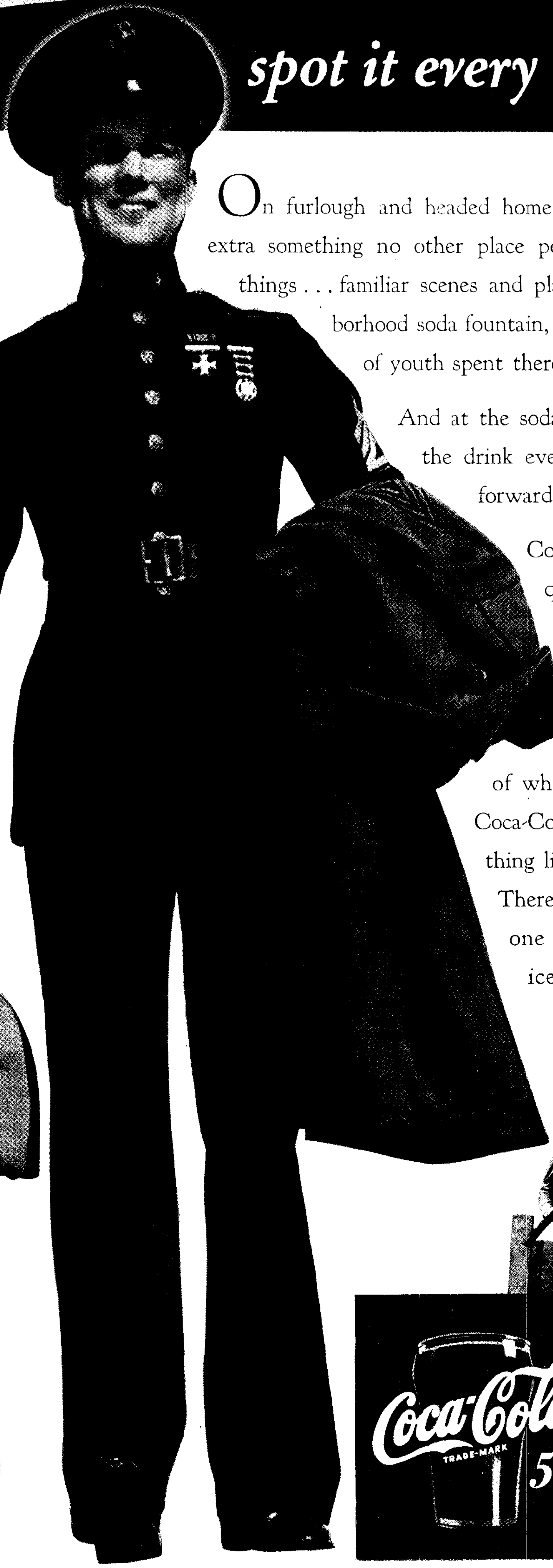

On furlough and headed home! Everybody's hometown has an extra something no other place possesses. Family ties . . . familiar things . . . familiar scenes and places. A place like the old neighborhood soda fountain, for instance. And the happy times of youth spent there.

And at the soda fountain . . . ice-cold Coca-Cola, the drink everybody remembers . . . and looks forward to. And with good reason.

Coca-Cola has always been made the quality way with quality ingredients. Coca-Cola is an original creation with a very special something to offer . . . a finished art in its making . . . a blend of wholesome flavors that creates for Coca-Cola a taste all its own. The only thing like Coca-Cola is Coca-Cola, itself. There are many things for thirst but one stands out for refreshment . . . ice-cold Coca-Cola.

The situation is always well in hand, when your hand holds a tinkling glass of ice-cold Coca-Cola. Delicious. Refreshing. No wonder "Coke-dates" are the thing.

Wartime limits the supply of Coca-Cola. Those times when you cannot get it, remember: Coke, being first choice, sells out first. Ask for it each time.

Like an occasional "leave", frequent refreshment helps morale. That's why you so often see the boys in uniform drinking ice-cold Coca-Cola.

Rigorous training on the obstacle course keeps Uncle Sam's Marines in fighting trim. After such maneuvers, they like a drink that more than quenches thirst . . . a drink of refreshing energy . . . ice-cold Coca-Cola.

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